The Outlook

Volume 81 Saturday, November 25, 1905 Number 13

CONTENTS

THE WEEK

The President to Railway Employees 683
Two Mistakes 684
Labor Decisions 684
The Diplomatic Service 685
A Serious Defect in Our Navy 686
New York's Contested Election 687
The Insurance Investigation 688
Russia in Revolution 689
President Palma on Cuba 690
The Isle of Pines 691
The Church Federation 692
Religious Co-operation 692
The Sunday Closing Movement 693

EDITORIALS

Thanksgiving 694
The Demand for a Constitution in Russia 694
Save Niagara Falls 696
The Prosperity of the Essay 697
Who are Christians? 699
The Yellow Dramatist 701

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Season's Books:

- Art and Holiday Books 703
- Novels and Tales 707
- Biography and Reminiscence 713
- Animal Stories and Hunting Tales 716

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

Literary Personalities:

- Edith Wharton 719
  By Louise Collier Willcox
- Maurice Hewlett 724
- May Sinclair 727
- Gilbert Keith Chesterton 729
  By George Perry Morris
- George Bernard Shaw 732
  By Royal Cortissoz
- Richard Watson Gilder 736

The American Publisher and His Service to Literature 740
By R. D. Townsend
Storm-Bound in the North (Poem) 747
By Aldis Dunbar
The Christmas Guest (Poem) 748
By Charles H. Crandall
F. S. Church: A Painter of the Ideal 751
By William St. John Harper
Sir Henry Irving as Becket (Portrait) 761
Caesar the Man of Letters 762
The New Rector of Trinity Church, Boston 764
By Florence E. Winslow
Our Search for the Black Forest 767
By Hamilton W. Mabie
The Real Elizabeth in Her German Garden 775
By Robert Haven Schauffler
The Golden Wedding 780
By Zona Gale
Reading New Books 788
By H. W. Boynton
Friend Soul (Poem) 790
By Robert Haven Schauffler

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THE OUTLOOK FOR 1906

WHY A SPECIFIC AND DETAILED PROGRAMME CANNOT BE ANNOUNCED IN ADVANCE

Purpose and Spirit

It is an essential part of The Outlook's purpose and spirit to present in article and by picture as well as through editorial and news-report those things in current history which are of instant importance. To do just this with freedom and effectiveness; to deal with subjects both great and new; to select the writers who have both special knowledge and literary ability; to put timeliness and world-consequence to the front; to show by portrait the men and women of the hour; to deal with the present and the future rather than the past—all this is far removed from the scope and methods of a magazine of merely entertaining qualities. A set and fixed literary bill of fare for the twelve months, to be announced in advance, is incompatible with the chief object of The Outlook's existence. "Prearrangement" there certainly is, but it is of a different sort. When the war in the Far East broke out, The Outlook instantly sent to the scene one of the strongest, best known, and most fair-minded writers on international questions, George Kennan; when Russia trembled on the verge of social anarchy, Ernest Poole was despatched as a special representative, and his dramatic and human articles were drawn from personal experience and written on the ground. Other instances in 1905 of articles promptly planned and carried out while the subject was white-hot, so to speak, are: the series of letters from the Portsmouth Peace Conference; the Rt. Hon. James Bryce's "America Revisited"—pronounced by competent judges the fairest and wisest survey of present American social and political conditions made by a foreigner, and an admirable sequel to Mr. Bryce's famous book; Madame Breshkovsky's "Father Gapon;" Bishop Van Buren's "Present-Day Porto Rico;" Bishop Brent's "Visit of Secretary Taft to the Philippines;" Dr. Newman Smyth's "Corruption in Connecticut;" Secretary Paul Morton's "Railway Rate Regulation;" Secretary C. J. Bonaparte's "The Development of Self-Government;" Assistant Secretary Hays's article on "The Department of Agriculture;" the two articles on the opposing claims as to the "Oil Situation in Kansas;" the Spectator's article on Joseph Jefferson; the discussion in two articles of Athletics in College Life. Every one of these, and of dozens of similar articles of the kind that make The Outlook itself and not something else, was the outcome of a determination to present a large thing in a large way *and at once.* So, in 1906, The Outlook will present great public and international matters, dramatic and stirring episodes, personal information about the men who come to the front, all in articles alive with freshness of interest and written by the men best fitted for the task. Thus, the future of China is now the central problem of the

"Prearrangement"

Large Enterprises

Doing Things at Once

During 1906

Far East: Mr. Kennan is in China as we write, and will send for 1906 a series of articles based on careful personal study of the situation; the building of the Panama Canal, the pressing problems of labor and trades-union agitations, the National policy as to supervision of railway rates, the restriction of insurance finance—these are a few typical things which The Outlook will in one way or another put before its readers graphically and forcibly. In timely interest, in literary excellence, and in attractive illustration The Outlook of 1906 will advance boldly, while holding fast to all the methods that have made its successes of the past.

Editorial Review

The same principle—instant, virile, and vigorous treatment of what is really large and significant—governs in The Outlook's editorial survey of the world's news and interpretation of its meaning. Here, too, the selective idea prevails. The great daily newspaper gives, one may say, *everything*—ten or twenty big columns of news, important and unimportant, with a wealth of detail which may be interesting when it is read, but in nine cases out of ten is trivial or out of perspective if taken into account in even a week's broad panorama of world-progress. The Outlook out of this chaos of information picks out the fifteen or twenty things in the week's news that mean something and tells what they do mean. From its own sources of information as well as from the general stock of knowledge it ascertains the true and essential things in the making of history; it omits and rejects the doubtful, the trivial, the ephemeral; it avoids technicalities; it tells clearly and directly what the average intelligent man wants to know.

Omitting What is Doubtful

Besides this, The Outlook assumes that its readers wish to have pointed out to them the principles of right or wrong, justice or unfairness, public welfare or public dishonor, involved in the great issues of the day. It aims, therefore, to speak boldly and strongly on such questions, maintaining its independence of any "entangling alliance" with men or associations, but joining cordially with all who fight for civic and National righteousness, and with those who support sound ideas in economic, social, and political reform.

A Constructive Force

The Outlook is emphatically constructive rather than destructive in its policy and platform. In 1906, as in 1905, it will give a well-proportioned and well-balanced survey of American history and of universal history for the year. It will treat affairs and men with the most serious endeavor to be fair, discriminating, and illuminating. Such subjects as insurance legislation, railway rate legislation, municipal reform, labor problems, industrial conditions, race and sectional dissensions, educational advance, religious trends of thought, international relations, the Hague Conference, foreign affairs, the literary achievements of the year, may be named as indicative of the classes of subjects discussed constantly in The Outlook's editorial columns.

Leading Not Following

To lead and not to follow; to distinguish between the essential and the valueless; to draw sound lessons from concrete facts; to applaud high purpose, and to maintain a spirit of sincerity and helpfulness, is The Outlook's editorial aspiration.

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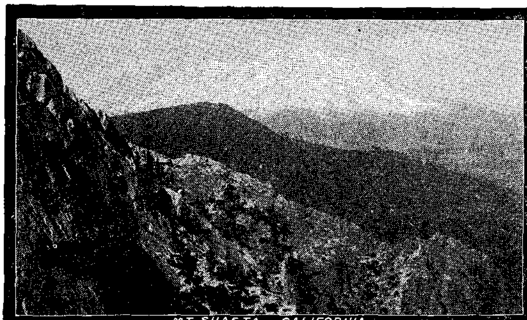

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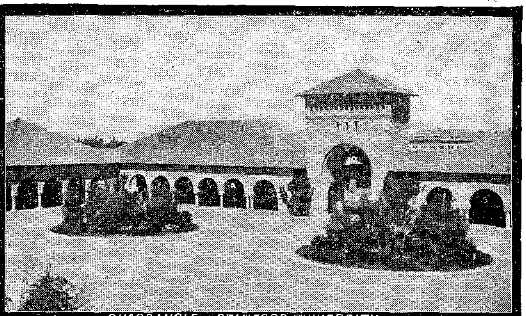

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1905

The President to Railway Employees

The President is not so unfamiliar with political methods as to be unable to guess what influences sent the representatives of the railway labor organizations to him last week to protest against Government rate regulation. He keeps himself pretty well informed as to what is going on in the world, and not improbably knew that a certain class of railway officials have been stirring up their employees in order to array the labor vote against the President's plan. Whether it is good policy for capitalists to solidify the labor vote on the chance that they can use it for their own ends may be doubtful; in this particular case it served the President a good turn, since it gave him an opportunity to repeat to the labor representatives what he and the advocates of railway rate regulation have been constantly saying, but what has never secured quite the hearing it secured last week for the public in general and the labor men in particular. Said the President:

> There has been comparatively little complaint to me of the railway rates being as a whole too high. The most serious complaints that have been made to me have been of improper discrimination in railway rates. For instance, in two recent cases affecting great corporations the complaints that have been made to me have been that they are too low as regards certain big shippers; the complaint in both these cases is about the differential, the difference of treatment of two sets of users of the railways, the difference in favor of one set of shippers as against another set of shippers. Whether this is just or not I am not prepared to say.

The opponents of railway rate regulation do not credit their readers with much intelligence when the only reply they can make to this is such as is made by the New York "Times" in the statement that "if the rate-making agitation does not mean this [lower rates], it does not mean anything; it is preposterous; without end or aim or justification, and altogether sterile." Or such as is made by the New York "Evening Post:" "If the country is given to understand that the latter [Government regulation] does not mean cheaper rates, it will lose interest in the plan." When such journals have finished discussing the question which does not greatly interest the public, How to make rates lower, it is to be hoped that they will direct their talents toward the discussion of the question which does greatly interest the public, How to make them just and equal and free from favoritism.

⁂

The "Wall Street Journal's" Counsel to the Railways

The President availed himself of this opportunity to put before the railway employees another and a very vital matter to which we suspect those who were instrumental in stirring up the railway employees would just as soon those employees should not have had their attention called. Said the President:

> I am convinced that there must be an increased regulatory and supervisory power exercised by the Government over the railways. Indeed, I would like it exercised to a much greater extent than I have any idea of pressing at the moment. For instance, I would greatly like to have it exercised in the matter of overcapitalization. I am convinced that the "wages fund" would be larger if there were no fictitious capital upon which dividends had to be paid.

The comment on this remark of the President which we find in the "Wall Street Journal," one of the ablest as it is one of the fairest financial journals in this country, is worth pondering by those men who, in the imagined interest of the railways, are opposing all Governmental regulation of the railway rates:

> In saying this the President has put his finger upon another sensitive nerve in the railroad situation. If he should decide to bring this question of overcapitalization prominently to the front in the battle over railway rate regulation, the railroad men who

are imprudently opposing the President's policy of moderate Government control over rates might find themselves in a much worse plight than they imagine that they would be *in* if the rate regulation proposition went through.

On the whole, we think the country is to be congratulated on the result of this attempt to bring the political influence of labor organizations to bear upon the President to prevent the adoption by Congress of the measures of relief which he proposes, to a country suffering from the frequent administration of its highways in the behalf neither of the railways nor of the general public, but of special interests.

❀

Two Mistakes We think that the President made a mistake in saying to the delegation of Shoe, Hide, and Leather Manufacturers, in their visit to him last week, that Mr. Whitney, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, had absolutely, "and, as I am constrained to believe, deliberately, misrepresented" him in an interview a year before, with a committee of which Mr. Whitney was a member. It is always a mistake to make charges which cannot be proved, and it is impossible to prove that Mr. Whitney deliberately misrepresented. Lapses of memory, intermingling of mental impressions with recollections, misunderstandings and misapprehensions, and consequently perfectly honest misreports and misinterpretations, are common in all the intercourse of life. It is always to be presumed that a misquotation or a misreport is unintentional. Pre-eminently is this to be presumed when the misreport is of a conversation, and is given a year after the conversation occurred. It is, however, but just to add that, in our judgment, Mr. Whitney made a serious mistake in undertaking to report to the public in any detail the conversation of the President. Such attempts, especially when made by one who has an intellectual disagreement with the person whom he reports, are so commonly failures that failure is always to be apprehended. That there was such failure in this case is indubitable. It may be added that the President's written statement in the interview of last week respecting his position is the only one which an advocate of a protective tariff could consistently take: "Where the interests, and therefore the sentiments based on these interests, are diverse, as is almost invariably the case in reference to the details of all tariff matters, the law must normally, although not invariably, represent a compromise and mutual concessions, and no one outside of Congress can definitely foretell the exact shape such a compromise will ultimately take." The difficulty with the present tariff is that the compromises are all between the special interests protected; the general public is left out of the account.

❀

Labor Decisions Our readers will remember that last April The Outlook reported a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States by a division of five to four that the labor law of New York State providing that no employee shall be permitted to work in a bakery for more than ten hours in a day was unconstitutional, on the ground that there was no reason for holding it to be necessary or appropriate as a health law to safeguard the public health or the health of the bakers. It is interesting to contrast with this the decision of the same Court pronounced November 6, affirming the constitutionality of the law in the State of Missouri which limits the hours of labor for miners to eight hours. This law makes it unlawful for any employers to work their employees in underground mining for more than eight hours out of the twenty-four. A similar law exists in Utah, and its provisions are there extended also to all who are employed in smelting-mills. The Supreme Court had in previous decisions affirmed the constitutionality of the law in both cases, and the present case was decided on the authority of those decisions. It is interesting to note that Justice Peckham, who gave the opinion of the Court that the law limiting the hours of labor in bakeries was unconstitutional, dissented from the opinion of the Court in the Utah case that the law limiting the hours of labor in mines and smelters was constitutional. We find it difficult to reconcile the position of the

Court in the New York bakeries case with its position in the Missouri and Utah mining cases, but we suppose that this reconciliation must be found in the principle there enunciated by the Court in the Missouri mining case:

> Where the ostensible object of an enactment is to serve the public comfort, welfare, or safety, it must appear to be adopted to that end; it cannot evade the rights of person and property under the guise of a mere police regulation when it is not such in fact; and where such an act takes away the property of a citizen or interferes with his personal liberty, it is the province of the courts to determine whether it is really an appropriate measure for the promotion of the comfort, safety, and welfare of society.

We must assume that the Supreme Court was of the opinion that a law regulating the hours of labor in bakeries was not adapted "to serve the public comfort, welfare, or safety." We are inclined to think that if the Justices had visited some of the New York bakeries they might have formed a different conclusion.

❀

The Lesson of the Decisions

These decisions are of importance as indicating the lines along which social reformers, who work to make eight hours the standard for all organized labor, must move. These lines appear to us to be indicated by the following principles: (1) The legislative body may by law enact that labor directly employed by the Government shall be limited to eight hours; and such laws have been enacted by Congress respecting labor upon Government works, and by many of the States. Whether the legislative body can also limit the hours of labor of persons employed by contractors for the State or Federal Government is questioned, and has not, so far as we know, been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. A number of the States have also passed laws, whose constitutionality is not questioned though their efficiency may be, defining eight hours as the standard labor day, unless a different standard is agreed upon by contract between the parties. (2) The legislative body may limit the hours of labor whenever in its judgment such limitation is necessary for the public comfort, welfare, or safety; but such legislation is subject to judicial review, and is liable to be set aside as unconstitutional, provided, in the opinion of the court, it is not an appropriate measure for that purpose. (3) All other limitations of labor hours can be secured only by contract, and probably, as an actual fact, only by collective bargaining, and must therefore be the result of an economic habit gradually formed.

❀

The Diplomatic and Consular Service

Every year the work of our consular and diplomatic service becomes more exacting, onerous, and important, and every year it becomes more imperative to confide it to intelligent and trained officials. This was clearly realized by the late Secretary Hay, who did all in his power to insure the broader working of the merit system. Wherever he saw a man who showed marked intelligence and aptitude he would promote him to fill a vacancy rather than recommend the appointment of a new official, no matter how influential the political forces behind the application. For instance, in our diplomatic service he secured the promotion of such men as Messrs. White, Jackson, and Griscom from secretaryships at London, Berlin, and Constantinople to the respective positions of Ambassador to Italy, Minister to Greece, and Minister to Persia and then to Japan; while, in the consular service, among others, he promoted Mr. Mason from Berlin to Paris. In all this Mr. Hay had three objects in mind: to make the service as permanent as possible, thus attracting a larger and better body of applicants; to take the service, wherever possible, away from political preferment, thus relieving himself and the President to some extent from intolerable annoyance; to make the service more efficient. His untimely death was a blow to many within and without the diplomatic and consular service; they feared that another and less experienced man in the world of diplomacy as his successor might not have so much at heart their interests and the interests of the service to the country. This fear was largely dispelled by the announcement of Secretary Root's appointment. With the record of what he had done for the War Department, it was felt that the State Department would receive a like strengthening. Although not experienced in diplomacy as was his predecessor, Mr. Root has the same clear vision of the crying evils of the spoils system, still largely prevailing in that service, and the consequent necessity for real reform.

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The Merit System Triumphs Optimistic feeling regarding Secretary Root's course was amply justified quite recently by the announcement, at his instance, of a Presidential order providing for two rules, one to apply to the diplomatic and the other to the consular service. According to the first of these rules, hereafter any applicant for appointment as Secretary of Embassy or Legation must speak at least one other language than English, and must be otherwise examined as to his competency. Naturally, the second language will be French, still in use as the diplomatic language of all countries, or else the language of the country in which appointment is sought. It is evident that a secretary needs familiarity with foreign languages even more than does a Minister or Ambassador. The latter frequently do not see at all the foreigners who visit our embassies and legations abroad; but upon the secretaries devolves intercourse with all men. We are glad to know that a State Department examining board is to be created, and that fixed tests of a more general and exacting character are to be applied. All this is closely in line with the best English and Continental practice. The order concerning the consular service amends the existing rule requiring the examination of all applicants to consular positions where the compensation exceeds $1,000 and is less than $2,500; it extends that system to embrace those receiving a compensation exceeding the latter sum. Henceforth, fitness will be the test to be applied to important as well as to unimportant consular offices. It is a foregone conclusion that this dual order will result in attracting better men to Government work, in appreciably ridding the State Department of the spoils system incubus, and in making our diplomatic and consular service much more efficient.

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A Serious Defect in Our Navy At the time of the loss of life on the United States gunboat Bennington last summer it was pointed out that under the present system it is quite possible for the chief engineer of a war-ship to be an officer who has been graduated from the Naval Academy only two or three years and has had almost no practical experience in the engine-room of a ship. It is true that all officers receive while at the Naval Academy instruction in engineering; but the responsibility of a chief engineer of a war vessel is so great that something more than this is evidently needed. Rear-Admiral Rae, Engineer-in-Chief of the United States Navy, talks very plainly on this subject in his annual report just published. He says that the Bennington disaster forcibly emphasizes the necessity of serious and instant attention to this point, and refers to the condition of engineering in the navy as critical. He adds: "Were the country suddenly plunged in war, the navy would find itself in no condition to win battles. As necessary as good marksmanship is the ability to carry our guns to the firing line and to keep them there amidst the havoc created by modern ordnance, and this will never be done with amateurs in charge of the machinery." Admiral Rae approves of that provision of the so-called Personnel Bill which merged the engineer corps into the line of the navy, and believes it perfectly possible for line officers to become good engineers. But they must have experience, and experience acquired in subordinate positions. "No young officer out of the Academy but a short time, who would not be given charge of the deck except under the supervision of a senior officer, should be placed in charge of the engineer department of a ship, as has been done." The trouble has been that, while the Personnel Bill probably had in view the requirement of engineering experience, it was so defectively worded that for three years the young officers, who by law were subject to appointment to responsible positions as engineers, actually added nothing to the more or less theoretical knowledge acquired by them at the Academy. The sensible remedy suggested by Admiral Rae is the training of some of the younger officers, in a certain proportion to the whole number, in engineering work, but in a subordinate capacity and under suitable direction, with the additional requirement that they should pass stringent special examinations before they be promoted to responsible grades as engineers. It need hardly be pointed out that this advice comes from the highest authority on this subject, and that Admiral Rae's report is an official recognition of a danger which must be met promptly and efficiently.

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New York's Contested Election

The canvass of the vote for Mayor of New York, begun last week by the Canvassing Boards, is being carried forward, accompanied by the utmost vigilance on the part of the representatives of Mr. Hearst, who is believed by many to have been actually elected Mayor, and by frequent references to the courts for the purpose of securing accurate and honest counting. The election law in New York State is so complicated, the ways in which errors in recording the vote may creep in, either by accident or through fraud, are so numerous, and there are so many disputed points upon which the courts may be called to decide, that it is very difficult to give a clear idea of the course of the canvass and of the various steps which may be taken to correct the returns as at first made. The fact that New York City lies in four different counties further complicates the matter, as the canvass in each county is entirely separate from that in each of the others. In general, the procedure in ascertaining the results of an election is as follows: The inspectors in each election district, as soon as the polls are closed, go over each ballot in turn, and record the votes which it registers on a large sheet called a tally-sheet. Any ballot which, in their opinion, is not marked in accordance with the provision of the election law is rejected, and all such ballots are finally placed in an envelope and sealed. If, in the opinion of any watcher or representative of any of the political parties, a ballot is counted which violates the provisions of the law, he may protest against its being included, and the inspectors must mark on the back of the ballot the fact that it is protested and the reason. When all the ballots have been gone over, the tally-sheet should contain a record of all the ballots which have been properly voted. From the tally-sheet the inspectors make up their official returns showing the vote in their district for each office. These returns go to the county Canvassing Board, which is composed of the members of the Board of Aldermen for that particular county, while the tally-sheet, the envelope of rejected ballots, and the ballot-boxes are deposited in the custody of the County Clerk. In an uncontested election the returns are the basis of the official canvass, without any reference being made to the tally-sheets, the envelopes of rejected ballots, or to the ballot-boxes themselves. In case of a protest, the courts may order the Canvassing Board to compare the official returns with the tally-sheet, and if in any district the two do not agree in any particular, they may order the Board of Inspectors of that district to reconvene for the purpose of correcting their returns. The courts may order the Canvassing Boards to open the envelopes of rejected ballots, and if a protest is made that ballots properly marked have been rejected, they may order that these ballots be brought before the court itself for its decision as to their validity. If evidence of fraud in any district is brought forward, the courts may order the ballot-boxes themselves opened, and the ballots recounted. Any or all of these procedures may be taken, and each one of them may be contested in all of the complicated and devious ways known to the law. In the present case the courts have already ordered the tally-sheets to be compared with the sworn statements of the election inspectors in the various districts, and have ordered the envelopes containing the rejected ballots to be opened. There are two kinds of errors the correction of which may alter the result of the election: the exclusion by election inspectors of ballots which ought to have been counted or the counting of ballots which should have been rejected; and the making by inspectors of erroneous or false returns of the ballots cast. The number of such errors now discovered will determine whether for the next four years the Mayor of New York will be Mr. McClellan or Mr. Hearst.

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Other Aspects of the Election The public sentiment in favor of a thorough revision of the election returns has grown steadily since election day until it has become well-nigh universal outside of Tammany circles. Mayor McClellan has finally expressed himself as in favor of an honest count. When the question whether the tally-sheets should be compared with the official returns was before the courts, Mr. McClellan, through his counsel, Judge Alton B. Parker, not only interposed no objection, but agreed heartily to the issuance of the order, although it was opposed by other Tammany counsel. Judge Parker said: "I appear as Mayor McClellan's counsel, and I say to you that Mr. McClellan would not have credited to his majority one single illegal or dishonest ballot. If he were not so minded, I would not be here to represent him. He is defending the votes cast for him, because it is his duty to do so, and not because he wishes the office so much. Whatever may be the truth, he wants it, and I do not wish to persuade the court to grant an order giving him any technical advantage." Mr. Ivins, the Republican candidate for Mayor, was asked by Mr. Hearst to act as counsel in his contest, and consented to do so, refusing, however, to accept any payment for his services. Other aspects of the election have been brought before the courts, but they can have no influence on the question who was elected Mayor. The Grand Jury has found indictments against at least a score of men for voting illegally, for repeating, and for assault at polling-places. In one case a man was arrested and held in $5,000 cash bail, promptly supplied by a firm of lawyers engaged as counsel by a Tammany worker. The bail was as promptly forfeited, and the accused disappeared under circumstances which give good ground for the suspicion that men "higher up" were interested in having him out of the way. Reports of illegal voting, intimidation, and violence have been unusually prevalent and specific, and it is of the utmost importance that they should be investigated and the offenders punished. It is as necessary that the citizen shall be able to cast his ballot, uninfluenced by violence or fraud, as it is that his vote shall be properly and honestly counted when it is cast.

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The Insurance Investigation Mr. James Hazen Hyde was the first important witness before the Insurance Investigating Committee last week. He created an excellent impression by the frank, open manner in which he testified, and secured a great deal of sympathy for himself as a young man who had been injured by his more experienced companions in business. The most striking portion of his testimony was in regard to his relations with ex-Governor Odell and Mr. E. H. Harriman, the President of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railways. The Mercantile Trust Company, which is one of the companies affiliated with and controlled by the Equitable Society, and of which Mr. Hyde was vice-president, had charge of the underwriting of the bonds of the United States Ship-Building Company. Mr. Odell bought a number of these bonds and later sold them at a large loss. He instituted a suit against the Mercantile Trust Company for the amount of his loss. The suit was finally compromised by Mr. Hyde for $75,000. Mr. Hyde charged that the settlement was forced by a threat to have the charter of the Trust Company repealed unless payment was made. He stated that Mr. Harriman, who was a director of the Trust Company and also a personal friend and associate of Mr. Odell, advised him to make the settlement for fear of such action. On successive days Mr. Harriman and Mr. Odell appeared before the Committee and denied categorically Mr. Hyde's assertions. After the former had testified, Mr. Hyde returned to the stand and reaffirmed his testimony, declining to change any part of it, so that it became a simple question of veracity between him and the other two witnesses. Mr. Odell, however, admitted that there was introduced in the Legislature, with his knowledge and approval, if not at his suggestion, a bill which would take away the charter of the Mercantile Trust Company. This bill was subsequently dropped—not, Mr. Odell asserts, because it had accomplished its purpose in exacting a payment to him by Mr. Hyde of $75,000, but because, after its introduction into the Legislature, it occurred to him that, owing to his connection with the Ship-Building Syndicate, public criticism might be aroused by it. This important testimony and counter-testimony throws no light upon technical insurance questions, and may be said by some people to lie outside the realm of an investigation devoted strictly to insurance matters. In our opinion, however, it was wise for the Committee, acting in the interests of the policy-holders, to bring out the testimony, for it throws further light upon the unwholesome and pernicious, if not illegal and dishonest, relations that may spring up, with indifferent or complacent boards of directors, between great corporations and influential and selfish politicians.

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First-Fruits of the Investigation An important result of the disclosures before the legislative Committee has been the institution of reforms by the Mutual Life Insurance Company. On Thursday of last week the President of the company announced that at his request the Finance Committee had cut his salary from $150,000 to $75,000 a year, and had made other reductions in the salaries of other executive officers, amounting in all to nearly $150,000 a year. He announced that further reduction in expenses would be made by a change of the remaining general commission agencies to a salary basis, and by cutting down largely the expenditures for legislative purposes. The supply department is to be thoroughly reorganized; the house at Albany is to be closed, all printing and stationery is to be obtained after separate and competitive bids have been secured in each case, and all lawyers or other persons employed by the law department are to be required to submit vouchers distinctly setting forth the character of the work performed. Mr. McCurdy stated further that every effort is being made by the company to ascertain the whereabouts of Mr. Andrew C. Fields, whose presence is earnestly desired by the legislative Committee, and to secure his return to this city. These reforms will go far to correct the abuses which the Committee uncovered in the administration of the Mutual Company; and while the officers of the company are to be commended for them, the principal credit is to be given to the Investigating Committee and a thoroughly aroused public opinion.

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Russia in Revolution The Russian revolution continues throughout the Empire. At Vladivostok a state of war has been declared; the foreigners have taken refuge in the vessels at the harbor. In Manchuria disaffection exists in the army. In Siberia atrocities have taken place. In the Caucasus battles between the Tartars and Armenians continue, and the lack of troops makes it impossible for the authorities to restore order. Following the lead of Finland and Poland, the ancient kingdom of Georgia has now plucked up courage and has demanded autonomy. In southwestern Russia hardly a city or town has escaped massacres of Jews, a reactionary movement believed to have been encouraged by the local administrative officials. With characteristic promptness, the Jews of other countries have subscribed generous sums for relief, but it should not be left to the adherents to any single creed to furnish what alleviation money can bring. In Moscow reactionaries and troops attacked a procession of school-children who bore red flags, beating the children into insensibility and in some cases actually tearing them to pieces. In Poland and the Baltic provinces riots, incendiarism, and murder continue. Meanwhile the only political party from which salvation to Russia can come, the Moderates, has announced that it will not support the present Witte Government unless it is prepared immediately to convoke a constituent assembly which shall frame a constitution. The Government is thus left with no choice between the anarchy which the revolutionists are trying to create and the autocratic repression which the reactionaries would re-create. The efforts of the revolutionaries were specially directed towards Poland last week, where the Government had acted as the Russian Government often does: it had not made "the punishment fit the crime." Polish unrest was made to bear the burden of martial law throughout the ten provinces constituting Russian Poland, the Government's explanation being that such military control was necessary to avoid anarchy on a large scale. This explanation of course did not appeal to the revolutionary proletariat of St. Petersburg. It decided to renew the general political strike, "in order to show brotherly solidarity with the revolutionary proletariat of weak and oppressed Poland," about which "the iron ring of martial law had been encircled." Almost a hundred thousand men walked out in obedience to the strike order, while at Moscow nearly fifty thousand men struck. At a great meeting in the capital it was declared that—

> We do not believe in the partial constitutionalism of Count Witte . . . we see only thousands of corpses and thousands of wounded and beaten persons and the seas of blood that have flowed. We will continue to struggle for the amelioration of our position, the immediate apportionment of the land to the tillers of the soil, the liberation of every political prisoner. . . . We appeal to our brothers the peasants to aid in the struggle. Our watchword is: "Bread to the workmen! Land to the peasants! Liberty to the people! Down with absolutism!"

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The Agrarian Movement On this Count Witte issued a personal appeal to his "brother workmen," to which they returned a scornful reply. Their appeal to the peasants, however, was hardly necessary. Agrarian disturbances have for some time been increasingly in evidence in the famine-stricken province of Saratov and the contiguous eastern districts, and are now so alarming that the military authorities have been compelled to rush troops and machine guns to the affected areas. These now extend from Saratov on the east to Poland on the west. But if the Government has repression in one hand, it has concession in the other. In order to pacify the peasants the Czar last week issued a manifesto providing that the payments by the peasants for the redemption of the crown lands which they occupy shall be reduced one-half, beginning with January, 1906, and that after January, 1907, they shall be abolished altogether. Forty-odd years ago, when the serfs were emancipated, it was arranged that they should pay installments of money on lands allotted to them, these installments to stretch over a long period. At that time the arrangement seemed fair. It was soon seen, however, that in many cases the allotments were too small and the payments exacted too large. These grievances were afterwards aggravated by the growth of the rural population. At the present time many peasants are unable to live from the product of their allotments, still less to pay the installments due. It is to Count Witte's credit that he has proposed not only to ease the situation by remitting many millions in arrears, but also to aid the peasants directly by advances of money to local banks to those village communes which are in direst need. The question arises, however, Have not these proofs of consideration come too late? Will they stem the peasant rising, the nucleus of every real revolution?

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President Palma on Cuba An optimistic tone pervaded President Palma's recent message to the Cuban Congress. Not only did he find cause for congratulation in the commercial and financial conditions of the island, but he saw in the recent political disturbances and bad feeling only trials of the Republic's capacity for self-government—trials out of which, he holds, it has emerged triumphantly. Even the fierce ill feeling which has grown out of the killing at Cienfuegos of a member of Congress and the threatening language used by some of the more radical newspapers has not seriously disturbed public order, and thus, Señor Palma believes, the confidence placed in the Cuban people has been justified. That the opposition do not share his confidence as regards partisan strife is shown by the first act of the lower house, which passed by a vote of 28 to 7 a resolution to the effect that the circumstances attending the death of Señor Villuendas should be discussed by Congress itself; while the Senate adopted a vote of regret for the death of Villuendas. The brother of the deceased member of Congress declared in Congress itself that Señor Villuendas had been "vilely, treacherously, and designedly murdered by the police in collusion with high persons." The position taken by the Administration, as we have already told our readers, was that the police had been ordered to search a house in which it was believed that arms were hidden contrary to law; that Señor Villuendas had resisted the police, and had been shot by them after one of their own officers had been killed. We have seen no reason to accept the assertions of the extremists and agitators of the so-called Liberal party to the effect that free speech and free political action are impossible under President Palma's administration. If there is any basis for these assertions, the facts should be brought out in the proposed discussion as to the death of Villuendas. Among the facts noted by President Palma in his message is the increase in immigration to Cuba, which is shown by the fact that 66,336 passengers arrived at Havana in the fiscal year covered by the message, of whom 36,915 were immigrants, while the promise is of a large increase in number during the current year. Imports have increased by nearly $14,000,000, while the increase in exports has been $6,000,000. As we understand the figures given by President Palma, there has been an increase in exports to the United States amounting to $7,500,000, while the exports to other countries have diminished by about $1,500,000. There is an urgent recommendation that any surplus in the Treasury be devoted to the encouraging of the building of roads and agricultural improvements. The condition of the courts is reported as such as to inspire respect and confidence and guarantee the rights of citizens.

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The Isle of Pines There is a strong flavor of *opéra bouffe* about the reported meeting of about two hundred and fifty residents of the Isle of Pines and their valorous declaration that the little island is independent of Cuba and wishes to be formally annexed to the United States. The "separatists," it is said, appointed officers to take charge of the local government, but they can hardly expect to exercise that function undisturbed by President Palma. The Isle of Pines is a hilly, forest-covered bit of land, some forty miles in diameter, with about 3,000 inhabitants, and it lies three or four hours' sail from Cuba by steamboat. Geographically and politically it had always been treated as a part of the Province of Havana, but after the war between Spain and the United States was ended, some people argued that it might be included under that clause of the Treaty of Paris which absolutely ceded to the United States "the island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies," although no one pretended to believe that the treaty-makers really had this intention rather than that the Isle of Pines should be regarded as part of Cuba, the sovereignty over which was elsewhere in the treaty surrendered by Spain, but not ceded to this country. Enough of a question was raised, however, to bring about the insertion into the Platt Amendment, which was to form part of the fundamental law of Cuba, of this provision: "The Isle of Pines shall be omitted from the boundaries of Cuba specified in the Constitution, the future ownership thereof being left to future adjustment by treaty." Such an adjustment by treaty has never taken place, but it has been expected to be finally made in conjunction with the formal ceding by Cuba of coaling stations, as called for by the Platt Amendment. Meanwhile many Americans have gone to the Isle of Pines, and hold considerable commercial interests. Naturally, they would prefer to be governed by the United States, and hence the ebullition which has resulted in a farcical "revolution." Press despatches from Washington strongly discountenance the idea that our Government will encourage the petty movement for secession.

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For Church Federation On Wednesday evening of last week began the sessions of the Inter-Church Conference on Federation. Delegates officially representing the principal evangelical Protestant denominations gathered at Carnegie Hall, New York. Projected at the suggestion of a voluntary body known as the National Federation of Churches and Christian Workers, accepted by the National representative bodies of a score of denominations, constructed by an Executive Committee, which, independent of any organization, has been devoted to this purpose alone, the Inter-Church Conference now becomes, in the words of Dr. Frank Mason North, the vice-chairman of the committee, "the first officially delegated body to represent in formal conference concerning Christian work in the United States the large majority of the denominations of American Protestantism." Whether out of this Conference will emerge a permanent federation of some sort is a question referred to a committee appointed to formulate a plan and report to the Conference. After the formal opening of the Conference, with its preparatory speeches, the consideration of the duties of "a united Church" toward different practical problems began. The first problem was that of religious education; then followed various problems connected with the social order—labor and capital, citizenship, family life, and the ideal society. Bishop Doane, for example, presented the task which lies before the Church in preserving the home and maintaining the sacredness of marriage, on which the family, as the basis of civilization, depends. The direction of public sentiment on such a matter as this, or as that of the massacre of the Jews in Russia as presented by Dr. Washington Gladden, is within the province of this Conference. And if out of this gathering a formal and permanent federal arrangement should issue, the denominations involved would have a means of concentrating their common moral convictions as well as their common efforts upon matters concerning which now they speak and work feebly and divisively. The spirit which is necessary to make concerted action successful we undertake to describe in another column. Further account of the Conference itself must be postponed until next week.

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Religious Co-operation In spite of sectarian divisions, theological controversy, and parochial selfishness, the tendency toward co-operation in religious activity and thought is becoming more and more a trait of the times. In the same week that the Inter-Church Conference on Federation assembled, two other meetings were held in New York State devoted to the same general end of emphasizing religious agreements. In Rochester, New York, the New York State Conference of Religion held its sessions on Monday and Tuesday. Devoted to interchange of ideas rather than union in practical work, the Conference of Religion is nevertheless practical in its purpose, for it undertakes to break down by frank discussion the barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding that separate people who ought to be together. On Thursday evening the Federation of Church Clubs in the City of New York met in its first yearly meeting at Cooper Union. The purpose of this Federation is to develop among its members "the feeling of fellowship, the force of community of purpose, and the power of concert of action." Since the clubs are all connected with Episcopal churches, the field of their federation is not wide; but how broad is the spirit of the men who have organized, how keen their sensitiveness to the social aspects of religion, may be seen from the prayers prepared for the service at the Yearly Meeting. Cast in the dignified language that has been characteristic of all enduring liturgies, yet expressing with rare adequacy the religious feelings, convictions, and resolves that are peculiarly modern, these prayers illustrate how the ancient faith can vitalize the newest and crudest of conditions. These petitions are from the Prayer for the Nation:

> Defend us from civil strife, and from the jealousies of race and class: Impel those in the seats of the mighty to be faithful in their stewardship. . . . Make us princes of justice to all the world.

These from the Prayer for the City:

> Enable every race which Thou hast drawn hither by Thy guiding spirit to bring its own costly gift to our common life: Scourge as with whips of cords all vices from among us: Grant us wisdom to make the homes in which Thy people dwell abodes of comfort: Give us prudence to purge out of this city all poison of disease, and make our people strong: Enable us so to adorn every neighborhood that it shall gladden our eyes with the vision of beauty.

And these from the Litany:

> From all impurity, intemperance, idleness and dishonesty, From all corruption of the franchise and of civil government, From all rebellion against the Kingship of Christ,
> *Deliver us, Good Lord.*

All these gatherings are signs that the human feeling, the social consciousness, which has been in recent decades more highly developed than ever before, is becoming not less, but more, reverent.

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The Sunday Closing Movement

The movement to force saloons to obey the Sunday closing laws, which Governor Folk began in Missouri several months ago, is spreading to other States. Although there is State prohibition in Kansas, the law has been openly violated in the larger cities of the State for years. So, when the saloons of Kansas City, Missouri, were closed on Sundays, the fact was widely commented on that there was a large weekly exodus of Sunday drinkers from that city to Kansas City, Kansas, a town of about 60,000 inhabitants contiguous to the Missouri city, where the saloons were permitted to operate undisturbed on condition of paying to the municipality what amounted to a license fee of $50 a month in the shape of forfeited police court bonds. As there were about 165 saloons in the town, the revenue from them amounted to more than $80,000 a year, an important part of the income of a city of that size. When the city and county authorities refused to interfere with the system, on the advice of Governor Hoch the Attorney-General of Kansas began proceedings in the State Supreme Court to annul the city's charter and to deprive the Mayor and the prosecuting attorney of office for permitting the flagrant violation of the prohibitory and gambling laws. Soon afterward the Governor appointed an Assistant Attorney-General to prosecute violations of these statutes. As a result, the city officials no longer ventured to collect the customary fines from the saloons, and a vigorous crusade was begun to put them out of business. The brewers, who owned a large proportion of the saloons, in alarm lest their fixtures be seized, joined in the closing movement, which, for the time at least, has become fairly effective. In Minneapolis the attention of Mayor Jones was attracted by the movement in Missouri. His representatives studied the situation in St. Louis, and early in November he issued an order to the chief of police to see that saloons and hotel bars were kept closed from midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday. In explanation of his order, which is for the enforcement of a forgotten law, the Mayor said that he had been particularly impressed by the testimony of large employers in St. Louis and of the heads of mercantile establishments where working people chiefly trade. These men agreed as to the salutary effect of the closing order. In Minneapolis he said that he had discovered that of all arrests for drunkenness and disorderly conduct since the first of the year, one-third were traceable to the sale of liquor to laboring men between the time they were paid off on Saturday night and the time of going to work on Monday morning. Of this third, he attributed one-half to liquor sold on Sunday. The closing order became effective at once, and was followed by a Sunday exodus of the thirsty to St. Paul and to saloons outside the city limits. Minneapolis newspapers remarked that there was believed to be an increased church attendance on Sunday morning the first day that the order became effective, and that the theaters were crowded Sunday afternoon and evening.

Thanksgiving

The gratitude of men, like all their emotions, is limited by their insight and intelligence. They are often deeply thankful for happenings which are apparently prosperous, but which in the end prove to be overwhelmingly disastrous; and they are often rebellious against happenings which seem unfortunate at the moment, but which in the end prove to be the highest prosperities. To be grateful for obvious gifts is natural; but gratitude ought to go much deeper. There can be no adequate thanksgiving unless gratitude is based more on faith than on sight, and is born of a profound sense of the blessedness of life and the beneficence of the whole order of creation. The plan of Providence is so vast that only rarely does any clear disclosure of it flash into view, only here and there at long intervals in the happiest life does its beneficence distinctly reveal itself. For prosperous events and happy hours do not of themselves constitute a basis for that all-embracing gratitude which is the response of the son to the father, of the human to the divine. No sensitive man or woman can be happy, and therefore grateful in the obvious sense of the word, for a prosperity which is simply individual. No man of heart could dream a dream of happiness in a sheltered garden when the homes of his neighbors were swept by desolating storms. True gratitude is as unselfish as true love, and in the degree in which it is unselfish will it be adequate and comprehensive. This Nation has ample reason to be grateful for the fertility of its fields and the wide distribution of material comforts; for better homes, better food, and better clothes than are given to the men and women of most races; but these are not the things for which it ought to be most profoundly thankful. It ought to rejoice this year in the uncovering of greed, selfishness, and low aims among men high in position; it ought to rejoice that, instead of going on piling up money and spending greater and greater sums on its body, it has been brought face to face with the condition of its soul. It is the awakening conscience of the American people, shown in their indignation at the ignoble uses of great opportunities by influential men of finance, against the sordidness of political bosses and machines, the bartering of the rights of men, the usurpation of the authority of the people, that ought to stir the whole country to profound thanksgiving; for we are now in the way of spiritual prosperity, of cleanness, rectitude, self-respect, and the redemption of some of the promises which our fathers made to the world when this country became the custodian of the ideals of popular government.

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The Demand for a Constitution in Russia

Although last week's demand for a constitution in Russia was more strenuous than ever before, the demand is not altogether a modern one, and it comes from the nobles as well as from the other classes.

In 1730 two noble families actually persuaded the Empress Anna to sign a constitution which should establish the right of habeas corpus and should forbid the sovereign to make war or peace, to impose taxes, or to appoint officials without the approval of a secret High Council. But what were two among so many noble families? When the others heard of it, they speedily compelled the Empress to revoke this Russian Magna Charta. In 1801 Alexander I. endeavored to proclaim the rights of man, and to give to Russia a constitution. But the affair did not go beyond a general discussion in the court circle. In 1809 the courageous statesman Speransky advised Alexander that "battles should be permitted, not in the streets, not in the university lecture-rooms, . . . but within the walls of a national Diet," or Parliament. Speransky drew up a definite plan of reform. Alexander then asked the advice of the American President, who sent to him a copy of our Constitution. But, as nine years previous, the court reactionaries triumphed again, and all that was left of Speransky's work was the Council of State. In 1819 Alexander's friend, Novosiltsov, drafted a constitution. Like many another Russian, sentimental and savage by turns, Alexander at the last moment withheld his consent.

Years passed. Finally, in 1862, not two families of nobles, but many families, who had suffered severe material loss because of Alexander II.'s emancipation of the serfs the year before, begged him to grant a constitution by which they might gain some political recompense. The Czar took no action until 1880, and then his action had a broader motive. He charged Loris Melikov, the prominent general and statesman, then Minister of the Interior, to draft a constitution. The draft had just been submitted to the Committee of Ministers for discussion, when the Czar-Liberator was killed—some say by reactionaries, and some say by revolutionaries maddened by the reactionary rulings of Constantine Pobiedonostsev, Procurator-General of the Holy Synod. With the latter's baleful influence over Alexander's son and grandson, the Constitutionalists recognized the well-nigh impossible task of realizing their desire through those monarchs. Alexander III. changed Melikov's draft of a constitution into a plan for calling experts from the provincial zemstvos, or councils, to assist the Government in preparing drafts of laws, the experts to be nominated by the Government itself! Nicholas II. issued a manifesto in which he said, "I will preserve the principles of autocracy as firmly as did my late father of imperishable memory."

But the reformers could not wait forever. A year ago they had become, what they never were before, sufficiently numerous and strong to make a definite appeal. On November 21, 1904, 102 out of 104 representatives of the zemstvos, in congress assembled, sent a resolution to the Czar demanding (1) inviolability of person and domicile; (2) freedom of conscience, speech, press, meeting, and association; (3) greater freedom for the municipal and provincial self-governments; (4) an assembly of freely elected representatives, which should frame a constitution as indicated by the preceding sections. These demands were the more significant, in our opinion, because the "presidents of the nobility" of the provinces are also by law presidents of the zemstvos.

On December 25 the Czar signed a mandate enumerating certain reforms, but not mentioning a national assembly; on the other hand, the Zemstvoists were warned that they were not to discuss political questions, but were to confine themselves strictly to questions of local government. Two days later the Zemstvoists and all Liberals publicly expressed their conviction that Russia could be extricated from her difficulties only by the representatives of the nation, freely elected by the secret ballot. Then came the January massacre of "Red Sunday." Finally, on March 3, the Czar published a rescript containing these welcome words: "I am resolved . . . to convene the most worthy men, possessing the confidence of the people and elected by them, in order that they may participate in the preparation and consideration of legislative measures." He meant to revive the ancient Zemsky Sobór. But the people were not so minded. Instead, they were minded to have back the still more ancient Slav Folkmote, which corresponds to the New England town-meeting. And they were minded to have the Folkmote's logical development—a Constituent Assembly. Hence, in May, and again in July, Zemstvo Congresses in Moscow discarded the Czar's plan. Then came the manifesto of August 18 granting a Duma, a consultative assembly on broader lines than a Sobór. But this was not a legislative, still less a Constituent, Assembly. The industrialists were omitted from the electorate. They took just and summary vengeance. Their strikes forced the issue; they starved the reactionaries to surrender. The strikes became a political revolution. The Constitutionalists now included all classes. On October 30 autocracy fell. The Czar granted the fundamentals of civilization—freedom of conscience, speech, meeting, association, the press, the person. Even though the Czar's promises were to be fulfilled—and few believed that they would be—the people were not satisfied with this mere nucleus of a possible constitution. They demanded, as they always had demanded, a written constitution, even though history might show it to be the most powerful in that nation where it was unwritten. The people are now doubly earnest in their demand, for they no longer trust the Czar's spoken words. Melikov's draft still exists in the State archives. Has the Czar the desire and the courage to proclaim it? Only some such action, we believe, can save Russia from the revolution.

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Save Niagara Falls

Modern society is compelled to fight desperately either to secure or to preserve beauty in any form. The desecration of the Alps and of Switzerland generally has gone on so rapidly of late years that there was a great outcry on the Continent and in England last summer, and associations have been formed for the purpose of educating public sentiment and, if possible, of protecting the Alps from the invasion of great ugly, barnlike hotels at points where they break the sky-line, and the defacement of mountains by railroads. The Swiss, like ourselves, have not learned the immense commercial value of beauty, and have made the blunder of trying to get quick returns instead of continuous ones, with the result that they have overcrowded Switzerland with "week-end" English and German excursionists, who stay from Saturday to Monday, and have driven out a very large part of the old and leisurely travelers who spent weeks and even months at the favorite resorts. New York has made a desperate effort to preserve the beauty of the Palisades, the integrity of the Adirondacks, and the majesty of Niagara Falls.

If the scenic beauty and grandeur of Niagara Falls are to be preserved for the enjoyment of future generations, prompt and united action by the present generation is essential. Already ten charters for the use of Niagara water for manufacturing purposes are in existence. Six of these have been granted in Canada and four by the State of New York. American capital is chiefly interested in several of the Canadian companies, as well as in the New York companies. It is estimated that the amount of water the ten companies are by their charters authorized to use is thirty-six per cent. of the total average flow over the various falls. Expert engineers further estimate that if the full amount authorized by these ten charters is utilized for manufacturing purposes, the American Fall will be wholly denuded. Five of the companies are already in active operation, and the others are actively preparing for their destructive work. For twenty years there has been more or less active effort to preserve, first, the shores of Niagara, and later the water of Niagara, as a permanent blessing to humanity. The danger of utter failure was never so acute as now. Action is needed not only by the people of the United States, but by those of Canada, and an international agreement is clearly the only measure that will be permanently effective.

The executive officers of the American Civic Association recently had a conference with the President on this subject, and were authorized to express to the public his deep interest in the subject, and to say that in his annual Message he would urge upon Congress appropriate and early action. The President believes, as all high-minded citizens believe, that the great natural features of America should be carefully guarded, and that, as California has presented to the entire country her Big Trees, so New York should do her part in preserving for the entire country Niagara Falls. If, however, New York will not or cannot do this, it is, in the judgment of the President, the duty of the National Congress to take effective action. The Outlook urges upon its readers, individually and collectively, immediate action for the preservation of Niagara Falls. If each of the subscribers of The Outlook would, within the next ten days, write letters to his or her Representative in Congress and United States Senators, a long step toward securing early action by Congress would be thereby taken. Action by boards of trade, chambers of commerce, town and city improvement societies, and all other organizations interested in the higher life of America will be useful. Further facts may be obtained by sending a postal card to the American Civic Association, Philadelphia.

The Prosperity of the Essay

It is a curious circumstance that in a period of absorbing activity and of a vast variety of external interests of every kind, the ancient and honorable art of essay writing has been revived, and has drawn to its practice a group of writers of insight, humor, and charm. For the essay is pre-eminently the product of meditation, leisure, and the ripening of the quiet life. In a survey of recent writing in this field, a year ago, The Outlook commented on the work of Mr. Perry, Professor Matthews, Mr. Colby, Mr. Boynton, and Miss Repplier as showing, in connection with similar work from other hands in increasing volume, both a growing interest in the essay as a form of literary expression and a gain in literary workmanship. For the essay, like the sonnet, is for the expert—the writer who has learned how to use language with skill, feeling, and a sensitive regard for literary values. Dull writing of all kinds is a burden which modern readers, with a vast fund of interesting literature at hand, refuse to bear; and a dull essay is a thing of naught. There are twenty qualities which may give an essay its note and character; but one quality all essays must share—they must be interesting.

It is possible for an essay to aim too definitely at the effectiveness of every sentence rather than at the concentrated force of the whole treatment; and this, one suspects, is the fault of Mr. Chesterton's studies of "Heretics." The book has an electric quality, and reading it is like receiving a series of shocks. You are in no danger of falling asleep, but you are in serious danger of being so occupied with the sentence that the paragraph makes little impression, and no definite and adequate conclusion of the matter remains with you. The love of paradox, as Mr. Morris points out on another page, consumes Mr. Chesterton and diminishes the force of his very acute criticism by diffusing it in a series of brilliant flashes instead of concentrating it in a steady and luminous glow. These paradoxes, when one escapes their wit and gets at their sense, are often acutely critical and open up the very heart of the matter. There is a moral health in Mr. Chesterton, an impatience with pretension and sham of every sort, a hatred of humbug in all its semi-artistic forms, a reverence for good things, which give his work a tonic value. His pen has a touch of serious criticism in it. Commenting on Mr. George Moore's egotism, he writes: "We feel as if we were being shown through a gallery of really fine pictures, in each of which, by some useless and discordant fiction, the artist has represented the same figure in the same attitude. 'The Grand Canal with a Distant View of Mr. Moore,' 'Ruins of Mr. Moore by Moonlight.'" And he strikes straight home at the fundamental defect in the author of "Man and Superman" in two sentences: "For the truth is, Mr. Shaw has never seen things as they really are. If he had, he would have fallen on his knees before them." A vigorous, pungent, incisive writer, Mr. Chesterton lacks solid construction and a proper regard, not for the conventions, but for the principles of style.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, on the other hand, is always well dressed and well mannered in the literary sense; he wears the air of a man of the world a little too consciously; he gives the impression of being aware of himself as a writer of some distinction, and lacks the last touch of having been born to the pen and the library. A man of the world Mr. Gosse certainly is, but not of the great world. He has spent his time mainly with lesser figures in English literature, and he has done some very good work in refurbishing them, for he is a methodical and diligent student. But with all his knowledge and the skill born of long practice he never quite touches the heart of his subjects, and he always leaves his readers cold. Mr. Dobson often deals with minor persons, but with what tenderness of insight he touches them, and, fragile as they are, how charmingly they live in our imagination! This art is beyond Mr. Gosse, whose skill is largely external.

He is at his best, however, in "French Profiles," and especially in the chapters which deal with writers of sensibility and charm like Daudet and Loti; he is less successful with Zola. It is a fascinating series of portraits that he shows us, and many of them are drawn with delicate skill; for Mr. Gosse, whatever his limitations, is never a bungler. Alfred de Vigny, Daudet, Loti, France, Bourget, Bazin, De Régnier, to take a few names at random, suggest the possibilities of portraiture which this collection offers.

It is like opening all the windows to take up Mr. Burroughs's "Ways of Nature," a volume of fourteen chapters of out-of-door observation. The author of "Wake Robin" and "Fresh Fields" has a very charming quality of sentiment, and has written delightfully about things he has seen with his spirit as well as with his eyes; but in this volume he plants himself as squarely as a man can on the bare fact, and reports what he has seen, without gloss or comment. No one knows better than Mr. Burroughs that no man sees anything exactly as it is in its naked and isolated condition, without relationship or correspondence with other things; and if a man could so see things, his observation would be worthless save as it might throw light on the way things look to animals.

What Mr. Burroughs tries to do in this latest report of his long and intimate study of nature is to see things objectively, and to avoid reading into animal habit and action the intelligent volition of human habit and action. There is a touch of the polemic in these essays, but not in an offensive sense, and the definite aim of the different papers gives them a vital if not a formal unity. A more wholesome and distinctly American writer our literature has not produced than the sound-hearted, thoroughly trained, and greatly beloved author of these very interesting papers.

In his essay on "Bird Songs" Mr. Burroughs calls Dr. Henry van Dyke's "Song Sparrow" "one of our best bird poems;" and it may be suspected that the little group of poems to which this song belongs will sing in the ears of many generations to come. The combination of vigorous thought, spiritual vision, courage of emotion, love of nature, and feeling for literature which has given Dr. van Dyke a foremost place among American writers of his generation has given his essay work both individuality and charm. He has made transcriptions of nature faithful alike to the fact and to the vision which sees things in their larger relations, and he has written sound and discerning critical studies; in his latest volume, "Essays in Application," his mood is more distinctly expository. For he is concerned in this collection of twelve papers, as he tells us in his preface, with the endeavor "to touch on certain points in education, in politics, in literature, in religion, in the conduct of life, from the standpoint of one who wishes to be guided in every-day judgments and affairs by a sane idealism." While there is no pretense or intention to formulate a complete philosophy of living, these essays constitute a confession of faith. As such they will be read with deep interest by those who regard sanity of opinion as of more weight than the excessive individualism which is often mistaken for originality, breadth of view as of more consequence than mere pungency of statement, and the vision of sane optimism more far-seeing and profound in its divinations than the short and easy judgments of conventional pessimism. These essays miss the charm of wide horizons and high lights which have given the chapters on out-of-door life from the same hand a place by themselves in our literature; they have not the distinctively literary flavor of the chapters on Tennyson; they are at once broader in their outlook and more practical in their application.

In commenting last week on the work of one of the most accomplished and competent of the younger essayists, Mr. Paul Elmer More, The Outlook referred to his early academic experience and surroundings as exercising a definite though not a controlling influence on his criticism; Professor William P. Trent is also a prominent figure among those writers who belong in the ranks of academic workers. The atmosphere which sometimes exudes from college walls, as disease used to exude from the walls of the old-fashioned solidly built hospitals, has not infected the thought or style of this vigorous and effective writer. Coming from a section of the country which a few years ago resented any criticism of its authors, great or small, Mr. Trent's intellectual integrity has been at times a little aggressive, and he has told the truth with a directness and frankness which kept nothing back; his advance upon his subjects has not been what golfers call a "gentle approach." There has been at times in his work a lack of that kind of tact which is another name for sympathy. In a section where local feeling once ran deep and high, and in a literature not yet wholly free from provincialism, Professor Trent's determination to measure American achievements by universal standards and to speak the truth without fear or favor has been of great value. He is one of the few students who look at our literature from the National standpoint instead of the New England standpoint; he has appraised Poe at his real worth; and he has insisted in season and out of season on the spiritual and artistic content of literature as things of supreme concern in teaching. These qualities are conspicuous in the essays which make up his latest volume, "Greatness in Literature"—a collection of sane, frank, vigor ous discussions of various phases of book-making and book-judging. The chapter on "The Love of Poetry" ought to be set for the annual reading of all teachers of literature.

Without any sense of haste, but with the air of leisure hours well spent in a library, Dr. Crothers puts into our hands another volume of essays with the happily chosen title of "The Pardoner's Wallet." There is a sound ethical background behind the work of this witty and suggestive writer, but he takes it for granted and relieves his readers from the duty of always keeping it in mind. His opinion seems to be that New England has kept a vigilant watch on its conscience so long that it is now entitled to a little play of the mind. And he is quite right: too much duty and too little pleasure make men, if not actually dull, certainly too conscious of their virtues to be pleasant company of a winter's evening. Dr. Crothers has also made the discovery, which many excellent Americans never stumble upon, that goodness is best taught by indirection, and that to be kindly, open-hearted, tolerant of one's fellows, and cheerful in cloudy weather is to show a very attractive side of saintliness. Dr. Crothers has freshness of mind, gayety of mood, generous likings, and a free and happy way of speech which make one willing to give him a hearing even in the presence of Elia, and to be glad that so wholesome and genial a spirit has appeared among the New England essayists. It is a pleasure to note, for that matter, that, while some of this variously gifted group are a little suspicious of those unhappy persons who venture to write without the technical equipment of the scholar, there is not a surly and ungenerous soul among them; and that, varying widely in their qualities, they are all—as essayists ought to be—very companionable.

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Who are Christians?

The non-acceptance of the Unitarian delegates by the Conference now in session in New York City under the title of The Federation of Churches is rightly regarded by our contemporaries as raising a very vital and important question. Thus, both the "Congregationalist" and the "Christian Advocate" make it a text for the discussion of the question, Who have "the right to the name Christian"? If Christianity is a system of philosophy and it is the function of the Church to teach that philosophy, then it is clear that those who hold that the doctrine of the Trinity is an essential part of that philosophy cannot consistently regard Unitarians as Christians, and cannot invite them to co-operate in teaching Christianity, and that Unitarians could not accept the invitation if it were given to them.

To know what Christianity is, and what the function of the Christian Church, we have but to refer to the original documents, and fortunately they are accessible to every one.

Jesus Christ in his first reported sermon defined his mission. He came to Nazareth, his childhood home, went into the Synagogue on the Sabbath Day, went into the pulpit, and found and read the following passage from Isaiah:

> The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

He had come, he said, to fulfill this prophecy; this was his mission. A year or so later he appointed twelve apostles to take up the work which he could not complete without help, and this was the commission he gave to them:

> As ye go, preach, saying, The Kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead; freely ye have received, freely give.

John the Baptist was in prison. He wished to know whether Jesus was the Messiah, and sent two of his disciples to inquire. And this was the answer Jesus gave them, this the evidence that he was the Christ:

> Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.

He died. After his resurrection he gave his disciples their future world mission:

> As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Spirit: whosesoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them; whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained.

His disciples took up this work and carried it on, and after half or three-quarters of a century of Christian work one of their number, the author of the Epistle to Titus, epitomized in the following terms the message which had been given to them:

> The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed life and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

What is the function of the Christian Church? It is to teach us how to live; it is to bring us into Christ's school, and make us his pupils; it is to receive the spirit of Christ and continue Christ's work; it is to carry to men the glad tidings of sin forgiven and life bestowed; it is to teach us how to follow Christ; it is to prepare men for the coming of the kingdom of God—the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy in holiness of spirit; it is to carry to its completion the work which Christ said he had come to initiate—to preach glad tidings to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to bring recovering of sight to the blind and liberty to the captives; it is living soberly, righteously, godly, hopefully; it is faith, hope, and love—the spirit of vision, of aspiration, of good will; it is loving men as Christ loved men; it is carrying out in our lives the spirit of the apostles' teaching: "He laid down his life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

Jesus Christ was not the founder of religion. Religion existed long before his time. He was not the founder of a special religion. Each special religion has its creed, its ritual, or its ecclesiastical organization—generally all three. One looks in vain in the four Gospels for either. Jesus Christ was a giver of life. "I am come," he said, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." To take this life which he imparts—the life of faith that looks upon the things that are unseen and are eternal, the life of hope that sees in every to-day a better to-morrow and aspires toward it, the life of love that counts all experiences as opportunities for service—this is to be a Christian. To have his spirit, if not to have it then to desire it above all else, this is to be a follower of Jesus Christ. And the men and women who possess this spirit, and have banded themselves together to give it to others, are the Church of Christ. This spirit of life transcends all rituals, is greater than all definitions, overflows all Church orders and organizations. It is in the Roman Catholic Xavier and the Protesant Zinzendorf, the Arminian Wesley and the Calvinistic Whitefield and the Quaker Fox; it sings in the Catholic "Lead, Kindly Light," and in the Calvinist "Rock of Ages," and in the Unitarian "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

We believe in the historic faith of the Christian Church. We believe that for us men and for our salvation Christ came down to earth. We see in him the supremest manifestation of the Infinite Father. We bow before him as the Son of God, the express image of his Person, the brightness of his glory. We offer to him our heart's highest adoration, and count it all too poor an offering. But to believe this is not Christianity. Christianity is the spirit of Christ, the spirit of love, and service, and self-sacrifice. He that hath not the spirit of Christ is none of his. Orthodox definitions will not make him Christian. He that hath the spirit of Christ is Christ's. Unorthodox definitions will not prevent his being so. For ourselves, we will work with all who profess and call themselves Christians if they will work with us. We will work with any man who is trying to do Christ's work in Christ's spirit. We will gladly accord to him liberty to work in his own way; we will insist on our liberty to work in ours. And in this liberty of the spirit, not in any conformity in a common ritual or to a common creed, we will find the bond of our unity as we find the inspiration of our service.

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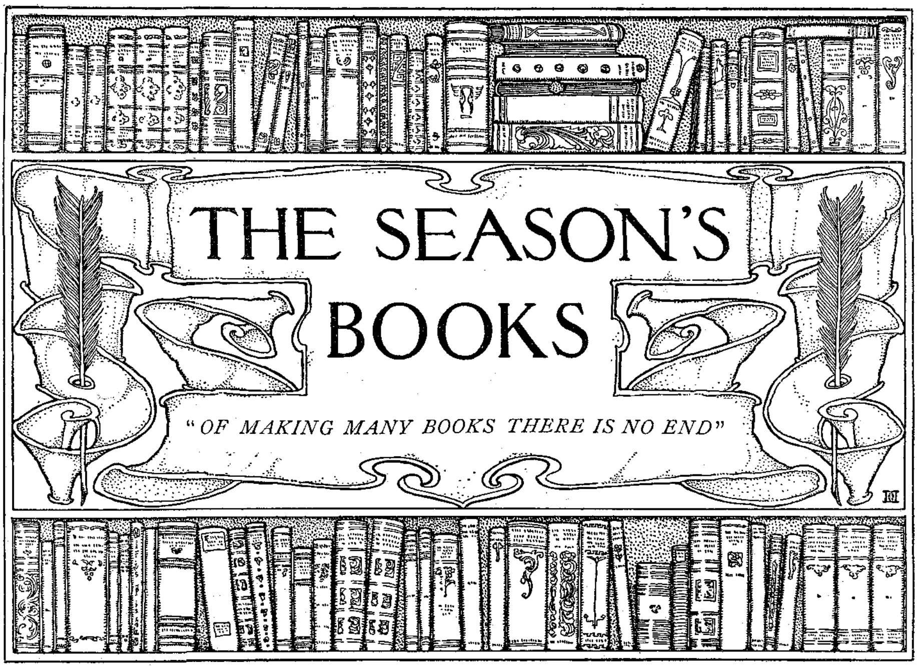
The Yellow Dramatist

The recent exclusion of Mr. Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," from the stage of a New York theater has, of course, let loose the usual babble of tongues about the hypocrisy of the public and the tendency to stone the prophets. The people most to be pitied, however, are not those who are denied the privilege of hearing and seeing this "up-to-date drama," but the silly seekers after noisome sensations who did hear and see it, and paid heavily for the chance to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of Mr. Shaw; for if there is one thing that gives that witty and versatile gentleman especial joy, it is making fools of his audience. Mr. Cortissoz's trenchant comment on the author of "Man and Superman," which will be found in another place, is a just and candid estimate of a man to whom altogether too much importance has been attached, and will be read with special interest at a time when many people are trying to make up their minds whether they are dealing with a prophet or a buffoon.

Mr. Shaw, as Mr. Cortissoz points out, is neither; he is simply a yellow journalist on the stage. He is a man of genuine gifts who might be the joy of his generation, or its scourge; he is neither. He might have touched the foibles and hypocrisies of his time as Goldsmith did in "The School for Scandal," or lashed them as Ibsen did in "The Pillar of Society" and "Ghosts." But Mr. Shaw does neither; there is malice in his wit and flippancy in his dealing with the tragic aspects of the social order. If he had the genius of Aristophanes, he might be forgiven some profanity, but his slender wit cannot disguise the gross irreverence of his attitude toward the finer things of life and his profanation of its sanctities. He wears the cap and bells in sacred places, and plays the fool where wise men are silent with pity or eloquent with indignation. When he wrote "Arms and the Man," "Candida," and "The Man of Destiny," he was very entertaining except to the literal-minded and unimaginative, who tormented themselves with the idea that he really meant something serious, when, as a matter of fact, he was simply making game of his characters, his audience, and himself. There is no root of sincerity in his plays; he is a temperament, not a character. The "larkiness," impressionability, and irresponsibility of a certain type of Celtic mind make the best of his plays very good fooling; the worst of his plays are not only wholly lacking in spiritual and ethical insight, in real emotion and genuine indignation—they are dull. Travelers who have passed through the Caledonian canal will recall the exaggerated Irishman in green, with a shillalah, who used to beguile the passengers and pick up a few shillings for himself during the half-hour while the steamer was in a lock by singing Irish songs and dancing Irish jigs. This is the function of Mr. Shaw in the world; the idea that he has turned satirist and has something serious to say is much more amusing than Mr. Shaw's best repartee or wittiest comment on his puppets.



THE SEASON'S BOOKS

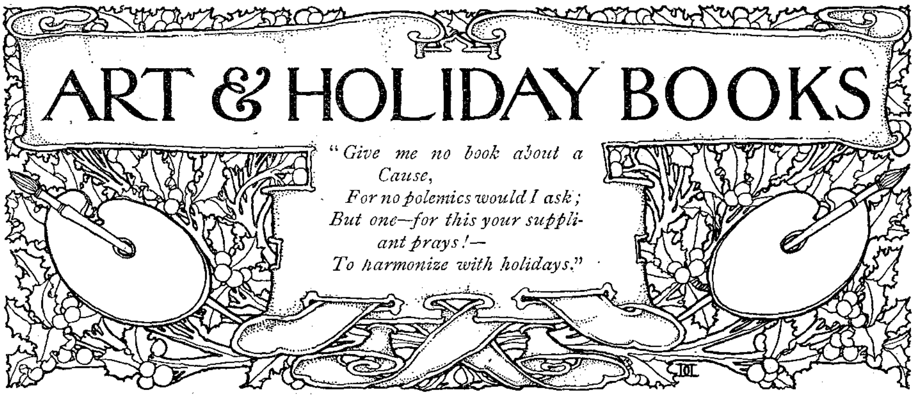
"OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END"

THE true lover of books is enamored of the mere vesture and form of the volume that comes into his hands. The color of the cloth, the "feel" of the page, the type and its setting in the space with ample margins, the title-page, and the label—all these externalities, so unimportant to the man who has never come under the spell of print and binding, are redolent of pleasure and laden with associations to one who has been initiated into the joy of the paper-cutter and the savor of expectation in laying the text open to the eye. There is something pathetic in the haste which compels the mechanical cutting of the leaves and lays bare the heart of the book to the impatient reader without that pause which is like taking off the shoes at the door of the mosque. It is easy to imagine the sense of individual ownership which sank deep into the soul of the man who went to the Maison Plantin three hundred years ago, selected his font of type, deliberated long over the leather, and finally hit upon the texture and quality which seemed most fit to incase his Virgil or Lucretius or Ovid, decided every detail of the book that was to be made with patient and loving care by three or four trained craftsmen. And when the rare and costly volume was put into his hands months later, it is easy to imagine the delicate and personal joy it gave him.

The day of the individual book, chained in the library or as effectively kept in a few places by its great price, has fortunately gone by; the delight of a few select spirits has been divided with a vast multitude; and if something of the rare quality of a privilege enjoyed by a little group of connoisseurs has been lost, a larger and more unselfish benefit has been put in its place. There is much ill-considered talk about the vulgarization of art; a true work of art is as secure from vulgarization as the light which falls impartially on the cultivated and the ignorant, without losing the "glorious privacy" which it puts at every man's command.

There are so many seasons and every season brings so many books to the birth that the novelty is quite gone; and yet something of expectation and delight remains and revives with each coming in of the tides of publication. The book-lover has been disappointed a thousand times, but there is a touch of youth in his love, as there is in all love; and the delicate but hardy flower of hope blooms every spring after the most desolating winter, and every autumn after the most blasting and blighting summer; and that hope is never entirely disappointed; there are always a few books of true worth and real charm to reward and nourish it.

The Outlook does not attempt in this issue to separate the grain from the wheat in all parts of the field; it aims rather to aid the reader where the harvest of good and evil is so extensive that the task of discrimination is beyond the time of busy men and women. Important works in history, economics, philosophy, and science demand fuller individual comment; the poetry of recent months will be made the subject of early criticism. Volumes of essays have constituted no small part of the most serious publication of the season, and are touched upon in rapid survey in another place in this number, to be considered, in some cases, more carefully hereafter. Of two biographies which promise to be of great value, Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Life of Charles Lamb," and Dr. Bielschowsky's "Life of Goethe," only the initial volumes have appeared; while other important works cannot be included in the survey because they have not yet come from the press.



ART & HOLIDAY BOOKS

"Give me no book about a Cause,
For no polemics would I ask;
But one—for this your suppliant prays!—
To harmonize with holidays."

THE season's books on art include a large number of small volumes. This may indicate—and we hope it does—a widespread public interest in drawing, pen-draughtsmanship, and painting. There are very few books on sculpture or architecture. It is a relief to be delivered from the usual portly volume containing a biography, no matter how good, of some great artist, and a reproduction, no matter how superb, of his pictures. Of course the large thin volume of drawings is still published: the customary Gibson book, for instance, repeating that justly popular artist's seeming cynicism as to any simplicity, sincerity, or disinterestedness in human nature, but also revealing his wholesome ironies in dealing with foibles and frailties, emphasizing again his great power of discrimination in selection, but also his mannerisms of technique. His wooden arms and legs, however, are always worth enduring for the sake of the famous "Gibson girl." She often bears the kind of relation to other girls that the American Beauty bears to other roses, and we wish she were more in evidence in "Our Neighbors" (Scribner). Similar in shape, but not so large, are two volumes of drawings. The first contains a representative selection by Sir Edward Poynter (Scribner), and the second by J. M. Swan (Scribner). The biographical, critical, and interpretative text for the first has been contributed by Mr. Malcolm Bell; for the second by Mr. A. L. Baldry.

In the first rank among art books stands Mrs. Russell Barrington's biography of Watts—a noble biography of a noble man (Macmillan). The biography is almost entirely personal. It has no very great professional or critical value. But, no matter how eminent in these latter respects future and more exhaustive biographies of Watts may be, we cannot be too thankful for the present volume. Mrs. Barrington writes from the standpoint of the next-door neighbor. She and her husband were accustomed to visit Watts in the evening, and they would often read to the artist while he ate his supper. "The meal was always the same," she writes—"the cold remains of a dull little pudding made without sugar, which had been hot for his dinner in the middle of the day, and a tumbler of milk mixed with barley. Winter and summer, never any change. Even . . . to have as much as that distressed him, and when he thought of all the people who were starving he could hardly eat." If the misery of poverty was loathsome to him, so was the lack of perspective and the mercenariness which sometimes accompany great riches. As to the latter his biographer says: "A friend who called on us . . . just after Watts had given 'Love and Death' to Manchester, told us that £3,000 had been offered to Watts for the picture, but that he had refused it. . . . When I saw Watts later in the day I told him, and he said, 'I do not find any difficulty in giving £3,000; I should in giving five shillings.'" Thus this biography reveals to us Watts the man, whose ambition was to benefit the world by his passage through it, and whose work on canvas was his legacy to the English people. In his devotion to art Watts was high-souled and heroic. One realizes this most, we think, in reading, not an English estimate, but a French appreciation—Robert de la Sizeranne's, for example—even if the French writer puts too much stress on the mannerisms of the English master's technique, and too little on the originality and worth of the ideas portrayed. Each of those ideas expressed the aim which the painter once confided to his present biographer: "I am nothing—oh, you will find out that I am nothing. One thing alone I possess, and I never remember the time when I was without it—an aim toward the highest, the best, and a burning desire to reach it." Erratic draughtsman as he was sometimes, while as a colorist he left much to be desired, yet, beyond almost any English painter, sculptor, poet, or musician of his time, he was pre-eminently the artist of inspiration.

Slightly smaller in size but also weighty in value is Mr. Arthur Tomson's "Millet and the Barbizon School," a clever review of that famous company of artists (Macmillan). The text is reinforced by many excellent pictures, illustrative not only of the chief bent of the various artists, but also of their lesser-known tendencies, for instance of Diaz. The effort to realize this latter aim is so marked that at first one surmises that the distinctively forest scenes of the great painter have been omitted—indeed, such a statement has already appeared in these columns. As to the text, Diaz, Rousseau, and the others of the Barbizon school naturally give place, in the author's attention, to the great Millet himself. In a recent biography Dr. Muther essays to correct certain popular impressions both as to Millet's life and work. Mr. Tomson also puts readers and students in possession of interesting new information, for instance in showing that some writers have exaggerated the painter's sorrows.

Two serious books of criticism demand attention. These are Mr. Caffin's "How to Judge Pictures" (Century Company) and Mr. Russell Sturgis's "The Appreciation of Pictures" (Baker & Taylor Company). Both critics follow the historical method; they begin with the Gothic epoch of primitive charm and come to our own. Mr. Caffin has a plan which often works well—that of contrasting two artists. Thus, his chapters are entitled "Michelangelo and Correggio," "Watteau and Hogarth," etc. Mr. Sturgis does less contrasting of men, but more of periods; he is specially strong in his keen criticism of contemporary tendencies. Mr. Caffin too often sums up in a few apt words the effect of a whole school of art, as of the Japanese, "There never has been a nation, at any rate since the great days of Athens, whose art so closely reflects its outward life and the soul which it embodies." Both volumes furnish a real basis for a more sympathetic and thorough understanding of pictures.

A welcome feature of the season's books is Sir Walter Armstrong's "Reynolds" (Scribner). Sir Walter believes that many of those who admire Reynolds's pictures regard the painter through an atmosphere of idealization. Hence the biographer, showing Reynolds the man, as a consistent human being, readjusts Reynolds the painter in relation to his contemporaries, especially to Gainsborough. For instance: "To me it seems impossible to agree with those who see in Reynolds the supreme painter of female charm and of the fresh innocence of childhood. In both, to my mind, Gainsborough is by far the greater artist." But "as a painter of masculine personalities, he [Reynolds] has, I think, no rival."

Of other books on painting this year, as usual, a number of volumes appear put forth in boxes, and evidently designed as much to decorate "the center-table" as to illuminate the mind. Such a one is Mary Knight Potter's "The Art of the Venice Academy" (L. C. Page & Co.). The compiler of "The Art of the Vatican," "The Art of the Louvre," etc., recognizes here, as in those volumes, that her popular treatises, brought within the limits of a medium-sized volume, are necessarily incomplete. This has led her to adopt the excellent plan of giving but a bare outline-description of many of the lesser pictures, reserving all the space and comment possible for the painters themselves. Another similar volume is Edith Harwood's "Notable Pictures in Florence" (Dutton), a book distinctly better than the customary "center-table" variety. Unlike most volumes of that variety, the text is better than the pictures, but that is not saying that the text is either original or adequate enough. Readers may be unreasonably prejudiced against another volume of this kind, "The Art of the National Gallery" (L. C. Page & Co.), because of the sentimentally sensational headings of the chapters—"Bolognese Sternness and Sienese Beauty," "From the Valley of Umbria to the Summit of Art," etc.; but the text is fairly interesting. The pictures are too small, but are surprisingly good considering their size. A peculiarly successful compiler of books of this class is Esther Singleton. Her latest volume, "Great Portraits Described by Great Writers" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), seems her best. She has been fortunate in presenting many varieties of subject and trial of treatment, omitting, however, some of the most celebrated portraits, such as Velasquez's "Innocent X.," Leonardo's "Mona Lisa," etc., which have already appeared in her other volumes. "The Bible Beautiful," a work by Estelle M. Hurll (L. C. Page & Co.), might indicate that the text is other than it is. Miss Hurll's description is certainly worthy a better title. She well describes the pictures which themselves describe the Bible. The arrangement is chronological, the critic proceeding from the Byzantine mosaicists to Burne-Jones, Tissot, and Sargent.

Of books on arts and crafts, a notable contribution is Mary Sharp's well printed and illustrated "Point and Pillow Lace"—a good account of the various kinds of lace, ancient and modern, and an indication of how to recognize them (Dutton).

Among the season's books descriptive of places, Charles Latham's "Gardens of Italy" (Scribner) is impressive. The work has been published in two large volumes, lavishly illustrated, and is, in pictures at least, almost an adequate exhibition of Italy's richness in a department wherein nature and art each strive for mastery. As has been hinted, however, the text leaves somewhat to be desired; there is in it much too little of the noble art of landscape gardening, an art in which Italy stands supreme. Even the many full-page pictures, happy as they are in the photographer's selection both of subject and of particular points of view, lack the charm of Mr. Maxfield Parrish's pictures illustrating Mrs. Wharton's "Italian Villas and Their Gardens," published a year ago. As a history and description of a particular field of art that work was not so informative as this, but it was peculiarly Italian in that it had what this has not—the essential merit of atmosphere. Another large volume of note is Sybil Fitzgerald's well-written "In the Track of the Moors" (Dutton), with its wealth of clever drawings in color and its many illustrations in the text by Augustine Fitzgerald. How Washington Irving would have enjoyed such a regal volume, alike delightful in text and pictures! Andalusia, Granada, Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia receive sympathetic and appealing treatment. Another volume of family collaboration and belonging to the same class of publication is Ella Noyes's "Casentino" (Dutton), illustrated in colors and line by Dora Noyes. The author of "Ferrara" (one of the best of the Mediæval Towns Series) knows well how to describe that Umbrian valley where at well-nigh every step one comes across some suggestion or trace of St. Francis and of Dante.

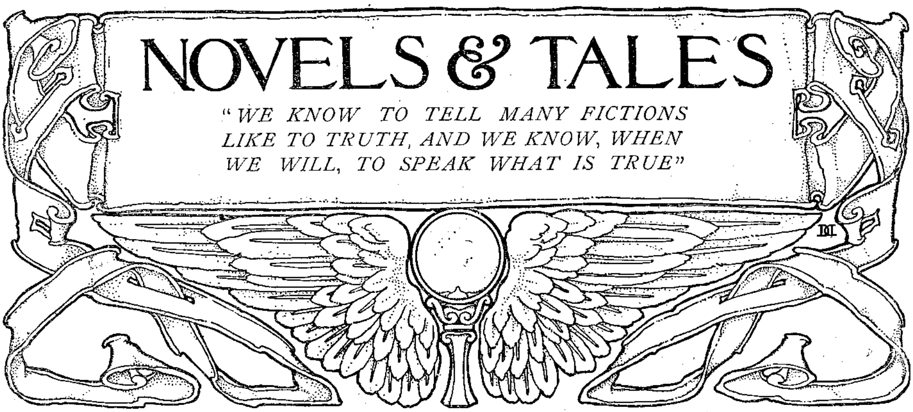
Alas that Mr. Cook's two volumes on "Old Provence" (Scribner) should be as wearisome as they are weighty! The lover of Provence picks them up with a feeling that such an authority as Mr. Cook will say "the last word"—that here is a work really to inform. The reader, however, will not read far before he becomes disillusionized. Here is information aplenty, it is true, but the reader has to dig it out. Mr. Cook knows his Provence well, but he does not know how to tell about it. The arrangement of his material is most unsatisfactory, although some of that material has been well worked out. Nevertheless, the volumes are worth buying and worth reading, for their contents cannot be obtained elsewhere. It is a far cry from the periods of the Greeks and Romans, and even of good King René, at 1480, where Mr. Cook stops, to the period of 1643–1715, the time when Mr. Farmer shows to us "Versailles and the Court under Louis XIV." (Century Company). The place and park of Versailles, of course, form merely the gorgeous setting for Mr. Farmer's stage, across which flit Louis and the other characteristic court figures of a so-called "Golden Age." It was golden in the sense that France enjoyed—and endured—the influence and domination of a court such as had not hitherto existed. Mr. Farmer's adequate and satisfying description of it is an enlargement upon part of Mrs. Champney's book, "The Romance of the Bourbon Châteaux," and Mrs. Champney has now put forth another similar volume, "The Romance of the French Abbeys" (Putnam), a book, like her other similar volumes, to appeal to those who would better appreciate French architecture, scenery, romance, and history. And in this connection Mr. Noel Williams's readable "Queens of the French Stage" (Scribner) should be mentioned. The author seems to have made a specialty of biographies of famous French women; he has already written books on Madame Récamier, Madame de Pompadour, Madame de Montespan, and Madame du Barry. A French author whose influence in the world of literature is comparable to the influence of some of these women in society was Théophile Gautier. His "Constantinople" has now been translated and attractively published (Winston). Gautier was before everything an artist in color, and his graphic descriptions seem still contemporaneous. Finally, we have Mr. William Edgar Geil's "A Yankee in Pigmy Land" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), a vivid record of a journey across Africa from Mombasa through the Pigmy forest to Banana. Recent criticisms of the Congo Government lend additional interest to the book.

Of making many Christmas books there is no end, and much study of them is a weariness to the flesh. But anxious seekers continue as numerous as ever for Christmas books, and gifts which shall be "just the thing without overdoing it." These seekers are often satisfied with handsomely if not always aptly illustrated editions of some particular poem. In this domain it is a pleasure to mention a few examples of the avoidance of the meretricious and inapt in a book's make-up—for instance, Oliver Wendell Holmes's "The One-Hoss Shay" and Bret Harte's "Her Letter" (both Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), both illustrated in color, the first by Mr. Pyle, the second by Mr. Kellar; or Tennyson's "Maud," illustrated by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong. Larger volumes than these are the new editions of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." Few books could lend themselves better to illustration. Mr. Byam Shaw undertakes the first and Mr. Norman Price the second. Their work leaves little to be desired.

It may be that there was such a thing as a "Kate Greenaway fad" in child costume and decoration, but that there was nothing faddish about the charm and daintiness of her drawing and of her ideals of grace and sweetness is evident in merely turning over the pages of the really charming book "Kate Greenaway," written and edited by M. H. Spielmann and G. G. Layard (Putnam). In half a hundred colored plates and many black-and-white pictures we find beauty and delicacy pre-eminent and child-loveliness rendered with sincerity and sympathy. Such pictures measure a sweet, true soul, and the story of Kate Greenaway's life and the gentle revelations of her letters and her friendships (the correspondence with John Ruskin most notably) bear out the inference. To quote Austin Dobson's tribute:

Clean-souled, clear-eyed, unspoiled, discreet;
Thou gav'st thy gifts to make life sweet:
There shall be flowers about thy feet!

Jessie Willcox Smith is admirably fitted by her skill in depicting child nature to illustrate Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" (Scribner), and the result is a piece of holiday book-making fine and fit in every way with color-pictures, pleasing, tasteful, and thoroughly artistic.



NOVELS & TALES

"WE KNOW TO TELL MANY FICTIONS
LIKE TO TRUTH, AND WE KNOW, WHEN
WE WILL, TO SPEAK WHAT IS TRUE"

THE novels of the season are for the most part conspicuously free from any elements of permanent value and interest; they are significant of a wide interest in fiction and of the activity and ingenuity of publishers rather than of any stirring of the imagination or any deep and vitalizing interest in the study of life. The country throbs with energy from ocean to ocean, but the fiction writers, as a class, continue to manufacture products for the "fall trade" rather than to search the human spirit in its passionate energy or discern the deeper currents of its experience. Almost every considerable section of the country has its well-organized fiction industry, and the general condition would be described by a trade journal in this fashion: "The large output of autumn and winter goods shows an undiminished demand. The phenomenal sales of a few years back are no longer made, but there is a steady and remunerative demand for standard articles, and the outlook for holiday business is distinctly promising. The only threatening element is the possible over-stocking of the market. Local sellers report that buyers are confused by the multiplicity of designs and textures offered them. The old, reliable designs still hold their own."

To this summary characterization there are, fortunately, a number of striking exceptions, and in the mass of novels written to meet a popular demand there is a considerable group written from inward impulse and bearing the impress both of vital substance and of thorough and competent workmanship. The Outlook has already expressed its conviction that Mrs. Wharton's searching and penetrating study of one aspect of society, "The House of Mirth" (Scribner), is a work of art of a very high order; full of reality, observation, energy of characterization, moral insight, and dramatic power; a story of such quality that it would redeem an arid season and revive the expectation, deep in the hearts of all lovers of literature, that the great novel will continue to be written from time to time. Mr. Herrick's "Memoirs of an American Citizen" (Macmillan), which appeared somewhat earlier, is another novel of the sincere, first-hand, vital order. It lacks the rare constructive skill of Mrs. Wharton's story, and it has not the same concentrated energy of movement and style; but it is penetrated by genuine intensity of spirit, and shows the hand of a high-minded and accomplished workman. The skill of a novelist who has been trained as well as endowed by nature for his task is disclosed in the unconscious revelation of his motives and aims which the chief actor in this drama of modern commercialism makes, in the absence of any suggestion of preaching, and in the completeness with which the artistic and moral elements are blended. It is an admirable piece of work from a young writer who thoroughly understands how to use his tools, and it is a clear and convincing picture of the moral callousness, the color blindness in all matters of rectitude, which make many capable, indomitable, and successful Americans as effective and as immoral as the representative men of action during the Renaissance.

Mr. Hewlett has done nothing more original and difficult than "The Fool Errant" (Macmillan), which appeared during the summer but may be counted among the notable books of the second half of the year. This wonderfully vivid and picturesque study of Italian manners and spirit when the violence of the Renaissance had softened into duplicity and trickery and its passionate gallantry become a fashionable pastime, will not appeal to as wide a class of readers as "The Forest Lovers" or "The Queen's Quair;" but those who enjoy color laid on by a sensitive hand, a movement of life full of vivacity, variety, character, the atmosphere of another age evoked without effort and enfolding every actor, will enjoy this modern rendering of Joseph Andrews, this free-spoken epic of the open road and happy-go-lucky moral confusions of an age which counted most sins venial and was bent on enjoying life without the bother of keeping a conscience. It is a very free-spoken book, one for mature readers, and those who are bent on finding hidden immoralities will not go unrewarded; those who read the story in true perspective will keep these things in their place.

It is a pleasure to recognize the growth of a young writer of such promise as Mr. Booth Tarkington. He has had a light and delicate touch from the start, a feeling for style and a point of view wholly his own. His "Gentleman from Indiana" was a picture of life in an American town in a new tone, so to speak; the outlines of the portraiture were softened and harmonized in an unusual way. In "The Two Ravenals" this refinement of tone was so pronounced that the story bore an impression of unreality. In "Monsieur Beaucaire" the point, refinement, finish, and clear dexterity of Mr. Tarkington's manner produced a little masterpiece of the rococo kind; a beautifully finished *tour de force* rather than an original piece of art. "The Conquest of Canaan" (Harper) has not lost the note of refinement, but it has gained in solidity and distinctness of outline; it is an original story in point of plot; it is witty, spirited, romantic, and beautifully human in its spirit. It will be read for its interest and its charm; it ought to be read also by the Pharisees, the uncharitable, the hard and harsh-minded, of whom society is far too full.

Mrs. Thurston's study of Irish temperament and the gambling mania in "The Gambler" (Harper) has already been characterized in these columns. It may be added that while it is not likely to run through as many editions as "The Masquerader," it has a higher ambition than that absorbing modern fairy tale in that it tries to present a serious study of character as well as a series of more or less dramatic incidents. Mrs. Thurston has achieved a popular success; she has gifts which put an artistic success within her reach if she chooses to work for it.

The author of that piquant and entertaining book, "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," shows neither her early sensibility nor her freshness of humor in her latest story, "The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight" (Scribner). This vivacious and witty woman began by writing very good comedy with a strong dash of observation and sympathy with nature. She has now written in the spirit of broad farce. Priscilla, a German princess, wearying of the conventionalities of the court, escapes with her old tutor, and with a single maid sets up housekeeping in a little country place in England, and proceeds, with great energy and much deliberation, to live the simple life and to make herself the friend and benefactor of the poor, with the result that in the course of a week she has the whole town about her ears. The young men are in love with her, the poor follow her for the money which she scatters promiscuously, the children are made ill by the sweets with which she entertains them, and the community is generally scandalized. The story, although slight and farcical, is very amusing and good reading for a leisure hour.

Of a very different order is "The Ballingtons" (Little, Brown & Co.), a first book and a promising one. It is a study of the marriage relation in a town in the Middle or Far West, so close and exact in its descriptions of domestic life as to pass at times into rather hard realism; it deals with very crude society and with phenomenally mean people; it is conspicuously lacking in finish of style in places, and is not at all points well put-together; but it is a real piece of work, full of true feeling, genuine insight, and a sincere and sound ethical judgment. It is essentially the tragedy of an undeveloped girl of high impulses, who awakes to spiritual life after she had married a man of ingrained and relentless selfishness. There is no paltering with the marriage question in the book. It is a clean, clear recognition of the fact that the words "for better, for worse . . . till death us do part" mean something, and that happiness is not the determining element in the marriage relation.

A searching study of character as played upon by environment underlies Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman's "The Debtor" (Harper). Here is an unhackneyed theme for fiction in a figure only too familiar in actual life—the man who lives on credit and audacity. Such swindlers are the curse of most suburban towns, and the extent of their operations is almost incredible. Sordid as the theme might seem, Mrs. Freeman, in an almost startling way, exposes every nerve of the shame, sorrow, and even passion that may be involved. The "Debtor" preys upon his fellow-men because he has himself been ruined in business by a scoundrel, and has not the skill and strength to make an honest fight. His amiable, unreasoning wife, who thinks all creditors mean and vulgar persons; his worn and disillusioned sister, who knows all his faults, but fights for him to save the family; his queer little son, with impish instincts and inherited traits—Miss Wilkins always was incomparable in her boy characters—and, above all, his innocent and faithful daughter, who really saves her father by the intensity and unselfishness of her love—all these are real people. So, too, are the creditors, each an individual study in credulity, wrath, violence, or despair. One misses the crispness of style that marked "Pembroke" and "Jerome;" one sometimes finds involved sentences and careless phrasing; but the reality, intensity, and force of the novel are remarkable. The author has here proven beyond question that she does not need her old adjuncts of New England dialect and New England environment. She is perfectly at home in a New Jersey suburban town in probing subtly into motive and in creating substantial characters whose actions and lives are interesting to the psychologist and the novel-lover alike.

Miss Sherwood has made several excursions into the land of pure romance, and has brought back reports of that far country characterized by sensitiveness of imagination, refinement of feeling, and delicacy of style. In her latest book, "The Coming of the Tide" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), she shifts the scene of her little drama of the fancy from the land of romance to that of reality, and tells the story of a summer on the Maine coast. It is not quite so taking as her earlier romances, probably because there is an intrusion of real things; and it is a little overloaded with description; but it is done with such delicacy and refinement that the reader in the most savage mood does not feel like hurling a stone at such a piece of work.

Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel, "A

Servant of the Public" (F. A. Stokes & Co.), is as far removed on the one side from his "Dolly Dialogues" as it is on the other from his "Prisoner of Zenda." The effort is more serious than to present the sparkle of the first or the romance of the second—namely, to treat with thoroughness and in a convincing way the evolution of character. In the actress, Ora Pinsent, Mr. Hope presents a woman whose selfishness and lack of conscientiousness have grown out of her own social experience; she has insensibly acquired the insincerity of society. A discouraging view of London society of to-day is implied, and there is little of buoyancy or inspiration in the story. But as an analysis of a temperament and an artistic presentment of individual problems the novel is wrought out with skill and ability.

At least two novels of the season deal rather more than incidentally with labor problems. They are Octave Thanet's "Man of the Hour" (Bobbs-Merrill Company) and Arthur Stanwood Pier's "The Ancient Grudge" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Both are rather deficient in construction, and both would have been better for a little crisper handling as to dialogue and development. But it is also true that these two books are human documents and deal with individual characters, not mere types. In neither is there any desire for didactic exposition; both are well written, rather exceptionally so, indeed; and both are novels and not problem discussions. Miss French (Octave Thanet) seems to us to have done as good work in this truly American novel as in her many admirable short stories. Mr. Pier has shown himself to be a writer of promise and to be striving for something more than the applause of sensation-lovers.

To make an achievement in railroad-building dramatic and exciting and to hold the reader's interest in suspense from beginning to end is a feat in fiction-writing which few men would attempt. Mr. Samuel E. Merwin in "The Road-builders" (Macmillan) has done just this thing, has done it amazingly well. The tale is clear-cut, terse, and thrilling. It holds up to admiration American pluck, persistence, and resourcefulness. A grim humor underlies the narrative. Altogether the book is an industrial romance bristling with human interest. The young engineer who with bulldog determination and ever-ready invention puts his engineering feat through on time, in the face of cunning enemies, natural obstacles, and stupid and criminal employees, is a type, but he is also a rousing good fellow.

Mr. Emerson Hough in "Heart's Desire" gives us a picture of Western life in the rough days which will help to fix fast the impression of the joyous, generous, open-hearted miner and cowboy. Bret Harte and Owen Wister have depicted this Far Western product at different stages of development; Mr. Hough snap shots him at another time and from another angle, but they all have caught variant aspects of the same actuality. "Heart's Desire" is alive with fun, action, and character, and has, moreover, an unusually attractive love story. The one character "Curly"—a dry, humorous, faithful, and ingenious cowboy—should make the book a popular success. In vigor and spontaneousness it seems to us Mr. Hough's best work in fiction. (Macmillan.)

The scene of action in George S. Wasson's novel of the New England coast, "The Green Shay" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is almost entirely on shore and in the harbor, though the strenuous life of the open sea is always in the background exerting its powerful influence on the actors and the drama. The author is attempting to show the evil ways into which many of the fishing communities have fallen, and their need of moral and spiritual help. As a tract the book makes a strong appeal; as a story it limps a little and lacks freshness of conception and treatment; as a portrayal of character it is delightfully quaint and humorous. Mr. Wasson's old sea captains are worth going a long way to meet.

"Jules of the Great Heart" (Century Company), by Lawrence Mott, is a story of northern Canada in the days when the Hudson's Bay Company were fighting their rivals, the Northwest Company, to maintain their monopoly of those rich fur regions. Jules was a "free" trapper in the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, and a continual irritation to the factor near whose post he hunted. His life was sought, under stimulus of an offered reward, by the Company's men, but he always outwitted and defeated them. His great strength, keen wits, and wonderful knowledge of woodcraft carried him safely through all kinds of dangers; his great heart made him often merciful to his enemies when they were in his power, and brought him at the last to forgive the wife who had betrayed him. It is a strong story, happily free from much of the brutality and dreariness that have marked so many stories of the frozen North.

In his latest novel, "Fair Margaret" (Macmillan), Mr. Crawford has sustained himself at his best level in the portraiture of an old opera-singer—a veteran of many victorious seasons, of unique personality, vigorous as an ox and about as insensible, one of those born artists in whom the vein of pure gold seems to run through lead and other base metals—but falls very much below his best level in treating the subject as a whole. Mr. Crawford is a born story-teller, but a good deal of the writing in this volume is very commonplace and lacking in distinction of any kind; but the book is worth reading for the sake of the picture of the old artist.

Mr. Train's "McAllister and His Double" (Scribner) is immensely entertaining in an irresponsible sort of way. The blasé clubman whose misfortune it is to have had a valet who resembles him and has behind him a criminal career, is dragged into most ludicrous scrapes which give him a new view of life, and is extricated by the author with ingenuity and fertility of resource.

Mr. Norman Duncan uses the very noblest motive in "The Mother" (Revell), and has touched with tender feeling and true insight some scenes in the story of a coarse, immoral woman lifted by her passionate love for her son, but mars the effect of his work by overloading with elements of the bizarre in character and incident.

A charming study of child life is Miss Annie Hamilton Donnell's "Rebecca Mary" (Harper), with its graphic and humorous picture of the great Plummer family and Rebecca's revolt against the monotony of sheet-stitching.

Charles Major achieved great popular success with two semi-historical romances, "When Knighthood was in Flower" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which his later story of life in Indiana failed to duplicate. He has now returned to the field of his former popularity and written a romance entitled "Yolanda" (Macmillan), with the daughter of Duke Charles the Bold of Burgundy as its heroine. It is a tale of love and combat, intrigue and deception, with the glamour of the days of chivalry; a readable story though not a high literary achievement.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rose o' the River" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), as we have already pointed out in these pages, is as spontaneous and fascinating in its way as was her "Rebecca" in another. It has vivacity, freshness, and overflows with high spirits and the feeling of Maine woods and rivers. Other stories already discussed in The Outlook, but which ought not to be omitted in any survey of the season, are: that simple and pleasing tale of English life, Mrs. De La Pasture's "Peter's Mother" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), an unpretending but sincere little story well worth reading; Mr. Richard Bagot's plot-story of modern Italian life, "The Passport" (Harper), a tale of love and adventure somewhat too leisurely told, but original and vigorous; Mr. Frank Tooker's "Under Rocking Skies" (Century Company), a sea story abounding in lively invention and odd situations; the Baroness von Hutten's "He and Hecuba" (Appleton), an able, well-written, but not altogether laudable dissection of human nature; Nelson Lloyd's clever social satire, "Mrs. Radigan" (Scribner); and Mr. Harben's "Pole Baker," a vigorous if rather uncouth study of North Georgia, rich in local character and racy humor (Harper). There should be noted also in every such survey a fact of more than ordinary interest to lovers of romance and imaginative literature—the completion of the Biographical Edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's Works—an edition interesting biographically because of Mrs. Stevenson's prefaces, and eminently tasteful, convenient, and well made (Scribner).

Among the readable short stories of the season may be counted Mr. Phillpotts's "Knock at a Venture" (Macmillan); a collection of eight tales, grave or gay, with the Dartmoor country as a background. The "Mound by the Way" is a bit of tragedy told with force and the somber picturesqueness with which this writer sets the rugged scenery of Dartmoor about his figures. "Corban," on the other hand, is a freshly humorous narrative of the career of a cat who unwittingly sowed the seeds of discord at Postbridge, destroyed an ancient friendship, wrecked two homes, and nearly destroyed the happiness of a third. The happy ending of this tale of woe is a piece of fresh invention in the well-worn world of literary devices. Mr. Hornung's "A Thief in the Night" (Scribner) is entertaining, but Raffles, the inimitable, while a more ingenious thief than ever, is a less fascinating personality and his indomitable energy of nature shows signs of flagging. His mind works with all its old rapidity and originality, but he is less convincing and beguiling. He is, moreover, a little too full of expert skill as a lawbreaker, and there is danger that such books as these may be put to use as text-books in the business of burglary. The business of the gentleman thief, as of the infallible detective, has been somewhat overdone of late. Mr. Quiller-Couch leaves "The Delectable Duchy" entirely out of view in the tale which gives its title to his book of short stories, "Shakespeare's Christmas and Other Stories" (Longmans), and carries his readers back into the London of the sixteenth century by sheer force of imaginative realism. The tale has a touch of the repellent in one scene, but it is true to the rough, fierce vitality of the age, and it is a wonderfully vivid piece of writing in comparison with most attempts to realize the form and spirit of another age in what may be called the detail of feeling and action. The other stories are for the most part well done.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith never fails to infuse a certain invigorating good fellowship into his stories, whether he deals with artists or with lighthouse builders, and the collection of tales with the genial title "The Wood Fire in Number 3" (Scribner) is full of Bohemian vivacity, cheer, and friendliness. The book as a whole does not reach the high level of Mr. Smith's more serious fiction; of "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" and of the opening chapter of his new novel, "The Tides of Barnegat," now appearing in "Scribner's Magazine." Mr. Smith is never dull; he can stir the most reluctant fire into brilliant activity; he throws a very cheerful glow into Number 3; but his company do not wholly escape the common fate: they are not all equally interesting. Mr. Smith is never better than when he is dealing with strong men out-of-doors; and in the transcription of this side of life Jack London is at his best. His stories are sometimes overloaded with repulsive brutalities, as in parts of that very able story "The Sea Wolf;" he is sometimes so carried away with his admiration for the well trained and groomed animal in man that he elevates a prize-fighter into a hero, as in "The Game;" but at his best he is vigorous, picturesque, and powerful, and his "Tales of the Fish Patrol" (Macmillan) have the freshness and vigor of the sea and not a little of its heroism in them.

James B. Connolly, in his volume of stories of the Gloucester fishermen, entitled "The Deep Sea's Toll" (Scribner) well sustains the reputation won for him by his previous stories in the same field. Mr. Connolly writes almost entirely of his fishermen while at sea, of their hard toil and wild adventures, and of the little dramas, quite as often tragedies as comedies, which are played by the men, the vessels, and the sea itself. It would be hard to say which of the three groups of actors shows the more interesting and varied personality. Mr. Connolly's tales are notable for the flavor of the sea with which they are infused, for the excellence of their construction as stories, and for their humor and pathos, emotions which are so near together wherever men come face to face with Nature in her sternest moods.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE

"SEASONED LIFE OF MAN PRESERVED AND STORED UP IN BOOKS"

IT would be impossible for a man of Thomas Wentworth Higginson's long and varied experience, intimate acquaintance with leaders of thought, and keen interest in affairs, to delve into the storehouse of memory without finding much that is instructive and inspiring, and in committing to paper in his "Part of a Man's Life" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) the results of his mature reflection on men and events he has known, he has given us a work of delightful quality and solid value. Colonel Higginson's recollections date back to the palmy days of the New England transcendentalists, include a personal knowledge of the sad and stormy scenes of the Civil War, sweep westward with the trend of colonization and eastward with the great writers of the Victorian Era — their compass, in a word, comprehending many of the movements and personalities that have given form and direction to the latter-day development of our civilization. What he here seeks to do is neither to write a studied autobiography nor to give a detailed account of the scenes through which he has passed and the people he has met, but to set forth the impressions left on him by his experiences and his friendships, and the conclusions he has reached after careful deliberation. This purpose he has attained in a series of seemingly disconnected papers, at once autobiographical, reminiscent, and philosophical.

The word "seemingly" is used advisedly. For though it may at first sight appear that chapters carrying such titles as "The Sunny Side of the Transcendental Period," "English and American Cousins," "American Audiences," "The Aristocracy of the Dollar," and "Wordsworthshire" must be remote from one another in thought and treatment, they possess a subtle oneness born of the fact that, whatever his theme, Colonel Higginson is attempting to estimate influences that have gone to the making of American life and character. It is in this that the real significance of "Part of a Man's Life" is to be found. Thus, the initial chapter, treating of the Concord group and the Brook Farm experiment, has for central idea the definite location of the historic origins of American transcendentalism. Similarly, the chapter on "American Audiences" is at bottom an exposition of the cultural influence of the old Lyceum system. It should not be inferred, however, that the work is obviously didactic, for the very contrary is the case, so pleasantly have the lessons read been interwoven with anecdote and reminiscence. And from the autobiographical standpoint, or rather from the standpoint of unconscious autobiography, its value is high.

Another delightful volume, biographical and autobiographical in character, is Marie Hansen Taylor's "On Two Continents" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), which the publishers justly claim contains the most intimate picture yet drawn of Bayard Taylor and his work. By temperament and association Mrs. Taylor is peculiarly qualified to depict the inner and outer forces that co-operated in the development of her gifted husband's genius, and his reaction upon his environment. When it is added that for background she gives the story of their wedded life, with its constant shifting of scene and its many friendships; that she writes throughout in an animated vein and the kindliest tone; and that her narrative is garnished with an abundance of anecdote, comprising in its range foremost figures in the mid-nineteenth-century intellectual and political life of Europe and America, it will readily be understood that hers is an altogether charming book. It has a special meaning for the historian. When, in the late fifties, Bayard Taylor brought his young wife to the United States and took her to his home among the Quakers of south-eastern Pennsylvania, he plunged her into a world peopled by inhabitants holding for her the interest of complete novelty; and the impressions then formed are here set down with a fidelity that mirrors social conditions already largely of the past. Equally faithful and vivid are her sketches of literary and artistic New York, the fruit of several winters passed in a circle which numbered the writers, the painters, the sculptors of the day, some destined to gain a niche in the temple of fame, some to struggle unrecognized to the end. Of historical significance, too, are the glimpses of men and manners revealed by letters hurriedly penned by Taylor in the course of his many lecturing tours. But the chief interest, of course, centers in the poet himself, and with his wife we gladly follow him on his wanderings through fragrant far-off lands, watch the budding and the blossoming of his genius, sympathize with his plans, his hopes, his ambitions, and with her feel that in his death America lost one of its blithest and most lovable sons.

With Mr. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë" (Scribner) a vivid personality in the literary annals of the nineteenth century is called out of the past, together with a host of memories relating to the circumstances of that life which knew so much sorrow yet realized such high achievement. In truth, however, the memories here revived are not wholly such as to contribute to a better understanding of the author of "Jane Eyre," and whether we seek to renew or to make her acquaintance, we cannot feel altogether satisfied with the results of our present pilgrimage. Mr. Shorter, to put it briefly, tries to compress far too much into one modest volume, essaying, in a book of less than two hundred and fifty pages, not only to narrate the story of the entire Brontë family, but to criticise the writings by which the three sisters are best remembered. And, as though having space to spare, he insists upon interjecting an amazing quantity of literary small-talk, interesting enough in its way, but out of place in a work challenging serious attention. That it is deserving of consideration may cheerfully be granted, but only owing largely to the fact that it includes a number of most self-revelatory letters written by Charlotte Brontë.

Augustine Birrell's "Andrew Marvell" (Macmillan) is likewise a book which owes a great deal to liberal quotation. Outside of his verse, which unquestionably entitles him to a high place among English minor poets, Marvell is remembered as a colleague and friend of Milton, a wit, a diplomat, a traveler, and a member of Parliament from the Stuart Restoration until his death in 1678. He was a spectator of or participant in many of the stirring events of those most stirring times, and it might naturally be thought that his biographer would have little difficulty in collecting material for an incisive, dramatc, and informing narrative. But the reverse is the case. Save for his poems, his political pamphlets, and the matter-of-fact letters in which he reported to his constituents the work of Parliament, he has left little to show us what manner of man he was or to increase our knowledge of the period in which he lived; and his contemporaries are strangely reticent concerning him. "A more elusive, non-recorded character," laments Mr. Birrell, "is hardly to be found." Consequently it is not surprising to find the biographer dwelling mainly on his subject's writings, quoting from them freely, and relating much of the history of the day necessary to explain them and assist in forming some idea of their writer's personality. The result is a study which is not so much a biography as a contribution to the history of English politics and literature. As such it deserves a cordial greeting, for it is scholarly and sound.

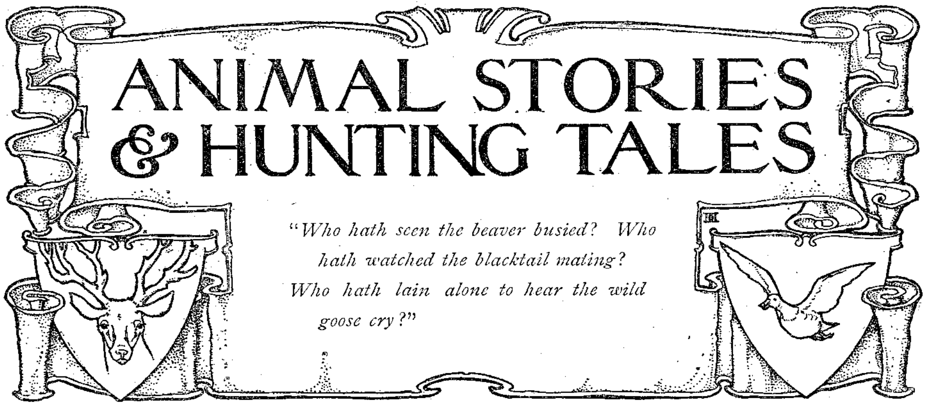
In striking contrast to the silence

which reigns about Marvell is the wealth of information we possess of the central figure in Professor Dowden's "Montaigne" (The J. B. Lippincott Company). Not only has the great Frenchman been discussed by innumerable biographers and from every point of view, but in his "Essays" he has made the world his confidant with the most engaging frankness. It would thus seem that there could be neither room nor necessity for another exposition of his career, his character, his opinions. But in reality much remains to be said. The philosopher of the tower epitomized mankind in himself, and as mankind eludes us so does he elude us. Professor Dowden has happily phrased it: "We imagine that we shall make acquaintance with an individual, and we find by and by that we have to study a population of spirits, moods, humors, tempers." The more we read the "Essays" the more perplexing questions arise. Not only this, but in their vast humanity we are apt to lose sight of the humanity of their author. Always there is need of recalling him as he existed in the days when he could write, "He who in our age is but a parricide and a sacrilegious person is a man of worth and of honor;" in those days when plague and civil war devastated his native land; when libertinism and bigotry united to loose a flood of desolation. And it is the distinctive characteristic of Mr. Dowden's work that in it Montaigne lives for us again, that in it we see the magistrate, the courtier, the traveler, the friend, the husband, as well as the philosopher. This effect, moreover, is produced with a deftness which defies analysis. The treatment is essentially impressionistic, but it is none the less convincing.

Professor Paul van Dyke's "Renascence Portraits" (Scribner) gives us a further view of the age in which Montaigne lived, his survey embracing not France but the England, Germany, and Italy of the sixteenth century. His concern is primarily with three individuals—Pietro Aretino, the Venetian satirist; Thomas Cromwell, the unscrupulous Minister of the still less scrupulous Henry VIII., and the Emperor Maximilian I.—but the standpoint from which they are regarded is such as to necessitate a close examination of their times. In choosing his subjects the writer has been directed by a desire to exhibit typical products of that great movement which wrought such changes in Europe between the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. Aretino he selects as "an exponent of the declension of the renascence on the soil where it started;" Cromwell as a statesman who both "understood the spirit and ideals of the renascence and assimilated them," and Maximilian as representative of those who adopted the renascence without understanding it. Professor van Dyke also näively admits that in selecting this particular trio he had in mind the fact that "they are all more or less unknown to the ordinary reader of history in English," and elsewhere adds that it is to the "ordinary reader" his book is addressed. Whether the names of Aretino, Cromwell, and Maximilian will awaken any active curiosity in the "ordinary reader's" mind may reasonably be questioned; but whoever undertakes to explore their life stories with Professor van Dyke may rest assured that the quest will be both pleasurable and profitable. He has not, as is the case with too many writers of historical monographs, simply marshaled an astonishing accumulation of facts. The results, not the details, of research are here exhibited, and in a setting of idea which gives color and meaning and movement.

Thomas Cromwell is again encountered in George Cavendish's "The Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), the first English biography worthy of the name, and now reprinted in one of the most handsome publications of the autumn, a sumptuous volume illustrated in photogravure from portraits by Holbein. Entering the famous Cardinal's service at an early age, Cavendish became not merely his "gentleman usher," but his intimate companion and faithful friend, enjoying his confidences, participating in his triumphs, and after his fall remaining with him to the dismal end. The "life," which, considering the rhetorical tendencies of the period, is singularly unaffected and direct, was not written until some years after Wolsey's death, and remained in manuscript to 1641, when it was issued in an imperfect form for the purpose of turning its moral—"the wondrous mutability of vain honors, the brittle assurances of abundance, the uncertainty of dignities, the flattering of vain friends, and the tickle trust to worldly princes"—against Archbishop Laud, another ambitious prelate. Not until 1815 was it printed from what is commonly accepted as the author's manuscript, and it is this edition that has been used for the present reprinting. Those acquainted with Cavendish's book—and they should be many—need not be reminded that it is rich in atmosphere, lofty in sentiment, and strong in dramatic power. It is, indeed, one of those works to which the oft-abused phrase, "the interest is sustained from the first page to the last," may justly be applied.

Christopher Hare's "Dante the Wayfarer" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is an ingenious attempt to follow the author of the "Divina Commedia" through the wanderings of his exile, to identify the men and women who find mention in his immortal pages, to trace the sources of his descriptions, and to locate the various places connected with his name in the cities of his sojournings. "The unnumbered books already written on the works of Dante," explains Mr. Hare, "form a library in themselves; but it is not my ambition to add another philosophical or theological commentary to that mighty list. My aim reaches not to another world, but I am content to take Dante himself as my guide for an earthly pilgrimage, following him through the ancient cities of northern Italy, from one refuge to another in his long exile, up the steep mountain path, by the riverside, along many a byway far from the busy haunts of men, where the world which the poet saw still lives unchanged after six centuries." Yet the treatment is such that the work becomes more than an entertaining guide-book to Dante-land. It has a delicate biographical flavor, is not without critical value, and may be commended alike to students of the master and to those who have yet to penetrate the depths with him, and with him ascend the heights.



ANIMAL STORIES & HUNTING TALES

"Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched the blacktail mating? Who hath lain alone to hear the wild goose cry?"

THE widespread interest in books about wild animal life which has developed within the past few years shows no sign of lessening. A year or two ago it seemed like a fad which might be destined to die out as quickly as it had started. But the publication among the books of the fall season of at least half a score of volumes about wild animals seems to indicate that there is a real and permanent demand for this kind of literature. The season's animal books range in subject from simple records of hunting trips and observations of the habits and peculiarities of the animals hunted, to frankly fictitious stories in which the creatures are endowed with speech and other human attributes.

The most important of these volumes is "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," by Theodore Roosevelt (Scribner). President Roosevelt has always been an ardent hunter and an eager student of wild life. During the years that he spent as a ranchman in the Bad Lands of Dakota, hunting was his chief recreation; even in the midst of his absorbingly busy life as President he has found time for at least two hunting trips, affording him much-needed relaxation from the cares and responsibilities of his office. The first three chapters of the President's book describe hunting trips in Colorado and Oklahoma, after bears, coyotes, cougars, and bobcats. Other chapters, some of which are reprinted, with additions, from previous books, deal with other American big game, the wapiti, white-tail and mule deer, antelope, and mountain sheep; chapters are also devoted to wilderness reserves, books on big game, and the outdoor life of the President and his family at their Long Island home. His stories of his hunting trips and adventures are stirring and graphic, but of even more interest and value are his observations on the nature and habits of the animals that he has hunted. To him they are not merely prey to be run down and killed, but fellow-creatures to be observed and studied with the keenest interest.

In several places in his book the President gives expression in a characteristically straightforward and fearless way to his conception of the proper sphere for the activities of the sportsman and of the benefit which the community derives from them. In one place he says:

> In a civilized and cultivated country wild animals only continue to exist at all when preserved by sportsmen. The excellent people who protest against all hunting and consider sportsmen as enemies of wild life are ignorant of the fact that in reality the genuine sportsman is by all odds the most important factor in keeping the larger and more valuable wild creatures from total extermination. Of course, if wild animals were allowed to breed unchecked, they would, in an incredibly short space of time, render any country uninhabitable by man—a fact which ought to be a matter of elementary knowledge in any community where the average intelligence is above that of certain portions of Hindustan. Equally, of course, in a purely utilitarian community all wild animals are exterminated out of hand. In order to preserve the wild life of the wilderness at all, some middle ground must be found between brutal and senseless slaughter and the unhealthy sentimentalism which would as surely defeat its own end by bringing about the eventual total extinction of the game.

In another chapter he writes:

> No nation facing the unhealthy softening and relaxation of fiber which tend to accompany civilization can afford to neglect anything that will develop hardihood, resolution, and the scorn of discomfort and danger. But if sport is made an end instead of a means, it is better to avoid it altogether.

Each chapter of the book bears testimony to the vigorous, wholesome, straightforward character of its author and to the remarkable thoroughness and zest with which he undertakes the study of any subject in which he is interested.

In President Roosevelt's chapter on "Books on Big Game," he says: "The best recent book on the wilderness is Herr C. G. Schilling's 'Mit Blitzlicht and Büchse,' giving the writer's hunting adventures, and, above all, his acute scientific observation and his extraordinary photographic work among the teeming wild creatures of German East Africa. Mr. Schilling is a great field naturalist, a trained scientific observer as well as a mighty hunter, and no mere hunter can ever do work even remotely approaching in value that which he has done. His book should be translated into English at once." Since this was written Mr. Schilling's book has been translated and published under the title "Flashlights in the Jungle" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The volume contains what is probably the most remarkable series of photographs ever made of wild animals in their native haunts. The lion, elephant, giraffe, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, zebra, and hyena, monkeys, antelope, jackals, leopards, and many kinds of birds are the subjects. All of them Mr. Schilling has hunted, photographed, studied, and killed, often at the greatest risk.

A third volume of hunting experiences, in yet another quarter of the globe, is by Caspar Whitney, the editor of "The Outing Magazine." Mr. Whitney visited Siam, Sumatra, the Malay Peninsula, and India in search of the elephant, rhinoceros, wild boar, buffalo, and tiger. His book is entitled "Jungle Trails and Jungle People" (Scribner), and he writes quite as much of the country in which he hunted and the men who were his companions and helpers (or quite as often hinderers) in his quest, as of the animals he was seeking. His descriptions of some of his guides and hunters are intensely diverting. He makes very real the life in the jungle, with no companionship but that of ignorant natives, the eager intensity of the tracking, the breathless suspense when the game is almost within reach, and the thrilling final moment when a careless shot may bring a dangerous, perhaps fatal, charge from an infuriated animal.

Three books of wild life very similar in their general treatment are "Red Fox," by Charles G. D. Roberts (L. C. Page & Co.), "Animal Heroes," by Ernest Thompson Seton (Scribner), and "Northern Trails," by William J. Long (Ginn & Co.). Mr. Roberts has written the biography of a red fox of unusual strength and cunning. The author does not pretend that all the incidents and adventures that he relates ever happened to one fox, but he assures the reader that each one has happened to some fox at some time, and that there is no reason why a single fox might not have experienced all of them. In this sense his story is a true one, and probably gives a thoroughly accurate picture of the vicissitudes of fox life. In any case, the picture is a vivid one, and Red Fox is one of the most interesting characters in all the annals of woods life. The many illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull are as admirable as the story itself. Mr. Thompson Seton has written another volume of animal stories in his well-known style, each relating the history of an animal of unusual attainments among his kind. "Animal Heroes" (Scribner) is the title of the book, and the heroes are a wolf, a cat, a carrier pigeon, a jack-rabbit, a lynx, a dog, and a reindeer. Each of them passes through harsh experiences and hazardous adventures, generally coming out unharmed because of his superior strength and craft. The author has illustrated the book with excellent full-page drawings, and with little sketches on every page. Unfortunately, in the latter Mr. Seton has attempted to be humorous, with deplorable results.

Mr. Long's book is also a collection of stories of remarkable animals. They all live in Labrador and Newfoundland. A wolf, a polar bear, a salmon, a wild goose, and a reindeer are some of his people, and he writes picturesquely of their life as he has observed it, and as he has been told of it by hunters and natives. Some naturalists hold that Mr. Long's stories are sometimes a little too remarkable to be easily believed, that he sometimes ascribes too much intelligence and feeling to his animals when their actions are probably the result of mere instinct. But his stories have plenty of the atmosphere of the woods.

In "Woodland Babies" (Little, Brown & Co.) Julia Augusta Schwartz tells simply and clearly, for little people, how the young animals of various kinds spend the early months of their lives, how they are taken care of by their mothers, and how they learn to overcome the difficulties and avoid the dangers that they meet everywhere in the woods. The stories should not only prove attractive to children, but they should give them much interesting information about the children of the woods.

"Hector," by Egerton R. Young (W. A. Wilde Company), purports to be the autobiography of a sledge-dog in northwestern Canada, owned by a missionary. Mr. Young has lived long in the North, and knows thoroughly the life and characteristics of "huskies." He has written some excellent descriptions of sledge-trips and other characteristic experiences of that frozen country, but his book, as a whole, is marred by a touch of sentimentality and a tendency to point a moral.

"Sa' Zada Tales," by W. A. Fraser, are stories supposed to be told by the animals in a "Zoo" in India. The keeper, Sa' (or Sahib) Zada, in the warm summer nights lets the animals out of their cages, and brings them together to tell stories, in order to keep them from feeling too much the effects of the heat. Each of the animals in turn tells of his life in the jungle and how he came to be captured and brought to Sa' Zada. They indulge in repartee and sometimes in bad temper, but they are on the whole a happy family, united by their love for their keeper. The book is strikingly illustrated by Arthur Heming.

LITERARY PERSONALITIES

Edith Wharton
Gilbert K. Chesterton
Maurice Hewlett
George Bernard Shaw
May Sinclair
Richard Watson Gilder

Edith Wharton

By
Louise Collier Willcox

From the first, Mrs. Wharton's noticeable qualities were distinction and reticence, qualities so nearly negative that they might have had, as in the case of Mrs. Meynell, tenuity as their defect, had not Mrs. Wharton advanced steadily toward vigor, scope, and power. The qualities unquestionably proved to be restraint rather than limitation. What one took into account in the beginning was that a writer had come who was not of the current number, who had reversed the order of the day, and learned to write before she wrote. There was in the first short story, "Mrs. Manstey's View," a commendable divergence from the typical magazine tale, the jaded type with "a definite love interest and a happy ending." There was no love interest, and the fitting end was death. This in itself was enough to make the name of the writer linger in the memory as separate from the mass of young candidates for fame who seem to write because they share the view of the old-fashioned Virginia lady who, upon hearing of her friend's sudden impoverishment, exclaimed: "Penniless? Is she? Why doesn't she write?" Mrs. Wharton had not been handicapped in the beginning by a notion that literature is made out of the alphabet, a ten-cent bottle of ink, and a ream of foolscap.

Born in New York in 1862, Mrs. Wharton was the granddaughter of General Ebenezer Stevens of Revolutionary fame, and, coming of distinguished parentage in affluent circumstances, all that careful instruction, travel, and cultivated surroundings could add to her genius were ready to hand. As one may easily surmise from the stories, much of her life has been spent in Italy, and the bloom of an easy familiarity with great painting and architecture is everywhere discernible upon the work. Like so many people who attain to individual excellence, she was spared the leveling process of regular schooling, and was taught by private tutors here and abroad. A very early familiarity with French, German, and Italian gave her the basis for wide reading, and when she came upon Goethe she was more prepared than the average to take to heart his counsels of perfection and reach after a high and effective culture. At any rate, it is to Goethe above all other literary influences that Mrs. Wharton feels indebted. She has been at all times a diligent reader of standard fiction, and her taste includes George Eliot, the ethical teacher, no less than Flaubert, the craftsman's master. Balzac, Thackeray, Dickens, and Meredith she has re-read so frequently that she contentedly falls in arrears as far as current fiction goes. Her interest in biology is great, and in whatever touches upon the history of human thought.

In 1885 she married Edward Wharton, of Boston, and four years later began contributing, in the first instance, verse, and later stories, to "Scribner's Magazine." With the publication of "The Greater Inclination" she became a force to be reckoned with. The volume, now in its sixth edition, marked the coming of a new light. If Mrs. Wharton could not hope to earn the easier success of Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, it was only because her field was wider, her grasp deeper, and her work capable of larger growth. There was all the difference that there is between great painting, however early, and excellent photography. If one says that in the first volume there was still the echo of the pupil, it is quite in the sense that one labels a great Italian master as pupil of Filippo, influenced by Leonardo. No work can be judged without some knowledge of antecedents, and, turn back as we will toward original sources, every visible human product has its anticipation of the same trend of mind, and only selection and formation are fresh. In this sense one realized as one laid aside "The Greater Inclination" that Mrs. Wharton was a pupil of Henry James, influenced by De Maupassant, or, if not by De Maupassant as a single factor, at any rate by the modern French psychological method of which he is the most eminent exponent. Yes, Mr. James, it was evident, had been industrious overseer in her workshop. She had caught from him the particular polish of the phrase, the value of the untarnished epithet, and the detached, impersonal manner. Even the *motifs* of the stories, the portrait *motif*, the man-of-letters *milieu*, the middle-aged interest, the halting loves that missed because they dissembled too long and doubted, because they had not the elementary instinct to grasp a ready fruit or seize a quick solution, these set Mrs. Wharton's first stories apart as almost the feminine counterpart to "The Altar of the Dead," "The Middle Years," "The Lesson of the Master," and "The Special Type." But if these were the tracks of Mr. James, the inexorable truthfulness of line, the untempered sense of disillusionment, the stern refusal to accept a slight and easy optimism in a world so apt to look gray to the intellectual vision, reminded one of De Maupassant. There were fire and passion and revolt in the way Olive Schreiner, in the only one of her books that counted, cried out upon life that it was "All play—a striving and a striving, and an ending in nothing!" But that was the product of a remoter and a cruder civilization. The blood flowed quietly in Mrs. Wharton's veins. It was neither reproach nor outcry, only a patient and fixed acceptance of the rent veil of the ideal, as though she would say, "No complete triumph anywhere; no noisy exhilaration; no easy achievement that counts; no gain for which we must not pay the legitimate price." One by one in these tales the writer seems to pick up between her thumb and finger the little human aspiration, scan it critically, and ruthlessly pinch out its glory and throw away the ashes. If the method had not the cynicism and the harshness of De Maupassant, it had all his unswerving deference to truth, and one could fancy Mrs. Wharton looking on at life with the same impartial gaze, unconscious of selection, and saying, "As I have seen I have told."

In this volume of earlier work in which we are still best able to trace the pupil stage, we have first of all that exquisite story of "The Muse's Tragedy," the tale of a woman whose whole life had been made out of the fact that a great poet had loved her and dedicated his books to her. The world looked upon her as a supreme inspiration, as hallowed by the fact that the greatest of the children of men had given her a complete devotion. It is after his death, when a younger writer comes to get data about the poet's life from her, that she lets him see how empty the position was; how she had never been anything but a critical sense and a comfortable hearth for a great man. Behind the aspect presented to the world there was neither warmth nor reality. With the completest intellectual sympathy, she had lived without having the emotions touched, so that knowledge of life coming late to her was mainly the measure of all she had missed. "A Coward" is in its pitilessness a true De Maupassant theme. It gives the miserable story of a man whose youthful ideal was courage, but who in a moment of nervous trepidation forsook a sick comrade in an earthquake. A long, dull life of remorse was never broken by a second chance for heroism, and though he spent his life in paying off slowly year by year a debt for which he was not legally responsible, and bearing the reproaches of a fretful wife and graceless daughter, he had no elated sense that obscure perseverance could condone for impulsive failure. "The Pelican" touched with grim humor the theme of a woman who, with an insane thirst for notoriety, lectured at summer resorts and small towns on all conceivable subjects, nominally to support and educate a little son, until the son turns upon her, a bearded and prosperous Western merchant, and exposes the pitiful fraud of her excuse and her pathetic clinging to the little rag of

EDITH WHARTON

prominence. "The Belated Souls" is the tale of a man and woman who undertook to defy convention only to find themselves yearning upon the outskirts of society for the respectability they once scorned. "The Twilight of the God" brings about the meeting of a woman with her ideal after a ten years' separation. "I used to climb to the thought of you," she tells him. But, meeting again, she finds that she has sacrificed her life and her happiness, not to the abstract law of righteousness which she respected, but to his dread of a scene with another woman. "The Portrait" owes some of its interest, as the earlier tales often did, to the large area of modern life upon which Mrs. Wharton draws for material. Although doubtless too fine an artist to do direct portraiture in any case, it is as impossible not to make attributions to her stories as it is to Mr. James's. All the detail about the painter with the detective abilities for man's meannesses inevitably turns one to that master hand that flashed out upon the walls of the Natural Portrait Gallery the petty pride and vanity of Mr. Coventry Patmore.

In "The Touchstone" we see Mrs. Wharton moving on, concentrating upon a longer theme and enlarging her canvas. As in the whole volume of tales published under the title "Crucial Instances," there is a definite advance, for, if life is still painted rather gray in tone, there is introduced into each conception some tiny fragment of gain got from the long discipline of pain. It may be that where life moves as gently as it does under Mrs. Wharton's hand, the great reactions cannot throb, so that that intensity of joy which is the rebound from keen suffering has no chance; or it may be, as the author herself profoundly suggests, that the saddest thing about sorrow is that it deadens the capacity for happiness. At any rate, there is still the predilection for somber tints, until it seems at times like a physical shrinking from the sight, in all its glaring cruelty, of the meagerness and ignobleness of most existences. This tale, although it fills a volume, is but a long short story, and yet here Mrs. Wharton shows for the first time the touch of the master. No one reading it could question her control of her material. It is as subtle and as penetrating as Mr. James's tales, but it goes to the heart of woman's thought and emotion as only woman's work could. The plot plays among two women and two men, with a blurred background of society, people who move to the front and comment like a Greek chorus when it is necessary to see the action from an outside point. First, there is the dead woman of genius, still ruling the little section of life she has left; and here we have set before us all the fatal tendency of the immortals, from Aurora down, to pour out upon the unlistening ears of a perfectly commonplace and obtuse mortal a wealth of thought he could never grasp, a rush of tenderness that overwhelmed him, and a generosity he was too thick-skinned to recognize. There is the beautiful wife with her restrained, unexpressed spiritual insight, and a friend who doubles the plot by knowing the husband's treachery and adoring the wife. The *tour de force* in the book is the way in which Margaret Aubyn, although dead at the opening, dominates and pervades the action. Her half-neglected and half-despised love for Glennard still controls not only his life but his spirit. The sale of her letters, the poor, unloved love-letters of the most famous woman of the age, provides him with the money to marry. The taunts of the public at the hidden culprit who could be guilty of handing them over to the world, the concealment, the shame, the fear of his wife's discovery, eat through his obtuseness and ultimately endow him with insight into his own inadequacy and a remorse which is the renewing of his soul and which finally unites him to his wife in a real bond of shame and regeneration.

"It's strange," Glennard says to his wife at the close, "she wished the best for me so often and now at last it's through her that it's come to me. But for her I should never have known you. . . . I took everything from her—everything even to the poor shelter of loyalty she trusted to—the only thing I could have left her; I took everything from her; I deceived her; I despoiled her; I destroyed her—and she's given me *you* in return!"

And his wife replied, "It isn't that she's given *me* to you—she's given *you* to yourself. . . . That's worth suffering for, worth dying for, to a woman; that's the gift she wished to give!"

"Ah," he cried, "but woe to him by whom it cometh! What did I ever give her?"

"The happiness of giving," she replied.

This is keen insight into the sacrifice which is and ever will be the actual nature of woman's love, and into that law of immortality by which all true love works on visibly from unseen heights, as vital after death as in life.

"The Valley of Decision," which followed, showed Mrs. Wharton from the scholarly side. Her intimate knowledge of Italy was seen in the "Italian Gardens" and "Italian Backgrounds," doubtless both of them studies by the way for the great Italian novel. With a scholar's exactitude and precision, with a full knowledge of detail, she reconstructed the political and artistic situation of Italy in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The plot is rather a negligible quantity in this book, and character-drawing is subordinated to the presentation of an epoch and a historic moment. One feels, despite the unquestioned fineness of the novel, that the author would have gained in vitality by remaining on her native heath. French writers, who always have a lesson in technique to give, are a home-staying set, and instinctively turn to the native soil for subjects. If one except the work of Merimée and Flaubert's "Salammbo," few fine French novels have wandered into foreign lands for themes. Exactly what the loss is it is hard to say. No first-rank writer can rely wholly upon the transcript of personal experience for a novel, and yet a novel largely constructed from book knowledge instead of immediate observation rarely fails to impress one as lacking vigor. There is, again, a question whether in the eighteenth century that still-pulsed, unresentful sadness which Mrs. Wharton lends her hero was already a common enough fact to be typical. That insistent sense of the narrowness of human destiny, the paralyzing effect of a too far-sighted vision, is, after all, the specific disease of a later century. Here and there, all along the march of literature, stand out the doubters, from the writer of Ecclesiastes down; but it was after the quiescence of the storm-and-stress period that world-weariness became an epidemic, and men like Obermann and Amiel and their kin abounded.

Here we come, too, to the question whether in a supreme novelist anything can take the place of burning conviction. One is confronted in such a statement, of course, by that Cambridge senior wrangler who, having dutifully plodded through the whole of Shakespeare, complained, "But I don't see what he's trying to prove!" And yet even in Shakespeare there is conviction—the conviction, ever strengthening in the later work, of law, of the inevitable linking of cause and effect, the conviction that nobility and disinterestedness will lead on to wisdom and reconciliation.

Mere disillusion is hardly enough. Like doubt, it is the beginning and not the end of a process. Great genius, like great virtue, remains, in the last analysis, essentially childlike. Its faith, its interest, is naïve—unproven and yet worthy to die for with glad acclaim and the full conviction that no work begun shall ever pause for death.

This brings us face to face with Mrs. Wharton's last book, "The House of Mirth." It would be impertinent to speak of this book as the book of the year, for it bears no more relation to current fiction than does "The Egoist" or "The Mill on the Floss." The environment is one which Mrs. Wharton was particularly suited to draw. It is rare enough that an author arises from the ranks of the gay aristocratic set, but Mrs. Wharton sets forth her own class here with the precision of genius and the relentlessness of fate. Lily Bart, the fascinating heroine of this book, fails, but not because she is bad, nor yet because she is unscrupulous, but because, standing alone upon one of the most dangerous pinnacles of modern life, she ignored the minor rules of the game. Her friend said of her that she prepared her ground for success and sowed her seed with infinite pains and trouble, but when it came to the moment when she should have harvested, she was apt to forget and go off on a picnic. But the nobility in her allowed her to escape living and dying as lesser souls have done in a mere dreary protest against a dingy fate. She was reserved for what is perhaps, after all, when seen from a great enough distance, the finest destiny, namely, to have had a glimpse of the kingdom of the spirit and to have died a tragic death.

This book sets Mrs. Wharton among the novelists whose work must be counted into the sum of English literature.

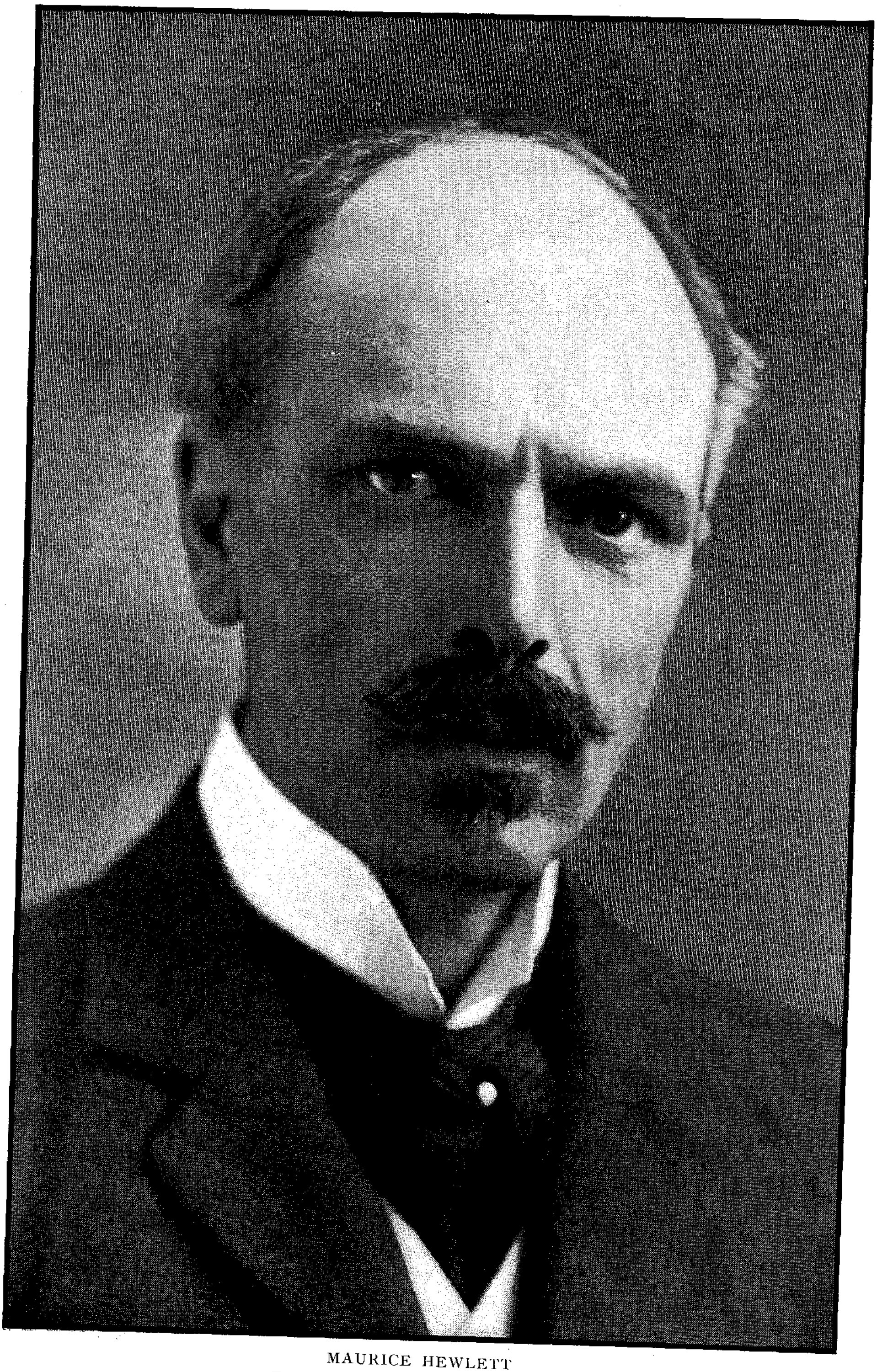
Maurice Hewlett

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is a striking refutation of the well-worn statement that the age is wholly commercial and has lost the last trace of distinction of style or taste; for the author of " The Fool Errant " is not only the most uncompromising of romanticists, but he is also one of the most widely read of contemporary writers of fiction. The apparition of an Oxford man who has something of Boccaccio and more of Spenser in him, holding the attention of the modern money-getters while he weaves the spell of the Middle Age, of Italy, of romantic Scotland about them, would strike terror into the votaries of any other cult less jauntily ignorant of human conditions to-day and of that deep and passionate human feeling out of which the greatest art issues than the habitual decriers of their time. The English have always been a practical, executive people, but they have always had Bedes, Chaucers, Spensers, Wordsworths, Shelleys, Brownings, Swinburnes; men of vision, spiritual passion, lovers of ideal beauty. Mr. Hewlett is quite as distinctly English as Mr. Kipling, and quite as much of his time as Mr. Hardy.

He shuns publicity, and is aware of the difference between newspaper reputation and fame. No writer as widely read as he can wholly escape the desire to know what manner of man he is, but he avoids as far as possible that exceedingly disagreeable and much sought for place, " the public eye." Popularity has been with him, it may be suspected, an incident, not an object. Born in London in 1861, and still in his early prime, he comes of a family of lawyers; but it is significant that both his father and his grandfather were much given to the study of " black-letter " law, in which a vast amount of romance survives for those who have a genius for excavation.

At nineteen he left Oxford, carrying with him much of that ripeness and richness of taste which the best Oxford men receive, and with no smell of academic dryness and aridity on his garments. The study of law in London engaged his attention for a time, but did not touch his deeper interests. He married in 1880, and was called to the Bar two years later. What now appears to have been the good fortune of impaired health took him to Italy not long after; and that land of magical beauty brought him face to face with himself, and told his fortune to him in unmistakable terms: he was to be an artist, not a lawyer. Lowell, who—like Bryant and a host of men of letters—studied law in his youth, was once present at a public dinner at which a speaker said that law was not a trade but a profession of high public importance, and to be a lawyer was to hold a public office. The poet remarked later that in his experience the law was an office and nothing more. It requires some straining of the imagination to think of Mr. Hewlett as a lawyer; but there are qualities in his work which suggest not only legal training but certain legal aptitudes: tenacity, ingenuity, subtlety in unfolding a train of reasoning, grip on formal processes. There are chapters in the " Queen's Quair " which involve not only first-hand knowledge of Scotch history, but something of the penetrating tenacity of the Scotch lawyer.

A slender man; with clear-cut features; a keen, somewhat cold eye, with a hint of veiled intensity in it; carefully but not too well dressed; quiet and courteous in manner, but somewhat reserved and with a touch of what " Punch," in a witty characterization of the Duke of Devonshire, called " you-be-damned-ness," Mr. Hewlett suggests the writer of keen, cool intelligence rather than of



MAURICE HEWLETT
From a new photograph by G. C. Beresford

imaginative fervor, of sensuous enjoyment of beauty, of the romantic temper in its most uncompromising form. He might be mistaken for a thoroughly well-bred stock-broker or a cultivated lawyer of literary tastes. His talk is equally free from any suggestion of the professional man of letters. It is very direct, trenchant, slightly though not superciliously critical. In answer to questions he speaks simply and frankly about his work; but autobiography is not his favorite conversational vein. He strikes the listener as a fastidious, self-contained man; absorbed in his work and confident of the soundness of his aims; tireless in getting at the fact for the sake of the temperament which it expresses; rigorously exacting of himself in the matter of craftsmanship; and indifferent both to praise and to criticism unless it shows clear intelligence of his aims; a man, in a word, of rare qualities of imagination and an intense lover and practitioner of art, who stands firmly on his feet, never confuses his dreams with realities, is possessed by his subject but possesses the methods and means of dealing with it for the highest effectiveness; a visionary with a business instinct, an artist who has an uncommon amount of good sense.

It is only ten years since his first book, "Earthwork Out of Tuscany," was published; a record of observation and insight of so fine a quality that many readers found delight in it without suspecting its real object. There was a certain fascination in the indirectness of the treatment; even those who were occasionally aware that they were moving about in "worlds not realized" found those worlds mysteriously agreeable. The book struck the keynote of Mr. Hewlett's career as it revealed the temper of his mind. It is a penetrating study of the Tuscan art at the roots because it is an extraordinary divination of Tuscan character. This prose excursion into a past which survives not only in visible monuments but in invisible instincts, passions, and ways of looking at life, was followed by "Pan and the Young Shepherd," an idyl of the good old kind, but wholly free from the pallor and anæmia which give such revivals of old poetic forms a spectral, moon-stricken aspect. There was the charm of the pastoral life, the ancient beauty of dusky wood and flower-strewn meadow; but there was also full-blooded life. There were touches of artifice, forcings of the note, reinforcement of the exhausted springs by barely concealed pipe-lines; but there were originality, freshness of feeling, and vividness of style.

With the publication of "The Forest Lovers" Mr. Hewlett stood out distinctly from his contemporaries, and caught the attention of a wide circle of readers. Nothing could have been further removed from the immediate interest of the present generation than this prose story which touched the springs of romance with the quiet assurance of a fifteenth-century writer, and dealt with elemental passions as frankly as they were dealt with in the Middle Ages. There were traces of artificiality in the style, touches of that preciosity which is the besetting temptation of fastidious writers dealing with themes or using methods somewhat outside the sympathy of their readers; there were, too, passages in which the sensuousness was too self-conscious; but there was also a quality of imagination rare in any kind of writing, and exceptionally rare in English fiction. The "Little Novels of Italy" contained two or three masterpieces, full of the intoxication of the senses blended with passionate love of beauty and joy in the possession of genius which gave the Italian Renaissance such vitality both of good and evil. In two of these tales Mr. Hewlett comes very near Boccaccio, not only in the charm of his style but in his freedom. That he is at times sensuous beyond wholesome limits must be frankly confessed. He would be quick to scorn any evasion or make any defense on that score. He believes as deeply as did the men and women of the Renaissance in the power and place of passion, and in that he is entirely right. Nothing has wrought more mischief in life and in literature than the unwholesome, unnatural, and misguided condemnation and dismissal to obscure and obscene places of instincts and desires in which and with which the creative energy of the race has been rooted and mysteriously involved since the beginning of history. Mr. Hewlett's offending lies less in his frankness than in his occasional over-emphasis, his relish for dealing with wholesome things apart from the conditions and circumstances which consecrate them. The reticence of English-speaking peoples is sometimes prudish and sometimes Pharisaic; but it is based on an instinct sound alike in morals and in art; and on all accounts, if a choice were imperative, it is better for society and for literature than the nakedness of speech of some of the Latin peoples.

"Richard Yea-and-Nay" and "The Queen's Quair" show a thoroughness and deftness of construction which are the expression in art of pure intellectual force of a very high order. The texture of the first has the richness of an old tapestry, and produces much of the same effect; the second is a searching and merciless interpretation of one of those children of passion whose fate it is to involve those whom they love and those whom they hate in a common tragedy, and to uncover in themselves generous and base motives in such baffling combinations as to set in motion passionate and interminable discussion. The story is overloaded with history; but that it is a story at all, with beginning, dramatic unfolding, and tragic climax, is an extraordinary achievement; while as a piece of portraiture it is little short of a work of genius.

In his latest story, "The Fool Errant," Mr. Hewlett has made a study of Italy in the late afterglow of the Renaissance, less dramatic than these longer tales, but showing extraordinary intimacy with the people and the country, and a bold disregard of the aid of a plot. Nothing more original has come from his pen than this audacious modern rendering of "Joseph Andrews" in the dress of the seventeenth century; this hilarious vagabondage on the open road with all sorts of disreputable people, but with the immense relish of youth, the open country, the patience of a great love, and the rich picturesqueness of a life that held together, with childlike unconsciousness, the forms of religion and the practices of the devil.

Those who value Mr. Hewlett's work for its rare qualities will rejoice in the disappearance from "The Fool Errant" of those occasional touches of preciosity, those far-fetched similes, those strained uses of words, that marred the style of the earlier books. He has no need of the artifices of writers to whom nature has given fastidiousness without power; and he has a force and vitality which deliver him from the slough of languor into which Pater fell at times. The pictorial energy of his imagination, reinforced by a rare faculty of assimilation; the fullness of his human interest and the ease with which it leads him to dramatic situations; the magic of atmosphere which he can evoke at will; his genius for the romantic: these qualities put him in the way of doing work of the highest quality in a field in which he is almost without competitors; they make him also one of the most fascinating writers of his time. The new edition of his works in ten volumes, in a style uniform with the dignified and tasteful editions of Arnold and Pater, is a formal recognition of Mr. Hewlett's entrance into the circle of standard authors.

The Author of "The Divine Fire"

Miss May Sinclair, the author of that remarkable novel, "The Divine Fire," in which, among other things, she has vividly realized both a genuine poet and an editor who becomes the very embodiment of the spirit of commercialism in literature, is now a visitor in America. While she does not belong to our country by birth, we have two strong claims upon her, for it was in an American periodical, "The New World" of December, 1893, that her first prose article appeared. It was entitled "The Ethical Import of Idealism." Probably our greater claim is that we first recognized the high quality of her work, for until America's cordial reception of her "Divine Fire" she had remained among the vast number of but slightly known authors. Speculation as to why this distinguished novel, which had but a "success of esteem" in her native country, should be loved here by both critics and people is interesting. At least two explanations have been offered by people of no small experience in publishing. The first thought it was our democracy that made the successful struggle of the poet Rickman against great obstacles peculiarly appeal to us, and the second that it was the growing tendency among the better-informed Americans to gain wherever possible either culture or profit as well as amusement from their reading.

She was born at Rock Ferry in Cheshire, and has lived, as her books show, in various parts of England. The county of Devon she knows particularly well, and Harmouth, where many of the scenes of "The Divine Fire" are laid, is Sidmouth in South Avon. Of herself she writes: "I have lived a very quiet life in the country until the last nine years. I can think best in the country and work best in town—the former, strange as it may seem, offers too many distractions. I have never been out of England, except for an occasional short visit to Ireland."

For the last nine years Miss Sinclair has made her home in or near London. While her work shows that she possesses an unusual amount of classical and general scholarship, she has had very little education in the technical sense. She studied at a private school for one year, and at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, for another year. Beyond this she had no help except in her own reading. This was by preference from the Greek classics and from the wealth of Elizabethan literature. Her literary life began by the writing of verse. Two volumes of poetry were published in 1887 and 1890 respectively, and she has contributed sonnets to the magazines at various times. Experiments in blank verse drama, which were not carried beyond the experimental stage, may have given her practice in the writing of dialogue and in the planning of a story, and so made the transition to novel-writing less difficult.

MAY SINCLAIR

From a new photograph by E. Huggins

Her story is the old one of success after years of plucky fighting. None of her former books — "Audrey Craven," "Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Tyson," and "Two Sides of a Question" (though the last named was lavishly praised by some reviewers in England)—brought her any appreciable returns; and before the success of "The Divine Fire" changed the aspect of things, she had to review other people's books and make translations.

Regarding her next book Miss Sinclair will say little, except that she means to start it shortly after her return to England, which she expects will be soon after Christmas. It may be finished by the end of next summer. We say "may be," for there were seven years between the commencement and finishing of "The Divine Fire," five years of which, however, were an interlude, during which she did shorter books, which meant less strain. She is an uncommonly conscientious writer, and finds no one less easy to please than herself. She often works eight hours a day, but her daily output is comparatively small, varying from six hundred to six words. She says, "I work hard at all my novels, especially with regard to style. Each character has to be thought out, to be alive and present to me, before I can begin. I sketch out the whole book first, carefully, and each chapter separately, before writing a line. Therefore, as the whole is before me more or less, it doesn't matter where I begin a novel. I frequently begin in the middle. I write sometimes rapidly, sometimes at a snail's pace. I have no regular methods of work, no theories of art, no test of it except excellence of style and construction, and truth to life—the latter the supreme test."

With Miss Sinclair it is never a question of finding a plot for a prospective novel, but a matter of selecting one from the many that are continually suggesting themselves to her mind. "At present," she says, "I have the schemes of no less than six books almost completely thought out, and the vague outlines of, I should say, twenty-five more are clamoring for attention." Ordinarily that would be a rather alarming statement, but in this case the survival of the fittest may be awaited with confidence on the part of the public.

A nearly complete list of Miss Sinclair's writings, as given by herself, is as follows: "I first began to write novels when I settled in London nine years ago. Before that I wrote nothing but verse and philosophic criticism. My first published prose article came out in an American review, 'The New World,' in December, 1903, on the 'Ethical Import of Idealism.' I began to write when I was nine years old, but strongly suppressed all my *juvenilia*. My first volume of verse, 'Hakiketas and Other Poems,' published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. in 1887, was followed by 'Essays in Verse' (same publishers) in 1890. Sonnets and verses appeared in various magazines between 1893 and 1895. My first novel, 'Audrey Craven' (Blackwood), published in 1897, was followed by 'Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Tyson,' 1898, 'Two Sides of a Question' (Constable), 1901, and 'The Divine Fire,' 1904. A few short stories appeared in 'Macmillan's,' 'Blackwood's,' and 'Temple Bar.'"

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

By
George Perry Morris

Comparison between Mr. Chesterton and Dr. Samuel Johnson on the physical side has been made. There the comparison ends. Johnson was a Tory who distrusted democracy and the people. Chesterton is an old-fashioned Liberal born out of time. Johnson spoke sense in a straightforward way understood of all men. His spades were called spades, and his yea was yea, and his nay, nay. Chesterton also is a practical philosopher, but he speaks in paradox, revels in the abnormal, and lets a virile imagination have full play. In the garb of a warrior he is at heart a lover. In a day of seemingly triumphant materialism he is an idealist. Science having grown impudent and scornful, he comes to the defense of Religion.

His intellectual fertility first compels attention. The range of his comment on life is from British municipal or colonial politics to Greek art, from yellow journalism to current agnosticism and perennial mysticism, from a defense of slang to polemics against the "art for art's sake" theory of art. One has scarcely grown accustomed to the flare and splutter of his arc light of paradox, with its effects of intense light and shade and the unnatural shadows stalking by the side of prosaic facts, when he is asked to wander serenely under the mellow light of the sun of wisdom. One has hardly recovered from the sense of moral exhilaration at seeing some intrenched evil hit square between the eyes with a caustic bit of candor, when one begins to hear the pious strains of a religionist who extols the supernatural and revels in the mysterious and the mystical.

If challenged for uttering himself in terms that are parabolic and paradoxical, as when it has been wittily said of him that,

> "He gravely argues No means Yes,
> He shows that joy is deep distress,
>
> . . . .
> He tells you soap is made from cheese,
> And any well-known truth you please
> He proves with most consummate ease
> Confoundedly confutable,"

he replies, to quote his own words, "Not only did I and do I believe these utterances to be true, but I never will be happy until they are vulgar. . . . The truly spiritual democrat feels a certain exhilaration in uttering a paradox." That is, Mr. Chesterton is so certain that truth has an obverse, forgotten side that he plans to present this so often in the form of paradox as to make what is hidden plain. There are times, however, when one feels that Mr. Chesterton's use of the paradox has not so rational an end in view, and that his fancy has run off into wayward intellectual ingenuity.

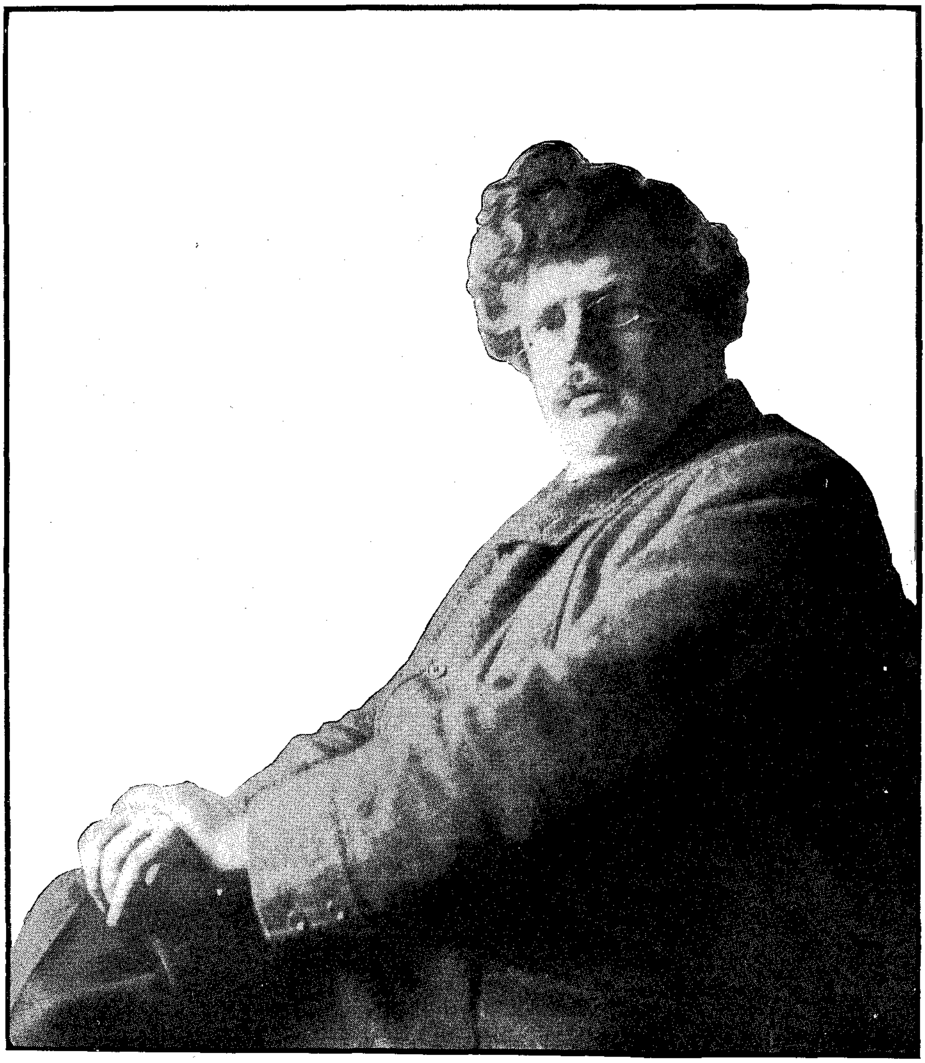
The temptation on first reading Mr. Chesterton is to think him only clever but not wise, and to suspect him of posing more or less, of being enigmatical for the sake of seeming original. You balk, for instance, at such contentions as that simplicity is more mysterious than complexity; that the basis of all optimism is the doctrine of original sin; that outward obscurity of style in a young author is a mark of inward clarity; and that civilization is potentially the defeat of man. But whether agreeing or disagreeing, the reader cannot but be grateful for the challenge given to deeper thought by the statement which at first reading may seem absurd or preposterous but never trite.

Oftener, however, one is made glad by the wisdom in one so young concerning problems of the higher or deeper life of humanity. For instance, it would be difficult to name a better discussion in recent English of the artistic—not the scientific—content of all language in its depiction of feeling and thought than Mr. Chesterton has given. Equally admirable are his discussions of the reality which lies back of all seeming artificiality in life, of the reaction which excessive condemnation of men is sure to create in their favor, of the basis of asceticism necessary for pleasure, etc. Present-day hedonism has in Mr. Chesterton one of its most vigorous and consistent opponents, a hedonism that, as he says, "is more sick of happiness than an invalid is sick of pain, an art sense that seeks the assistance of crime since it has exhausted nature." Hence, as an art critic, he fights lustily against the "art for art's sake" school; as a Christian of the "Catholic" Anglican type, he fights against Robert Blatchford and all who would make popular in England the secular, materialistic Socialism which grows apace on the Continent; and as a journalist, he pillories the reaction of the English democracy toward the despotism of a "strong man" régime.

At heart he is a mystic and intuitionalist, for whom neither the rationalism of the Puritans of Old or New England nor the rationalism of the present-day scientist or philosopher has charm. Like Maeterlinck or Sabatier, he makes the standard of truth subjective, and thus would not overthrow materialism so much as undermine it.

To lovers of literature in the essay form, or to lovers of biography, Chesterton comes as a piquant, iconoclastic, authentic personality. The conventions are disturbed, but when you have done reading you are awake, not asleep, invigorated, not somnolent. Browning's son may protest and the "Athenæum's" reviewer curse and point out errors in fact, but when you have turned the last page of Chesterton's Browning you know Browning better than if the task of interpretation had been done by an academic don, scrupulously exact as to the details of the poet's life, but hopelessly dense as to the meaning of his acts and his words. Mr. Chesterton's skill as a biographer is chiefly, almost exclusively, interpretative and not that of a mere descriptive chronicler. He is suggestive and illuminating rather than conclusive. His work has the merits and defects of his individualistic, intuitional, subjective method. It is the statement of a philosophy of life as held either by the man whose life is being analyzed or by the biographer using the facts of that life. It is a method that permits the coining of many *obiter dicta*, and the drawing in a few strokes of many splendidly etched portraits of men and women, classic and modern, who, for purposes of comparison with the subject of the biography, are brought before the mind's eye.

Men of Mr. Chesterton's versatility and prolific creative power run the risk of writing too much. This tendency he needs to curb, as also another suggested by his own criticism of Mrs. Browning, namely, "extravagance of imagery, some violence of comparison, some kind of debauch of cleverness." His cocksureness often recalls Matthew Arnold at his worst; his brilliancy, G. Bernard Shaw at his best, but without his sardonic twist; his strenuousness has a touch of Wilhelm II. or Theodore Roosevelt in it; and his whimsicality at times recalls Lewis Carroll's. There is no taint of William Watson's agnosticism, though he is equally indignant with Watson over what he believes to be Great Britain's departure from ethical ideals in her foreign policy. He has not gone daft over science and utilitarianism as has H. G. Wells, but is quite as much concerned with the well-being of Britons. Mr. Chesterton lives at a time when there is much in contemporary politics, literature, and art for the trenchant satirist to convert into polemical literature, ephemeral



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON
From a new photograph by C. P. Small, London

and permanent. While we smart under the lash of his satire and cringe under the blows of his irony, we know that at heart he is a believer in his kind, and a humorist who also is a moralist.

Indeed, he is something more than a moralist, he is a religionist; and his point of view as a critic of contemporary life is only to be explained by recognition of the fact that he believes much of contemporary art, literature, and politics defective because religion has ceased to be a vital thing in life. "Once poetry and politics were equally religious and were great," he says. "Now they have been lopped from the tree only to rot on the ground or wither in the air. For the tree from which these fruits and flowers have been cut is that which our Northern forefathers worship, the Life-tree, Ygdrasil, whose branches take hold on heaven and whose fruit is the stars."

George Bernard Shaw

By Royal Cortissoz

Some years ago there was presented in London a melodrama having for one of its salient episodes the concealment of a woman in a ship's boiler. This offered to the waggish critic an opening which Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who then "did" the drama for the "Saturday Review," was quick to seize. He headed his article "Boiled Heroine," thereby stamping himself the journalist he has remained ever since, audacious, humorous, and a little "yellow." Nominally he has left journalism far behind him. He has written novels and plays as well as criticisms since he came up to London from his native Dublin, somewhere in the seventies, and it is to his clever exploitation of these "larger forms" that his present vogue is due. But whatever the scene of his activities, he goes on writing—possibly without knowing it—journalism of a certain sort; lively stuff, full of provocative comment on the ways of man, and always arresting as to its headlines. When his plays have worn out their welcome, he will make the fortune of the editor who appoints him his irresponsible paragrapher.

The musical criticisms he used to contribute to the London "World" made delightful reading. Not precisely for their critical value—though Mr. Shaw had a wonderful way of making you feel that he knew all about it—but for the Irish fun in them, the reckless paradox, and the raucous scorn poured upon all things going contrary to the author's views. When he turned his attention to the stage, he was just as droll, but about this time his readers began to expect sensations from him, and it is doubtful if the pains he took to avoid disappointing them did him any good. If Oxford is what Matthew Arnold called it, a home of lost causes and impossible loyalties, London is a home of lost loyalties and impossible causes. Stanch upholders of the old traditions go on doing their noble work there, but the town is always full of so-called literati who, from ignorance of the past or out of indifference to its lessons, are eager to applaud whatever is at once new and sufficiently assertive. Thus, the late Aubrey Beardsley made "The Yellow Book" temporarily famous, and the late William Ernest Henley so persuasively beat the drum for his own peculiar theory of "style" that to this day there are followers of his to whom "wherefore" is a word like Mesopotamia, and to whom it would seem disgraceful to call a good piece of Tudor English anything save a piece of "our incomparable English prose." These parasitical gentry have done some very mischievous things. They have undoubtedly stunted, through over-praising, writers of verse like Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. William Watson. They have confirmed, through their applause, the bumptiousness of an amusing young dealer in paradox like Mr. G. K. Chesterton, so that his last state promises to be infinitely worse than his first. Aiding and abetting Mr. Swinburne, who addresses stupendous dedications to him, they have apparently convinced Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton that his "Aylwin" is a great novel, and that he writes real poetry. Incidentally they have erected Mr. Shaw into a philosophical oracle.

His acceptance of himself at their valuation might safely be dated from his

"Saturday Review" days, during which, in his character of chartered jester, he took some astonishing liberties with the name and fame of Shakespeare, poking fun at the Bard as a British institution, or rather superstition, laying ruthless hands on his limitations as a playwright in the modern sense, and darkly hinting that he might, if he chose, himself show the great man how the thing was done. It was all very funny, and Mr. Shaw might easily have forgotten it, if it had not been for his now devoted chorus. They told him, in effect, that he was a wit and a great man, and, being human, he fell. He had been reading Ibsen, too, and for a long time had been mixing himself up in the affairs of the Fabian Society. While literature was waiting to claim a brilliant feuilletonist for its own, a quick intelligence, a really humorous cynic, an instinctive critic—in short, a born entertainer—the influences at work in and around him came to a head, and in the twinkling of an eye he was turned into a man with a mission. He might have survived as an artist even then, if it had not been for the imp of the perverse which seems to haunt æsthetically cultivated Britons when they take to Socialistic dreaming. Ruskin set his disciples to building a road with their own hands where no road was needed. Morris exhorted the craftsman to make the humblest object beautiful, so that the poorest household might be made to blossom like the rose—and straightway gave himself to the production of wall-papers, tapestries, furniture, and fine books, exclusively for the very rich. When Mr. Shaw boarded the Socialistic galley, gesticulated with invincible gayety on the poop, and called High Heaven to witness that the course was set straight for the Happy Islands, he made the characteristic mistake of leaving his compass at home. The course he has since been sailing has been extraordinarily erratic.

Most of his commentators admit this. Most of them hesitate to offer an explanation until they have found out whether he is in jest or earnest, whether he is really anxious to make a safe port, or, in sardonic mood, would rather like to cast the ship upon the rocks. Does Mr. Shaw know himself? I doubt it. At all events, whether his deliberate intention be to do good, or, under the charlatan's assumption of good faith, to "make the bourgeois sit up," and thereby increase the box-office receipts—a hypothesis which his skillful use of the art of self-advertising makes it hard to reject—there can be no doubt at all of his inability to think straight. With all his cocksureness and his appearance of brushing convention aside to expose the truth, his dealings with that element are actually about as trustworthy as those of a juggler taking a live rabbit out of a hard-boiled egg. Only Mr. Shaw does not stop at deceiving the beholder eager to be deceived; he deceives himself into the bargain. If there is one thing more than another that marks this apostle of "remorseless logic," it is his cheerful willingness to wander about in worlds not realized, to substitute, in his novels and plays, for life as it is, queer slices of what life seems to be to an obsessed Socialist. Art itself loses its glamour for him. When he comes to write, in "The Perfect Wagnerite," a commentary on the Ring of the Nibelungs, his desire to identify the composer's musical ideas with his political conceptions leads him to connect the third scene of "Rhinegold" with Wagner's sympathies with the revolutionary movement of 1848 in this wise:

> This gloomy place need not be a mine; it might just as well be a match factory, with yellow phosphorus, phossy jaw, a large dividend, and plenty of clergymen shareholders. Or it might be a white-lead factory, or a chemical works, or a pottery, or a railway shunting yard, or a tailoring shop, or a little gin-sodden laundry, or a bake-house, or a big shop, or any other of the places where human life and welfare are daily sacrificed in order that some greedy, foolish creature may be able to hymn exultingly to his plutonic idol:
>
> Thou mak'st me eat while others starve,
> And sing while others do lament;
> Such unto me thy blessings are,
> As if I were thine only care.

Wagner himself used to say that an artist looking at his own work was "confronted by a riddle, about which he too might have illusions, just as another might." The riddle is easy for Mr. Shaw because he has done with illusions, or thinks he has; in their place he has notions, and just as he reads them into

Wagner's music dramas, so he reads them into social conditions.

There are some people who fall in a fit if you take it for granted that they are on the side of the angels. Minds of this sort refuse to be taken in by an appearance of virtue. Virtue is, in fact, they carefully point out, only an accident flowing from circumstances; conformity to the ordinary rules of decent society is very likely only your cowardice, and an air of respectability is nothing more nor less than a cloak for moral rottenness. For this reason a happy family, sane and self-respecting, rouses their ire; it is smug, stagnant, hypocritical. Therefore our confidence in appearances should be rudely shaken, and we must be taught to adjust ourselves to a new conception of the universe. For example, we must not ask the up-to-date, unrepentant Noras of our time to play the game, to stay in the shadow which has overtaken them; we must welcome their emergence into the light, join them in the tarantella, and with them slam all the doors in creation. Nietzsche and Ibsen are strong on facing the facts, and Mr. Shaw has sat attentively at their feet. As a Socialist he sees a great resource in the merciless presentation of the facts; it is bound to make people think. It will be no fault of his if the process does not also make them laugh.

The laugh is there, beyond all question. That is where the journalist comes

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
From his latest photograph by Alfred Ellis & Walery

in, the inventor of "Boiled Heroine," the coiner of phrases, the maker of "good copy," profitable copy. There is little that Mr. Shaw has written to which that last phrase might not be applied. Into his novels he has poured, along with a lot of philosophical fustian, a flood of living impressions which only a man with really seeing eyes could ever have gathered from the great human spectacle. In the preface to a new edition of "Cashel Byron's Profession" he speaks of having touched up "a few passages in which the literary professionalism with which my heroine expresses herself (this professionalism is usually called 'style' in England) went past all bearing." Latterly he has pressed his characteristic "effects" so far that they smack more of literary professionalism than of style; but it has taken him some years to reach this pitfall of the popular writer. The novel just mentioned, his best, has no taint of the study about it. The narrative has a vitality as robust as that of its theme. In taking a prizefighter for his hero, he yielded, no doubt, to the Socialistic impulse, which is to turn the world upside down, but the fervor of something more than the Socialist was in him when he wrote the book, and it has a swing which inclines the reader to forgive anything. The entertainer is in full force. With the plays enter the pseudo-preacher.

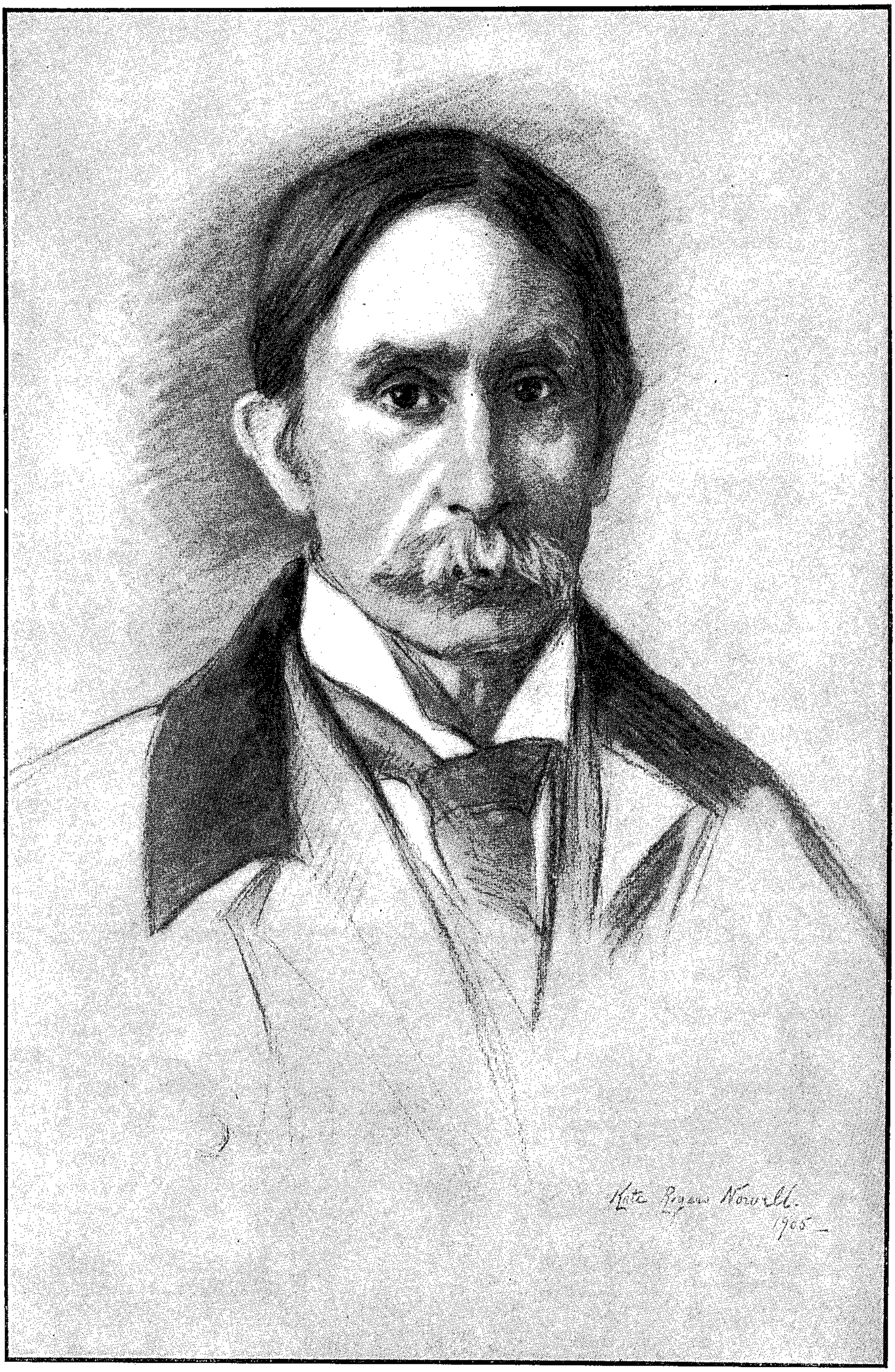
Why not? Other playwrights have had specious theories to prove and have kept the house happy while they have pretended to prove them. Mr. Shaw had much in his favor to start with—a brain teeming with opinions as to the way in which society should be brought to book for its sins, a faculty for satirical animadversion, and boisterous spirits. All the revolutionary writers, not only Nietzsche and Ibsen, but a host of economic and sociological authorities, had stirred his mind up to a fine yeastiness, and in spite of it all he had originality to spare. But though Mr. Shaw is diabolically clever, he is not clever enough to grasp the commonplace that mankind always has rejected and always will reject that which is not at bottom wholesome and in sympathy with its best impulses. He has raised the laugh, but it has turned against him, for reflection has discovered that underneath the fun in the plays are things which are not laughable at all. They are odd, morbid things, traceable to a false view of life and an unedifying attitude. A stage situation may be piquant and even genuinely droll, as Mr. Shaw's situations often are, but what if it has a thoroughly factitious origin? The personages involved may be ingeniously drawn, and what they say and do may momentarily amuse, but what if they are all abnormal types? The dramatist's purpose may seem positively humanitarian in its castigation of sham, but what if he is dogmatizing on false premises? Epigram is all very well in its way, but what if it amounts to nothing more than a mechanical inversion of accepted truths? These inquiries would not embarrass Mr. Shaw for a minute. He would defy you to deny that such people as he puts on the stage exist, that society is tainted with hypocrisy. Nevertheless, in justice he would have to admit that there is something wrong with the perspective in which he puts human nature in his work.

When he published his "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," in 1898, it seemed worth while to one reader to set the characters in them in a row, as it were, checking off their determining traits. "Widowers' Houses" yielded in Mr. Cokane a parasite; in Dr. Trench, an animal; in Mr. Sartorious, a vampire; in Miss Sartorious, another animal; in the Parlour Maid, a third animal; and in Lickcheese, another parasite. In "The Philanderer" there were encountered Charteris, a libertine; Mrs. Tranfield, a *nevrose;* Julia Craven, another; Mr. Cuthbertson, an ass; Mr. Craven, another; Parramore, an idiot; and Sylvia Craven, a New Woman. So the company marched past, until in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" a lady obtruded of whom the less said the better, in circumstances of which one can only say that they are revolting enough to turn the stomach of a red Indian. Now, as Mr. Shaw trotted out his puppets in these plays and in the "Three Plays for Puritans," and as he reintroduced them in his later compositions for the stage, notably "Man and Superman," he contrived to make many of them say things amusing through their cynicism or fun. In two or three instances, in "Arms and the Man," "Cæsar and Cleopatra," and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," there is so much to tickle the humor of the reader that he forgets, for a little while, to be dissatisfied. But in the long run the dissatisfaction will not down. Though he may be at his best, Mr. Shaw touches no deep sympathies, for he has none himself. We cease smiling when we see that he has missed the dignity of the elemental passions, that he finds nothing of joy or pathos in the difficulties of life, nothing for tenderness or generous indignation, but simply occasion for a harsh, unmeaning guffaw. He addresses himself to the ills of the world with a knowing air, but he is no wise physician, saying with finality, "Thou ailest here and here," and seeking in all good faith to heal if he can. He has no constructive thought; his ideas are vague. He has experienced many sensations; he has excited himself over many social and artistic problems; he has read much, seen much, heard much; but he has never *felt* any of the simple universal emotions, and his tongue is tied at the critical moment.

It is, of course, as unfair as it is futile to make certain kinds of comparisons when dealing with a man's work, for it amounts to asking him to be something he was never intended to be. Yet it is impossible to read Mr. Shaw, or to watch a performance of one of his plays, without regretting that he should have just missed the gifts which would have controlled and directed the discontent by which, consciously or unconsciously, he is driven. Since it is his fancy to turn the world upside down, why could he not have had a little of Gilbert's healthful humor to help him in the task? Since it is his ambition to rejuvenate the theater, why could he not have learned the stagecraft which any one of a score of playwrights, living or dead, could have taught him? Since he is nothing if not critical, why should he have neglected the laws of proportion and of taste? Since it is part of his plan to be ironical, why could he not have studied the urbane art of Anatole France, with its proofs of the interdependence of wisdom and wit? And so on through a list of questions which, if useless in one sense, are at least pertinent in another. Imagination rests pleasantly on the thought of what Mr. Shaw might have accomplished if he had been caught young, drilled by some dominant mind in history, philosophy, and criticism, and shown how indispensable are human sympathy and clear mental processes to success in any form of authorship aimed at producing more than the crackling of thorns under a pot.

Richard Watson Gilder

Mr. Gilder belongs in the succession of American poets who have concerned themselves seriously and effectively with public affairs. The esoteric view of art, which makes it the skilled craftsmanship of elect persons detached from active life and nursing a reluctant genius in jealously guarded solitude, is widely held by the critics who theorize about the sacredness of art without contributing anything to its store; and the poet who lifts a finger to help his kind is looked upon askance by the devotees of art for art's sake. There is no ground for this anæmic theory of the poet's function in the history of the productive periods of literature, and there is less ground for it to-day. Some poets thrive in retirement, as did Gray, Wordsworth, and Tennyson; many more are stimulated and enriched by close contact with their fellows, as were Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Browning, Hugo, Lowell, Whittier. New York has not forgotten the alert figure and noble head of the old poet who not only wrote the first verse of high class which appeared in this country, but who was deeply interested in public affairs and held a commanding position as a citizen. The painters, builders, writers of the Renaissance poured out their vitality through different arts and were emancipated from the dilettante's fear of compromising the dignity of art. The true artist is always a very free person, whose chief


Kate Rogers Nowell.
1905

RICHARD WATSON GILDER
Drawn from life for The Outlook by Kate Rogers Nowell

concern is to express himself adequately according to the law of his nature, and who is content to leave to the custody of amateurs and critics the conventionalities of his craft.

Mr. Gilder is one of the foremost citizens of New York chiefly because he is in the succession of the poets by right of gift, temperament, and high loyalty to art. His deep and fruitful interest in public affairs is as distinctly an expression of his ideality, his passion for beauty, his hunger for harmony between the world of spirit and the world of social and political order, as his "Five Books of Song." Every kind of practical work to which he has set his hand has been instinct with his high enthusiasm for "The New Day:"

"Through love to light! Oh wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!"

The son of a clergyman, born in Bordentown, New Jersey, receiving his early training at his father's hands, Mr. Gilder, like many other men of letters, was educated outside the traditional academic lines. The law attracted him at first, as it attracted Bryant and Lowell, but failed to hold him as it failed to hold them. "Richard Watson Gilder, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law," would read as queerly to-day as the little sign which once hung in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, bearing the inscription: "William Cullen Bryant, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law." The familiar door of journalism opened to him after various editorial experiences, and he was one of the founders of the Newark "Register;" later he took charge of "Hours at Home." When the "Century Magazine" was started on its very influential and successful career under its earlier name of "Scribner's Monthly," Dr. Holland, then at the height of his great popularity, invited Mr. Gilder to become the assistant editor, and so secured the co-operation in his difficult task of a combination of literary skill, artistic taste and knowledge, and an instinct for public affairs rarely found in one man. Mr. Gilder succeeded to the position of chief editor of this important periodical in 1881, and for almost a quarter of a century his high ideals, wide acquaintance, and practical sagacity have been at the service of a magazine which has steadfastly stood for all that is best in American life, has held fast by the soundest traditions of literature, aided materially in the development of American art by educating popular taste and putting work in the hands of promising artists, and in season and out of season urged upon a people engrossed in business righteousness and competency in public office, justice to authors, wholesome conditions in the crowded parts of cities, the larger educational opportunities for all.

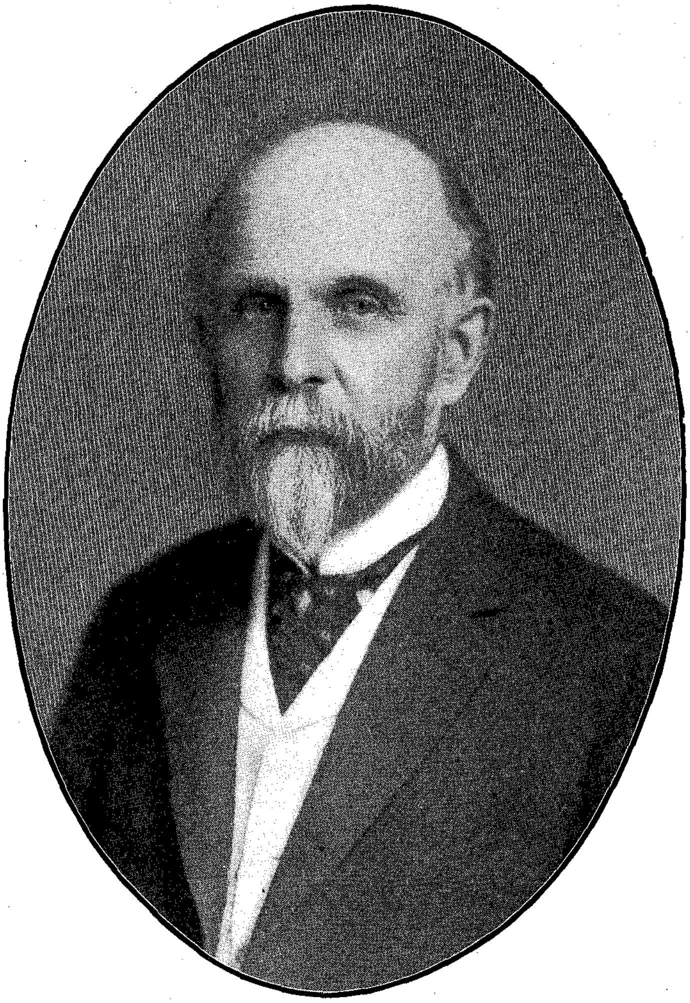
During this arduous period the poet has been not only an industrious and sagacious editor, but an ardent worker for a finer and more beautiful city. His association with art movements of various kinds has been active and influential; he was one of the founders of the Society of American Artists and of the Authors' Club, and to him more than to any other man New York owes the arch which stands as a memorial of Washington at the point where Fifth Avenue begins to be one of the great streets of the world. The movement for international copyright, for civil service reform, the various efforts to put the government of the city of New York in competent and responsible hands, have commanded not only his sympathy but his time and strength. The New York Kindergarten Association, which he assisted in organizing and of which he was the first president, prints on all its reports the brief sentence in which he expressed both the need and the spirit of its work; his labors as Chairman of the New York Tenement-House Commission were so arduous that they impaired his health for a time.

Through all these manifold and exacting activities Mr. Gilder has remained the lover of nature, the poet of sentiment, the student of literature. Travel has brought him rest and stimulus, and long absences from New York have kept his horizons clear and fed the springs of his inspiration. His home in one of the busiest streets has held a door open to men and women of generous impulses, and has been a place of hospitality to the spirit in the turmoil of a great city. Unusually happy conditions have contributed to an atmosphere at once genial, sympathetic, and stimulating. In the summer Mr. Gilder is the fortunate possessor of a happy valley unravaged as yet by "society;" not wholly free from the mechanical offensiveness of the automobile, but given over to "silence and slow time," to the murmur of a wandering brook, and guarded by friendly hills; a place to rest and dream in and from which to look once more at the stars serene above the dust and tumult of our noisy day.

The eight slender volumes of verse which contain Mr. Gilder's work, the great mass of which is included in "Five Books of Song," are interesting not only by reason of the poetry of a very genuine kind which they contain, but for the light which they throw on the sources of the poet's inspiration and the spirit of his life. The very titles are significant, from "The New Day" to "In the Heights;" the first a book of love poems of a singular beauty, and intensely personal in the sense of being concentrated expressions of individual passion and devotion; the last finding its themes largely in those events of the day which touch most closely the welfare of men. A high note of patriotism is struck in these later verses, but it is the patriotism of passionate longing for the soul of the Nation, of urgent appeal to its noblest aspirations. The inscriptions prepared for the buildings of the Pan-American Fair at Buffalo, and the poem read last May at the dedication of the Albright Art Gallery in the same city, are pervaded by the dignity of a large conception of the spiritual value of human achievement and the spiritual possibilities of the community life on a vast scale which the Nation represents and expresses:

"When, ages hence, this wrong world is set right;
When brotherhood is real,
And all that justice can for man is done;
When the fair, fleeing, anguished-for ideal
Turns actual at last; and 'neath the sun
Man hath no human foe;
And even the brazen sky, and storms that blow,
And all the elements have friendlier proved—
By human wit to human uses moved—
Ah, still shall art endure,
And beauty's light and lure,
To keep man noble, and make life delight,
Though shadows backward fall from the engulfing night."

Mr. Gilder is a lyric poet by instinct, practice, and the nature of the themes which incite him; a singer whose art is charged with personal emotion, and whose skill depends largely on the depth of the inward response to the appeal of the outward interest. He has not tried his hand at many styles, though he is not averse to occasional experiments with unusual verse forms; but there is a touch of unconventionality in his work that gives it marked distinctness. His diction shows a certain reserve and restraint, and it is not easy to find in his work echoes of the poets who dominated the art of his youth. These volumes reveal not only freshness of feeling and individuality of expression, but tenacity of purpose, vigor of will, resolute loyalty to personal ideals. There is notable absence of that fluency which conceals much commonplace thought and emotion in contemporary verse. They are the work of a man who is not beset by the songs of other men, and is not the prey of the catching melody of the hour. The style is sometimes simple to the verge of severity, but it is always his own, and it is rarely blurred or permitted to escape into diffuseness. If, like nearly all his fellow-singers, Mr. Gilder occasionally lapses into the obvious, these declensions are so rare that they throw his essential originality into strong relief. He succeeds not by virtue of a few taking musical effects, but by virtue of a genuine imagination, a true poetic impulse, an individual relation to life. Such a poem as "Music in Darkness," which is included in the latest volume from Mr. Gilder's hand, reveals at their best the purity of feeling, the fresh use of imagination, the delicacy and strength of phrase which are characteristic of a poet who has held fast by the highest traditions of his art, and has never stooped to startle or to flatter.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS

FRANK H. SCOTT
President of the Century Company
President of the American Publishers' Association

THE AMERICAN PUBLISHER AND HIS SERVICE TO LITERATURE

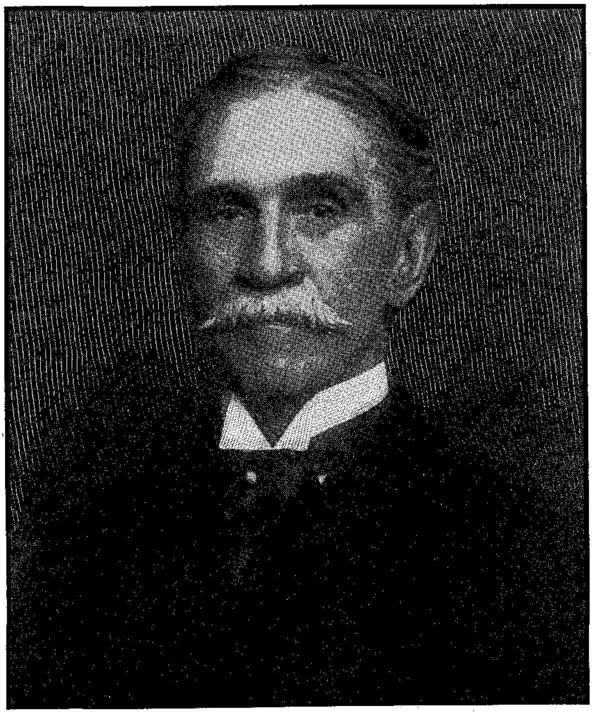
BY R. D. TOWNSEND

THE service of the publisher is none the less fundamental and important because in part it is carried on behind the scenes, while the author is in the full lime-light of the stage. In fact, the publisher is first of all a critic, and through his power of selection and elimination he is the arbiter who protects the reader and in large measure directs the growth of national literature. His interest in making and selling books is commercial in its nature, to be sure, but if it is nothing else any permanent success is impossible. Just so far as the American publisher has in view the production of worthy and dignified books rather than a temporary sensation and an immediate profit, is his house likely to become an authoritative and permanent factor in literary production. "Big sellers" come and go, but good publishers' lists are built up by long-continued and far-sighted discrimination, by taste and scholarship. The history of publishing is a long record of wrecks of houses which have sought to make money quickly by selling books that would appeal only to the ephemeral appetite of the moment, and have in a few years found their cellars full of worthless plates, and their lists crowded with titles and authors that have been as completely forgotten in five years as they will be in twenty. And the publisher must not only produce on the average and in the long run books that are worth while and will live, but he must establish a special field for his own firm, must have individual character and a recognized range in his list. This need not mean that he must confine himself to one class of books, but that his imprint shall mean something more than that he is merely a book-maker and book-seller.

American literary development has been fortunate in that it has had the fostering aid of a group of publishing houses managed on broad principles, governed by sound traditions, eager to encourage talent—publishing houses, in short, which have aimed to be leaders and not followers. Their growth and firm establishment make up an integral part of the literary history of the country. With no disparagement to the new and enterprising firms which are constantly coming into the field, it may truly be said that the bulk of American literature of serious, permanent value is put forth by seven or eight famous firms whose names are as household words, firms most of which are represented on the personal side by the portraits here presented to our readers. It is a significant fact that an article published two or three years ago on "Pioneer New York Publishers" was illustrated, with a few exceptions, with portraits of representatives of the same publishing firms, and in many instances of men of the same name as those here chosen to stand for the American publishers of our day. Changes in the ownership and name and controlling influence there have been, of course, but such great houses as those of Harpers and Scribners and Putnams, of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Henry Holt, and Dodd, Mead & Co., represent a historic continuity of creditable and honorable book-making which is full of pleasant associations and lasting achievements; while the Macmillan Company has an equally strong background in the worth of the great English firm from which it sprang, and has now for many years been distinctively and vigorously American in its output; the Century Company has a sterling reputation gained now by a quarter-century of good work; and the firms of McClure, Phillips & Co. and of Doubleday, Page & Co. may be regarded as typically representative of the dash and brilliance of later-day publishing methods. The portraits and the personalities they stand for are by no means to be taken as a completely inclusive group; many publishing firms and many individual men might well be added, but they will serve to introduce to the reader some of the "men behind the books" whose faces are rarely seen in public prints, whose energy in business is equaled by their modesty in refraining from personal exploitation, and who combinedly are a positive power in the domain of books and book-men.

It is not the writer's purpose to give in detail the individual history of the men here portrayed. They are so closely identified with their respective firms that the general public rarely thinks of their specific traits and accomplishments. Yet, to those who come in contact with the men themselves, it is known that they are not only business men of ability, swinging large interests and deciding large questions, but that they are also men of high culture, widely acquainted with the best circles of intellectual men and women, versed in national affairs, and accustomed to look at things from the standpoint of culture and refinement. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Bowdoin, and English and German universities are responsible for the early education of some of these heads of publishing houses, although in one instance a rapid advance was made from the ranks of newspaper work, and in others the chief and real training was that of the publishing business itself. Many publish-

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM
Head of the firm of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

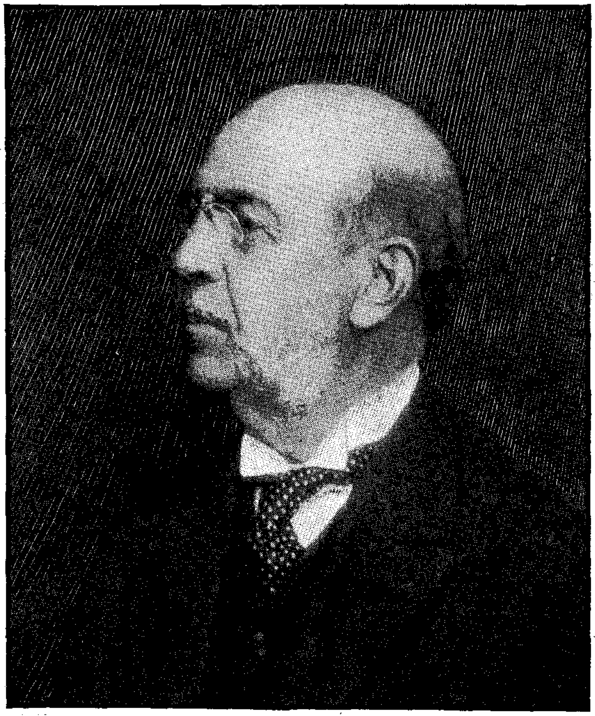
HENRY HOLT
Head of the firm of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

ers are writers themselves on occasion. Mr. Putnam, for instance, has written many articles on literary and bibliographical topics, his work on "Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages" is an authority, and he has done splendid service to the cause of international copyright by his pen as well as by his power of organization; Mr. Holt has put forth suggestive papers on social subjects and on civics; Colonel Harvey has discussed international questions in print with acuteness and special knowledge; readers of The Outlook will remember articles by Mr. Brett on "How Books Achieve Circulation" and on "What the American People are Reading." From the last-named article may be quoted, as an indication of the healthful condition of American life, a sentence about the literature of pessimism and decadence. Mr. Brett says: "No book of the kind, if I recollect rightly, has, under any circumstances, found any considerable sale in this country, the fact being that no one, I think, can look out upon the prospects of this country from any standpoint without becoming a confirmed optimist as to the future material welfare of the country as well as to the place which it must finally attain in literature and in art."

The record and history of the publishing houses over which this group of men are now in charge would be an immensely interesting one, and it has never been well told. It is to be hoped that some of our present-day publishers will gather material for future books of literary reminiscence which shall be as enjoyable as James T. Fields's "Yesterdays with Authors." The genial, informally cordial relation which Mr. Fields had with Dickens, Hawthorne, and dozens of other American and English writers was one of the great sources of strength to his firm; and how well, at "4 Park Street," it has kept up the tradition of close friendship with all that is fine in authorship is shown by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s superb list of American poets, historians, and essayists. Each of the great firms, indeed, has its peculiar and separate record of achievement in which its present representative may take pride. The imprint of "Harper & Brothers" goes back to 1817, and the reputation for thorough typographical and art work attained by the four brothers who were the real pioneers of publishing in America has been maintained to this day and wonderfully adapted to modern conditions, while Colonel Harvey, fresh from his success with the "North American Review," has introduced fresh vigor and enterprise into the historic Franklin Square establishment. The firms of D. Appleton & Co., G. P. Putnam's Sons, and Dodd, Mead & Co. are not far behind in respectable antiquity—the first was founded in 1825, the second in 1836, the third in 1837—and the figures of Daniel Appleton, George P. Putnam, and Moses W. Dodd will always be nota-

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

GEORGE P. BRETT
President of the Macmillan Company



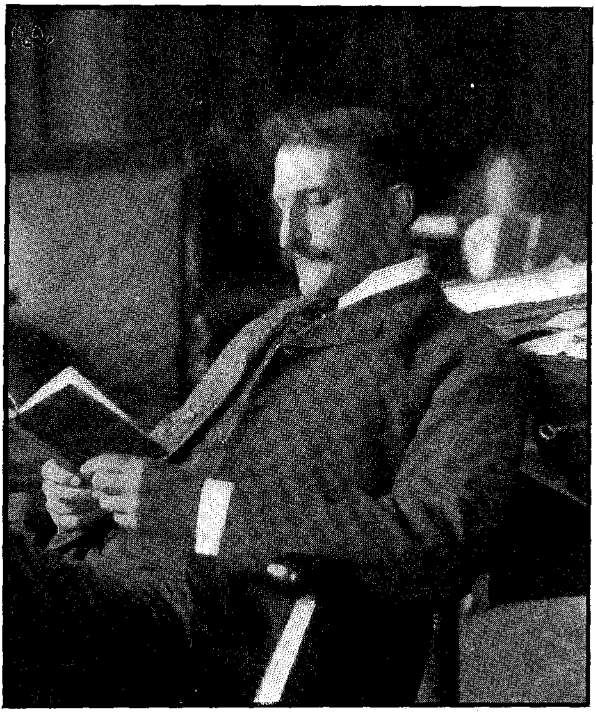
PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD

FRANK H. DODD
Head of the firm of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN

GEORGE H. MIFFLIN

Head of the firm of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

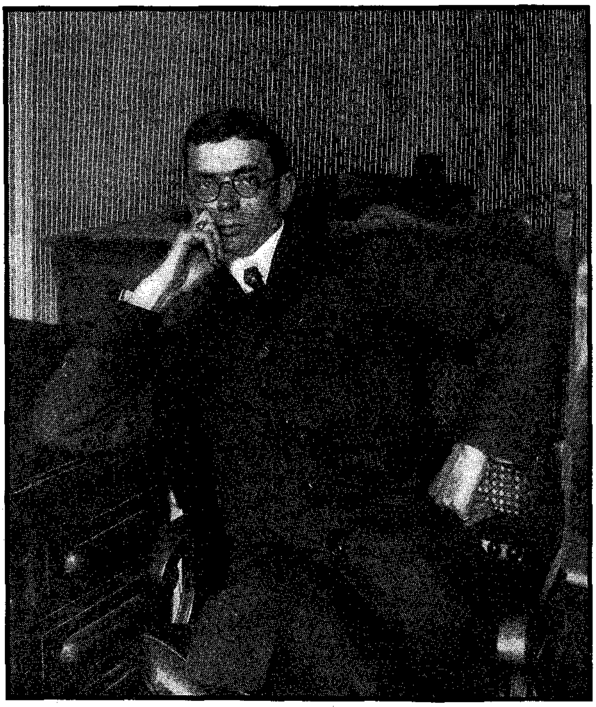


FRANK N. DOUBLEDAY

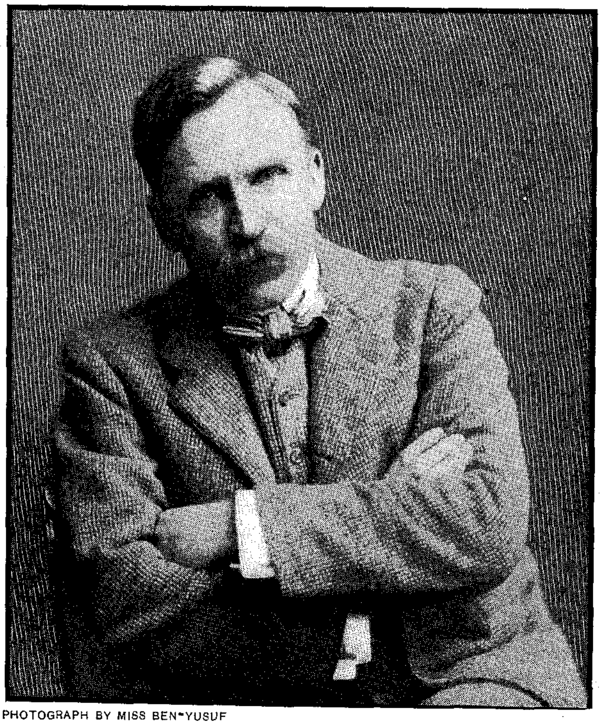
Head of the firm of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

ble in publishing annals, while a few years later (1846) saw the beginning of the house which was to spread in power and popularity until it became the Charles Scribner's Sons we know to-day. Each of these firms has, to accompany its early fame associated with Cooper or Irving or some other notable author, the consciousness of an extraordinary development into a varied literary industry in which encyclopædias, magazines, art books, history, and biography play quite as large a part as fiction. Equally true is this of their competitors for public favor of slightly later origin, while the manager and controller of each of these has his own peculiar distinction.

The relation of the American author to the American publisher is something more than a mere matter of business. If it is true that the author of genius is the maker of a publisher's success, it is also true that the publisher often points out to the author his true bent, introduces him to the circle of readers he could never find for himself, and directs his energies to a practical end. Those are words of sound common sense uttered in that very practical and suggestive book "A Publisher's Confession:" "A publisher is a business man, but not a mere business man. He must be something more. He is a professional man also. He can do his best service only for those authors who inspire his loyalty, who enable him to make his publishing house permanent, and who leave him enough margin of profit to permit him to make books of which he can be proud." And equally sound is the same writer's dictum: "Every book is a problem unto itself. The wise publisher so regards it from the beginning; and he makes his plans for every book to suit its peculiar case and not another. All the long road from author to reader, the book—any book—presents a series of interesting, original problems. Many of them are very fascinating problems. They call for imagination, fertility, ingenuity. The reason why few authors or authors' societies or other persons who have not been definitely trained to publishing succeed, is that they are too likely to regard publishing as a mere routine business—a business of manufacturing a certain product and then of offering it for sale. They forget that every book—and even every edition of every book—presents a problem that was never presented before since the world was made. And when its sympathetic ingenuity and inventiveness fail, a publishing house begins to become a mere business and the drying-up period is not far off." The author must depend on the publisher to solve these problems for him; and in a well-ordered publishing business there are always to be found mutual confidence and co-operation between the two elements that go to make good books. It is a fact, however (and one considered by some a most sorrowful fact, by others merely inevitable),



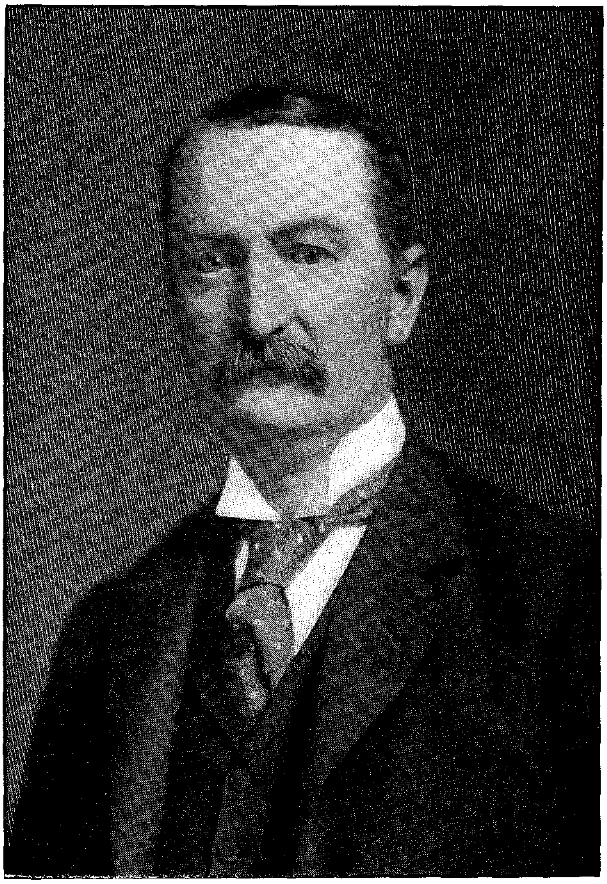
GEORGE HARVEY
Head of the firm of Messrs. Harper & Brothers



PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS BEN-YUSUF

S. S. McCLURE
Head of the firm of Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co.

that there have been many relaxations of the old ideas that considered author and publisher so mutually bound by professional courtesy that the author must not offer a second book to a new publisher until the firm that brought out his first book had the offer, and that regarded as piratical any advances by a publisher toward an author some of whose work had been published by a rival. The multiplication of publishing houses, of authors' agencies, and of periodicals has somewhat altered conditions in this respect and some others, yet both self-interest and real fellowship in the world of letters still make the relations between publisher and author as a rule something more than that of mere buyer and seller of manuscript.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS

CHARLES SCRIBNER

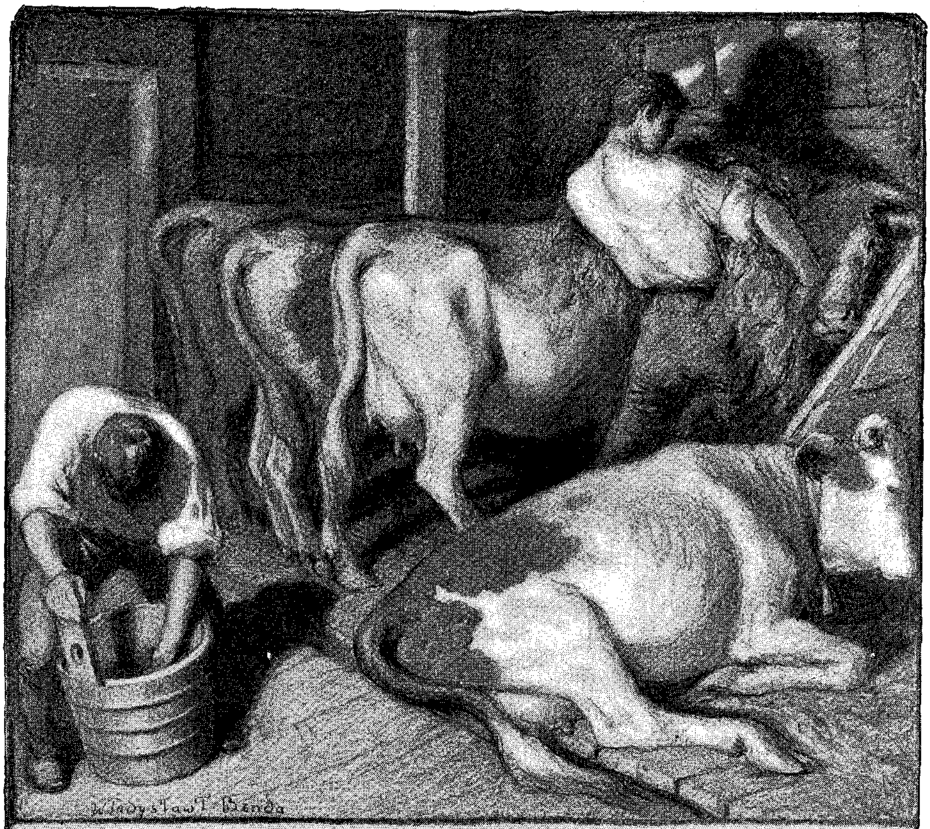
Head of the firm of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons

With the reading and book-buying public the American publisher, if he be not merely a book-boomer and sensation-monger, must also establish a permanent reputation for judgment, scholarship, and taste. At this time of year, when the flood of inconsiderable and showy books is at its height, one is apt to lose sight of the fact that, after all, and in the long run, the publisher depends on that which is stable in literature. The numberless new editions of standard authors and works of recognized genius, the splendid achievements of American publishing houses in encyclopædias and reference books, the large number of educational works and of specialized writing of one kind and another, all go to prove this, even though the day of large sales for poetry and essays may have gone by. Then, too, if the public is inclined to be impatient with the rawness of many of the books offered, it must remember to be thankful to the publisher for the books he does not publish. To his desk, and from one publisher's desk to another's, flows constantly a stream of many thousands of worthless, sometimes vicious, manuscripts, clamoring for a hearing. His hardest task (and one that is performed far more arduously and conscientiously than disappointed authors ever believe) is to winnow the few grains of wheat from the vast mass of chaff. He must have his absolute standards of what is valuable, and he must also cater within reasonable bounds to the fickle and sometimes unfathomable currents of the public's taste. No wonder that much of his output is experimental in character, the hope being that one genuine success may balance half a dozen failures. Yet the writer, within a very limited experience of publisher's work, could name book after book that has been brought out by the American publisher for the pure love of literary art and without any probability of profit; and book after book also which has been declined by the American publisher because it was bad art and unwholesome, when it was quite certain that money could be made by selling it. There has been some comment lately on the fact that the enormous sales of a few books of fiction of a year or two ago are not, apparently, to be repeated. But these great records were in fact the abnormal thing; the division of appreciation among many good novels of different classes, appealing to diverse tastes, is the normal thing. The abnormal sale had been known before the days of "David Harum"—yes, and before the days of "Ben Hur"—and it will doubtless appear again from time to time, but it cannot be forced by frantic efforts to persuade the public that each of twenty or thirty half-baked, ill-constructed, hurriedly written tales is the "big seller" of the year. The public has grown a little wary, and the conservative, sober-minded publisher is convinced that there is room in the book market for all tastes, but that it is worth his while to establish a reputation as a purveyor of the best that literary art and scholarship can produce. It is in this way that the great American publishing houses have been built up; and let shifting gusts of temporary favor blow here or blow there, by such standards will the wise American publisher abide.

Storm-Bound in the North

By Aldis Dunbar

If I could choose a book . . . and slip inside of it . . . and *be!* . . .
In one I love there winds a path, beside an olive-tree;
Beneath, in fair green shadow, starring all the mossy glen,
Spring hyacinth, and violet, and flower o' cyclamen;
So I would linger near the gnarled branches for a space,—
Then homeward to a low gray hill-tower—my heart's resting-place,
Beyond a moss-grown wall, against a vesper-golden sky—
To look across the valley where the drowsy mountains lie
In purple state . . .
. . . Ah, perfect peace would surely come to me,
Could I but choose *that* book . . . and slip inside of it . . . and *be!*

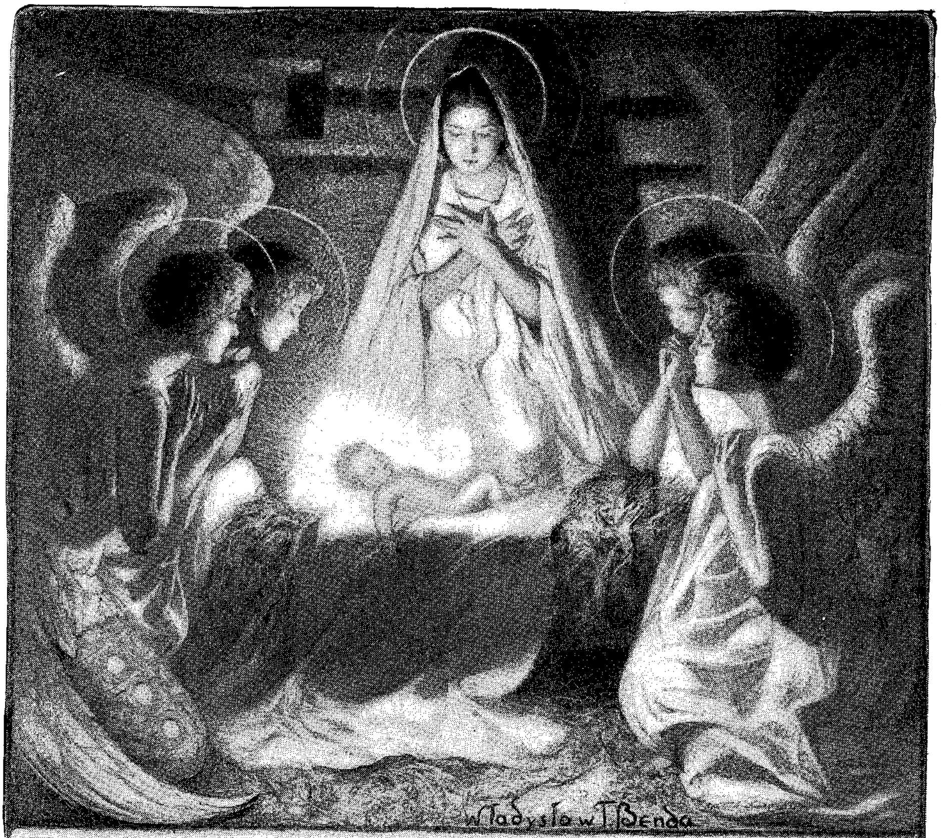


THE CHRISTMAS GUEST

BY CHARLES H. CRANDALL

Cold sweeps the wind in every hill and valley,
Its kisses glaze the rivers and the sea,
It drives its steeds through avenue and alley,
And laughs to see the shivering people flee.
Yet by the hearthfire glowing
The north wind shall not rest
Where glad hands are bestowing
Cheer for the Christmas Guest.

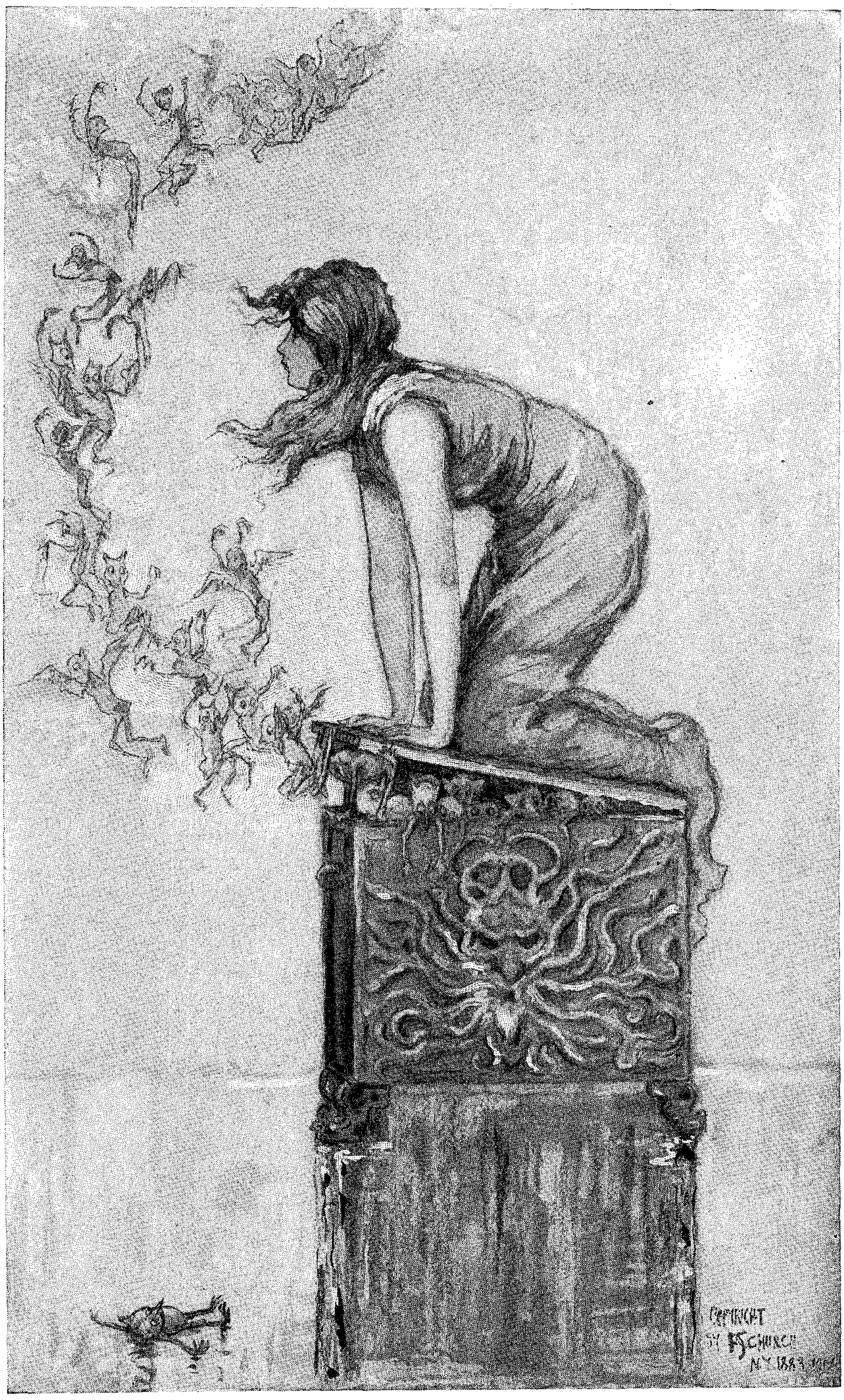
The country lads now heap each wooden manger,
That every patient beast may have its fill,
For once a stable held a princely Stranger,
And even a simple ox would think it ill
If, on this night of glory,
A shepherd should forget
The manger of the Story
With silver radiance set.



The world again awaits the light of ages,
The heavens are set as brilliant as of old,
When o'er Judea's hills the patient sages
Followed the path unto the shepherd's fold.
Then on each spirit-altar
Let votive tapers flame,
And there with song and psalter
Be praised the wondrous Name!

And so, while love each human breast is cheering,
Each heart shall be a lowly Bethlehem,
And each abode shall know that light endearing
As helping hands shall bring it home to them.
Such simple glad oblation
The Saviour doth prefer
To rites and adoration,
Or frankincense and myrrh.

Good people all, wherever ye are dwelling,
In crowded streets or on the lonely farm,
Join in the Christmas message, sweetly swelling,
And make each home a haven bright and warm.
For hearts, if true and lowly,
The manger-cradles are,
Where comes the Child-Guest holy
With love, the guiding Star.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N.Y. 1883

PANDORA
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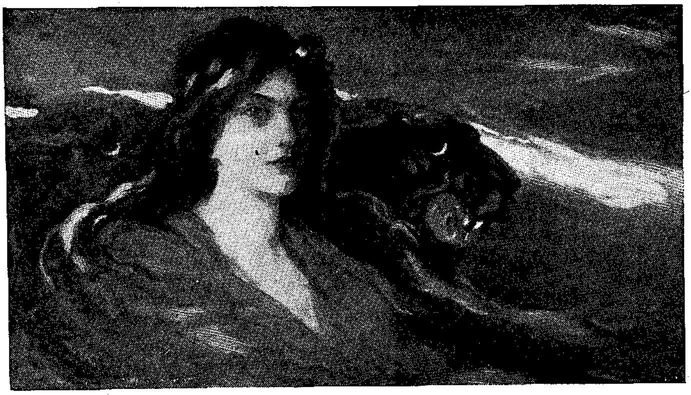


BLACK LEOPARDS
Owned by Mrs. George B. Douglas

F. S. CHURCH: A PAINTER OF THE IDEAL

BY WILLIAM ST. JOHN HARPER

A REALM of fantasy! Visions of a Utopian land of dreams, where shadowy glades are veiled in the silver haze of early springtime! Glimpses of cool mossy margins fringed with the iris, the poppy, and the lotus! of streams where rose-hued water-lilies float mirrored in pools of emerald dye, whose waves seem to flow in crystal clearness from the fountain of youth! Memories of an Arcadian garden of the gods, haunted by woodland nymphs who enchain the royal monarchs of the jungle, where the lordly tiger and the lion are charmed by the magic torch of some incense-bearing enchantress! Somber groves through which the voices of the pine-trees float along the quiet breeze, and the mind is by the music of the forest lulled to reveries of silence and peace!

This is the pastoral paradise upon which the painter has undertaken to lift the veil, to interpret, and to realize.

And very real are these airy dream-pictures to their author. The careless observer may deem them slight, fanciful, fantastic. But look closer, and underlying the allegory and the fable will be found that fidelity to nature, that insight, that sincerity of purpose, and that solid basis of reality which are the foundation of true symbolism.

A good picture needs no words to make its meaning clear. Especially is this true of paintings which appeal to the mind as directly and forcefully as the examples here reproduced. But while the pictures chosen may be left to convey their own message, something concerning the artist and his methods of work may prove of interest.

As with all strong individual talents, this painter struck his dominant note at the start, and from that he has not deviated. To paint a picture that tells a story, to express an idea that appeals to the heart, the mind, the imagination, a graphic allegory that addresses the intellect through the vision by fine harmonies of line, tone, and color, just as music awakens noble emotions by subtle harmonies of sound—this was the course he chose at the beginning, and this path he has steadfastly followed to success.

And in thus pursuing his own course, in his own way, he has gained a place as one of the most popular of living artists, and one of the strongest individualities among modern American painters. Not only does he hold a position of honor among his professional associates, but he has gained the encouragement and loyal support of a large clientele among collectors, including many of the leading patrons of our native painters, and he has won a strong and abiding place in the affections of the great art-loving public wherever American art is known and appreciated.

Frederick Stuart Church was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, December 1, 1842. This little frontier town was a wild place in his school days, where there were few educational advantages to be had and practically no art. Fads and frills found no place in the curriculum of the local schools, but the three R's were taught with a thoroughness which left nothing to be desired. Church's favorite text-book was a geography. The blank backs of the pages devoted to the big maps had such delightful expanses of clear white paper for the youthful artist to decorate with his sketches! Then, after school was out, came the occasional diversion of chasing black bears through the snowbanks in the village streets.

His earliest art instruction was received from Mr. Harting, a landscape painter from Holland then enjoying great local renown, whose pictures were frequently engraved on steel for the American Art Union. To earn money for these drawing lessons our young artist established his first relations with the press. Up at three o'clock in the morning, he frequently tramped for miles through the great drifts of snow delivering the daily newspapers to his patrons.

At fourteen he entered the employ of the American Express Company in Chicago, remaining until he was twenty-six, and earning promotion to responsible positions in the money department, where millions of dollars daily passed through his hands. In intervals of office work he drew, and drew, and drew. He was never without a pencil, and his comrades, recognizing his talent, christened him "the artist chap." Leisure time in the evenings, and in the mornings when he was employed in night runs on the express trains, was devoted to practice in the Academy art school, and to designing for commercial houses.

Among his comrades in the express office was Grant B. Schley, now of the Wall Street banking house of Moore & Schley. The friendship then formed has continued throughout the intervening years, and recently his banker friend and patron built for him a fine studio amid beautiful landscape surroundings near his own country residence at Far Hills, New Jersey. There, when tired of the monotony of work in his big atelier away up in the tower of Carnegie Hall, the painter finds seclusion and change of scene and subject.

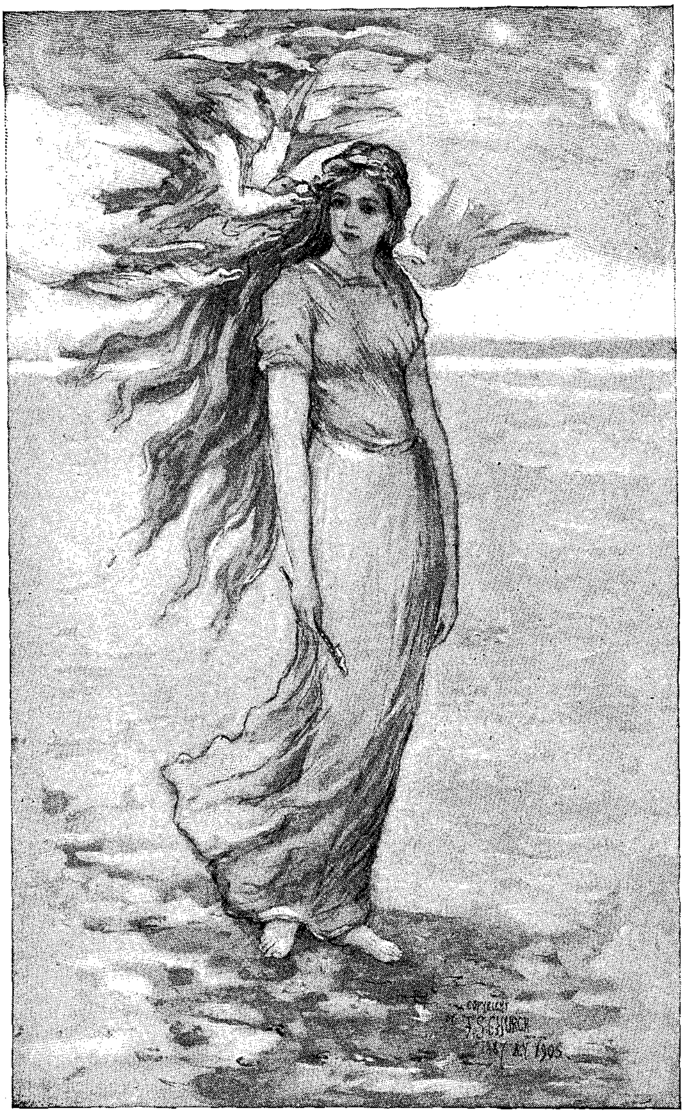
When the fall of Fort Sumter aroused the war spirit of the North, Mr. Church enlisted with the first Illinois troops which responded to President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. He enrolled as a private in Company A, Chicago Light Artillery, a famous Western battery of six pieces, which soon made a brilliant war record in the struggle for the possession of the Mississippi River.

Mr. Church's three months' term had just expired when the news came of the disaster to the Union arms at Bull Run, and he immediately re-enlisted for three years.

His battery served in the division commanded by General Lew Wallace, and took active part in twenty or more engagements, including Shiloh, Chattanooga, Arkansas Post, Fort Henry, the investment of Fort Donelson, and the siege of Vicksburg.

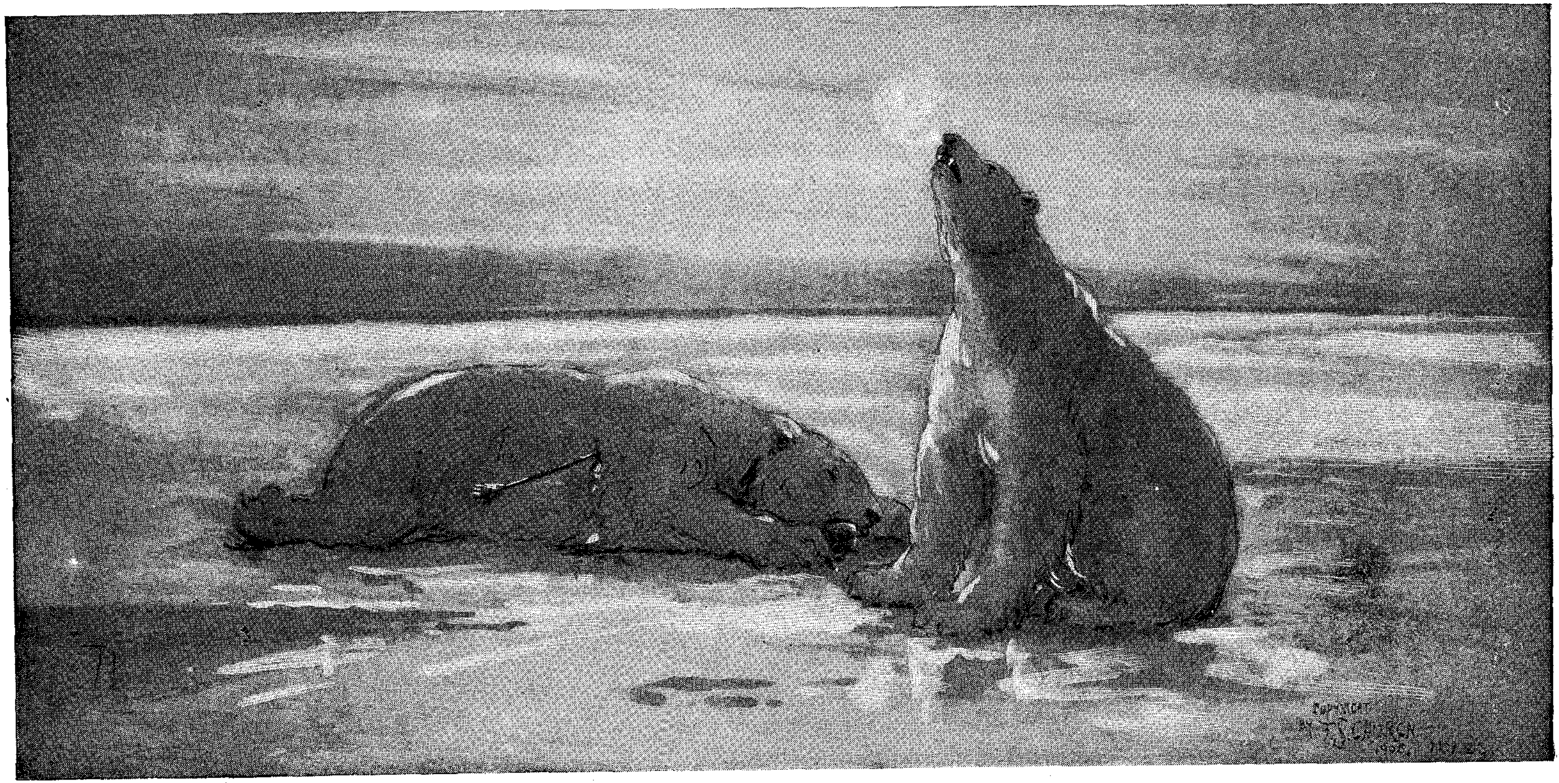
After the surrender of Vicksburg the Chicago battery followed the fortunes of General Grant's Western soldiers in the battles and marches from the Mississippi to the Cumberland. Then it saw constant service with Sherman's army in the long series of battles and engagements from Chattanooga to the siege of Atlanta and onward on the March to the Sea.

In his art training Mr. Church is distinctively an American product, and his only academic instruction was received at the Chicago Academy of Design, under Walter Shirlaw, and at the National Academy of Design, in New York, under Professor L. E. Wilmarth. Although passing through the regular course of academic drawing in antique and life classes, his decided predilection for original design and invention was constantly in evidence. Consequently his most notable school work was done in the composition class; and these designs, drawn to illustrate the given subjects, were usually of such fanciful or humorous interest as to be immediately available for publication in the leading pictorials of the day.



THE VIKING'S DAUGHTER
In the collection of John Gellatly
Reproduced by courtesy of Harper & Brothers

From the first the evolution of his talent has been a gradual development which he has worked out for himself, along his own lines. He always loved to draw from his earliest boyhood days, and delighted in sketching anything that struck his fancy. His first models were birds and frogs and turtles. Wild animals always interested him greatly, especially the lion, the polar bear, and the royal Bengal tiger. He has passed much time studying and sketching about the cages in the Central Park zoölogical collection and at Barnum's at Bridgeport, making thousands of drawings from nature, all done with the greatest care, thus gaining an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BY F. S. CHURCH

DESOLATION
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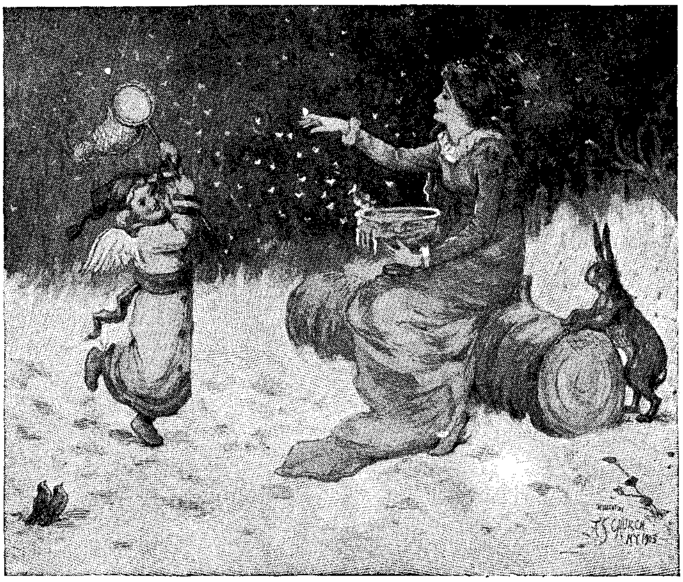
intimate knowledge of the form, structure, action, expression, and character of these strange models. In watching their movements and mode of life during his early morning visits to the Park he frequently finds valuable suggestions for pictorial elaboration. Many ideas for pictures, pictures that tell a story, have come to him from these wild captive friends in the menagerie cages. That he is perfectly sincere and devoid of affectation in his art expression cannot be questioned, and this sincerity of purpose is evident in his methods of outdoor study. A tireless, indefatigable student of nature, his sketches are always drawn with the greatest care, and no trouble is too great for him to take in arriving at the desired result. Not unfrequently a single picture is the result of hundreds of pencil drawings of some difficult model at the zoölogical garden. He has accumulated a wealth of original landscape, plant, and flower studies. The distinctly American character of the landscape settings of his paintings is the result of thorough familiarity with every phase of outdoor life. He has been a most diligent explorer of the woodlands, lakes, riversides, and ocean beaches in the environs of the metropolis, which he knows like a woodsman, and has painted in summer heat, in rain, and exposed to the winter cold.



SNOW BUTTERFLIES

In the collection of Frederick A. Eaton

Mr. Church was one of the founders of the Art Students' League of New York in 1875, an incorporator of the society in 1878, and one of the authors of the constitution under which this most democratic and American of art academies has developed and prospered for three decades. While chairman of the art committee on the Board of Control of the League he inaugurated the impromptu special exhibitions held in connection with the monthly receptions which have become a feature of art life in New York, by bringing the studio studies and sketches of leading painters, sculptors, and illustrators before the students. Notable among the works brought together by Mr. Church during these initial exhibitions were examples of studies by La Farge, Vedder, Inness, Shirlaw, Chase, Dielman, Dannat, Duveneck, Currier, Reinhart, Twachtman, Brown, Abbey, Whistler, and St. Gaudens.

During six years' service on the council of the National Academy of Design, he served as a member of the committee having direction of the art schools. Here, as at the League, he proved one of the active workers who have developed our American institutions of art instruction to their present high standard of efficiency. Himself one of the most unconventional and least academic of draughtsmen, he has always maintained the importance of thorough academic training in drawing during the student's school career, recognizing this training as giving the solid foundation of knowledge upon which personal and individual style must ultimately be built.

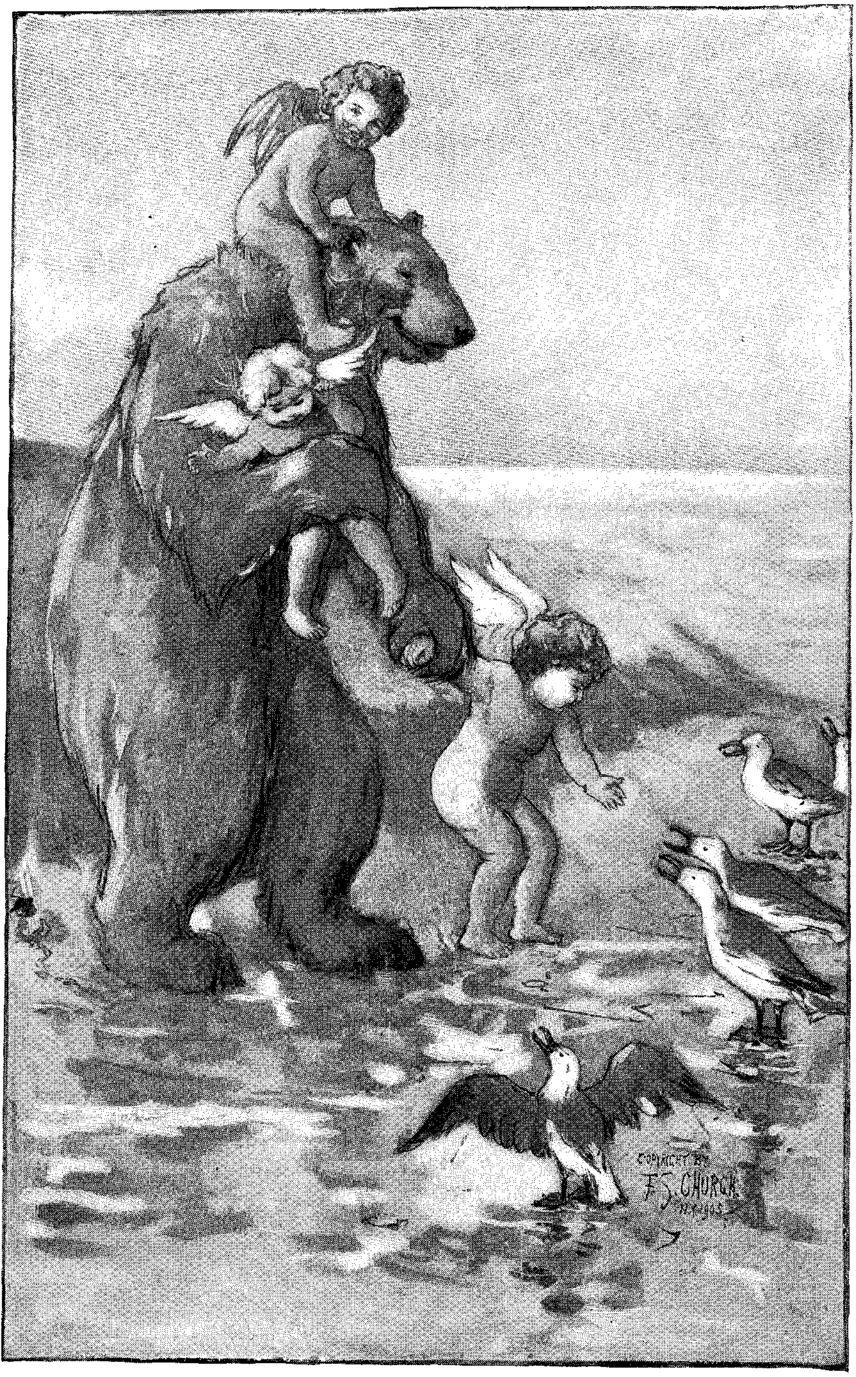
Mr. Church was one of the early members of the Society of American Artists, and was for many years an active officer of the American Water-Color Society and of the New York Etching Club. He was a trustee of the Harper Fund for aiding young artists in their studies at home and abroad, until this endowment was placed in charge of the Academy.

For a painter so engrossed in his art Mr. Church is a most faithful letter-writer, and his brief notes, with their strongly individual chirography, decorative spacing, crisp conversational style, and never-failing flow of humor, are often treasured for the correspondent's autograph collection. These epistles are frequently adorned with sketches or marginal remarques illustrating and illuminating the text. One favored correspondent, Dr. Dudley Tenney, has gathered into a thick, richly bound quarto volume a variety of such illustrated autograph letters, together with many original sketches, first projects for pictures, wood engravings, artists' proof etchings, portraits, engraved and autographic, together with many of the published biographical and critical notices that have been printed concerning the painter and his work. In addition to several double-page engravings translated by the sympathetic burin of Mr. F. S. King, there are many reproductions of paintings, and a number of old illustrated brochures, some almost forgotten by the artist. All of these are mounted, or inset, in the uniform pages of the volume with infinite care, making a unique example of skillful grangerizing, for which the collector, it is said, recently refused the price of an Academy picture.

As an occasional contributor to periodical literature, Mr. Church has written and illustrated some short stories of singular liveliness of fancy and vivid imaginative power—strange echoes of the melancholy music of northern pine woods, of the folk-lore of frontiersmen, quaint, weird traditions of solitary trappers dwelling in the shades of the haunted forest. Contrasting with these legends of Western woods and lakes is the illustrated story of the experiences of "An Artist Among Animals," recounted in an easy conversational style which flows as naturally as the talk around a studio fireside. A fascinating suggestion of the unexpected and preternatural in these short stories holds the attention and stimulates the curiosity. The narrative starts in on a plane of such simple, unaffected, every-day reality that there is something a little uncanny in finding the fancy gradually entangled in some perplexing psychological puzzle or obscure enigma of reincarnation. Appreciating, however, that "'twas not by words Apelles charm'd mankind," most of this artist's problems are expressed in the painter's proper language of color and shadow and mystery.

Mr. Church's work as a painter-etcher quickly gained recognition abroad. Connoisseurs in Paris and London were prompt to appreciate the bold, personal, and characteristic handling of the needle-point, of an etcher bringing fresh inspiration from the life of American fields and woods and waters. These plates showed imaginative invention and simple directness of technique, guided by a never-failing sense of the limitations of this art, which are at once its handicap and its strength, an appreciation of the infinite decorative possibilities of the etched line and its spontaneous expressiveness in the hands of a master of style.

Recently a number of strongly individualized portraits of the painter's friends have revealed a phase of his talent which should yield rich results if the vein were more fully developed. These portraits possess intimate character, grace, and naturalness of movement, and much delicacy in their color schemes, which are varied and appropriate for the individual portrayed. As a rule, they suggest genre compositions rather more than the portrait of conventional tradition.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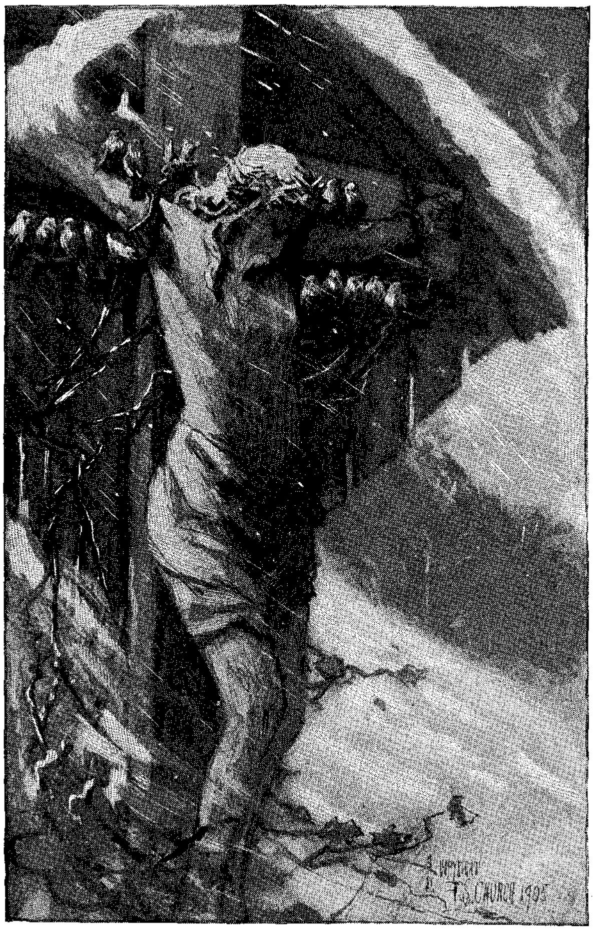
F. S. CHURCH
N.Y. 1903

THE MORNING BATH
In the collection of W. K. Bixby

A most successful example of these attracted attention at the display of American art in the galleries of the Lotos Club, New York, in 1903. This was a portrait of the daughter of Mr. Grant B. Schley, and showed a young girl, in a pose of easy, natural grace, surrounded by a group of seven dogs. Each one of these favored pets was delineated with faithfully characterized individuality, the entire group forming a composition of rare interest and distinction of style.

A more recent work shows the head of a young girl framed in an oval, with a decoratively treated panel on either side in which are designs emblematical of youth. Those fortunate enough to secure an example of this painter's work in portraiture possess not only an excellent likeness, but a picture as well—a picture which has a value as a work of art or as a decoration in addition to its interest as a portrait.



REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF HARPER & BROTHERS

REFUGE

By these winged things, O Christ, that seek thy shrine,
The stay of all creation is confessed;
Thus, tho' unknowing of thy love, sweet Lord,
"'Tis on thy cross all living creatures rest."—L. R.

Mr. Church's paintings are widely distributed in the homes and galleries of well-known American collectors throughout the country. Among those who have important examples are: W. T. Evans, C. L. Freer, W. K. Bixby, W. J. McBride, Grant B. Schley, John Jacob Astor, Henry W. Putnam, Jr., Potter Palmer, Colonel Frank J. Hecker, John Gellatly,

J. C. Fargo, Mrs. Lawson Valentine, Emerson McMillan, George A. Hearn, Colonel George H. Briggs, W. V. Lawrence, Louis Prang, Simeon Ford, Edward Lowe, Robert Barnard, Samuel T. Shaw, and Dr. Alexander Humphreys.

A notable quality of the painter's work is its distinctly decorative character of composition; a distribution of the lines, tones, and colors which is not simply a superficial ornamentation of the outside shell, not simply an embroidered elegance as an added afterthought, but a decorative structure which is of the very bone and fiber of the design. This quality ranks the artist with those masters of style who are classed as true decorators. Many of his compositions have that simple, flat, tapestry-like distribution of pictorial elements which translates so perfectly into stained glass, mosaic, or even into the plastic requirements of sculptural relief. Others, again, possess a dainty richness of line tracery, moving, with the natural intricacy of vine and leafy branch, over the surface of the picture-plane with an exquisite instinct for just the right balance of line and mass and quiet space. Delicacy and airy lightness of chromatic vision, revealing rare qualities of fancy and imaginative invention, complete the equipment of a talent richly endowed with the gifts of a muralist of a high order.

Among his works primarily intended for stained-glass treatment is the series representing "Earth," "Air," and "Water," executed in glass by the Tiffany Company for windows in the residence of Mr. William T. Evans, and a window designed for the St. Cecilia Society of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

A tragedy of deep pathos was depicted in the painting entitled "Desolation," which was given the place of honor in the Water-Color Exhibition of 1883. A polar bear mourning over its dead mate, amid a dreary wilderness of snow and ice; a dirge of anguish, isolation, and despair—a design noble in its simple, sculpturesque grandeur; an emblem of sorrow worthy of the permanence of monumental marble. Akin to this in solemnity of thought are a number of etchings and numerous illustrations of poems in magazines and books—the solitary figure of the Eskimo, for example, in the series illustrating "The Ballad of the Bird Bride." Deep emotion is expressed by this solitary mourner seated by the somber waves, his head resting upon his outstretched arms in the hopelessness of despair.

Less gloomy in thought but with no less significance are the etchings of the "Rose and Crucifix," and the famous plate entitled "Silence." This last is similar in theme to the artist's diploma picture, "The Mummy Head and Rose," presented to the National Academy of Design upon his election as Academician in 1885. There is a mystic fascination in these pictures, and in the early painting called "Refuge," depicting a flock of little snowbirds seeking protection from the icy blast beneath the sheltering roof of a wayside shrine.

The painter's evident preoccupation with the subject matter of his picture, with the story told, with the thought expressed, should not prevent a right estimation of the fine technical qualities displayed in his recent serious works. These combine subtle refinement of tonality and color quality with directness of execution, vigor of brush-work, and that simple breadth of handling which is the final word of good painting.

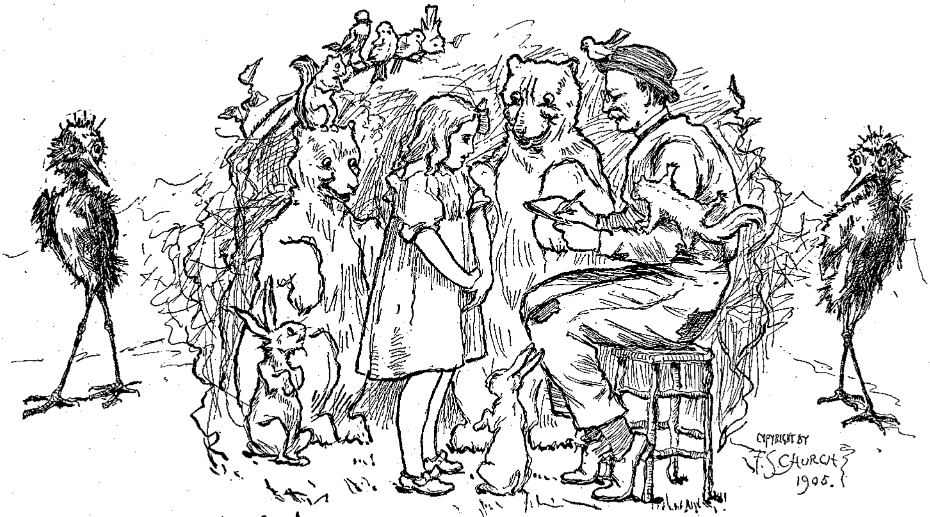
Mr. Church was one of the first American painters to adopt the extremely light, brilliant key of color now regarded as a distinguishing characteristic of modern work.

Avoiding extremes of chromatic contrasts, he has nevertheless carried his gamut of color harmony as far toward light and aerial brilliancy as truth of tone relations permits. This is shown in many oil paintings exhibited at the Academy from 1880 to the present time, and more especially in his water-colors, which have the pastel-like delicacy of texture and the subtlety of coloration of a technical method admirably expressive of the ideals of a painter whose pencil always moves with the inspiration of youth, springtime, and the glad brightness of the morning light.

From an art in which symbolism plays so important a rôle to works of strictly religious subject is but a step. The refinement and purity of sentiment expressed in the feminine types delineated by this facile pencil are especially in evidence in compositions like the "St. Cecilia" and the "White Nun," the last a Madonna-like profile of sad loveliness and nobility of sentiment, enveloped in the snowy veil of a novice.

The delicate grace of the types of American girlhood portrayed in a long series of pastorals and exquisite color-lyrics is the result of a poet-painter's lifelong search for ideal beauty, and is the mirror of a mind ever in sympathy with the mystic charm of youth.

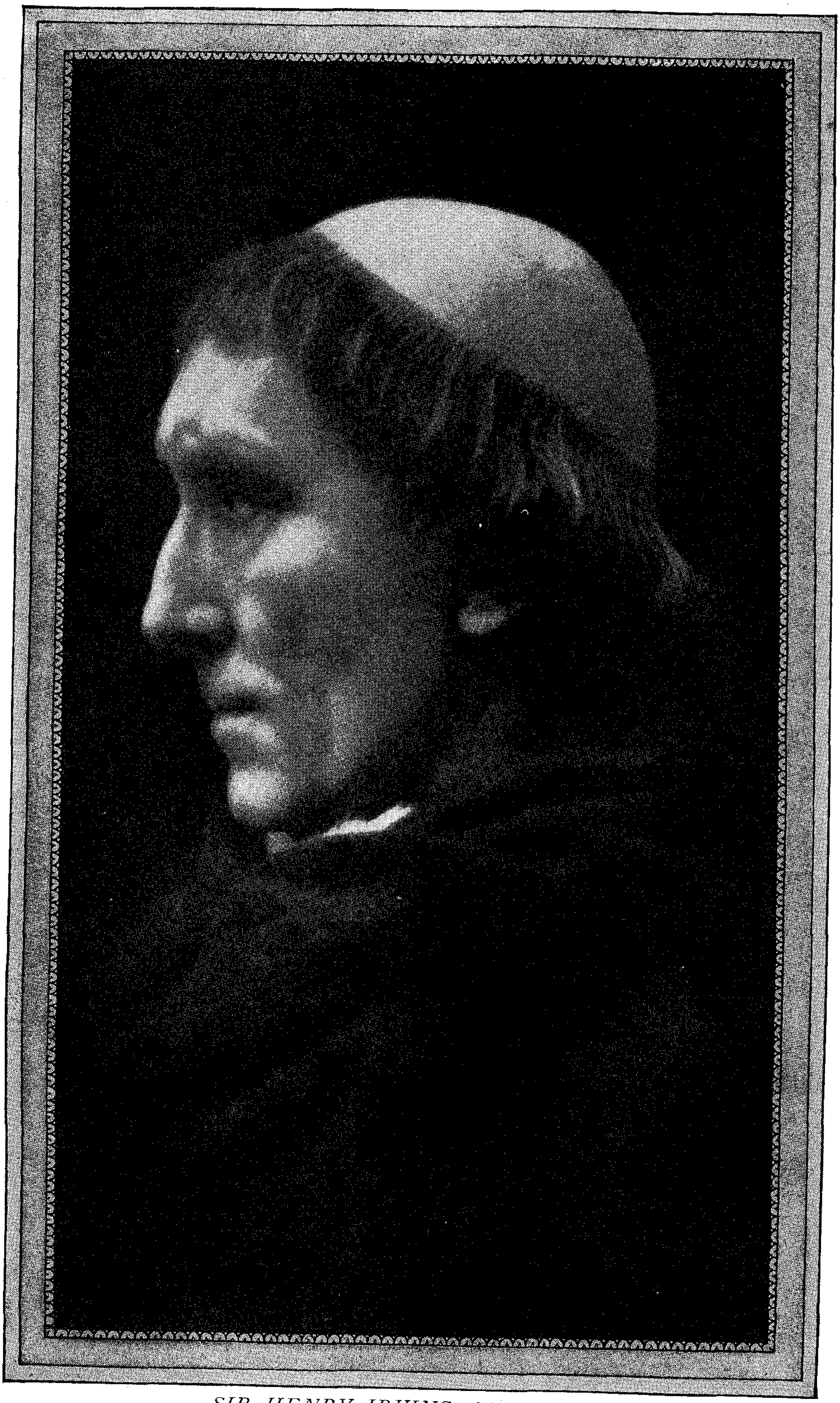
Thus it appears that the dominant note of this painter's work has been its ideality, its individual poetic expressiveness. Not only is the idyllic cast of thought evident in choice of theme, but in an instinctive elimination of all that is trite or commonplace, and in an unceasing search for whatever is fine and strange and beautiful; this both in the colors and forms of the impressions received from nature and in the creations of the imagination. And this idealism is always guided by a sympathetic intuition which never lacks a kindly thought for the humblest of nature's creatures, nor ever fails to present evidence of the depth of insight which allies it with the noblest.



Dear Myrtle Come over in the morning and we will finish the
picture. Mr Church
P.S. I made a sketch for you of the two young snipe
down at their nest

A LETTER FROM MR. CHURCH TO A LITTLE GIRL

The artist has here drawn a portrait of himself



SIR HENRY IRVING AS BECKET

Irving's last appearance on the stage, only a few hours before his death, was in the title rôle of Alfred Tennyson's dramatic and literary masterpiece, "Becket." The last words that he uttered in that character, and almost his last on earth, were, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, into Thy hands!"

Cæsar the Man of Letters

YEARS ago Colonel Higginson wrote a delightful article on "An Old Latin Text-book," full of the flavor of what may be called imaginative reminiscence; a memory touched by the generous sentiment of a boy's earliest personal approach to literature. A copy of the "Æneid," the "Bucolics," of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," or of Cicero's "Orations," sends many an old boy back to those happy hours when time and tide had not eaten away the sense of leisure, the feeling of owning the world and having ample opportunity to take possession of it. This opening of the doors of imagination was rarely, it is safe to say, accomplished by Cæsar's "Commentaries on the Gallic War." The easy style, the story interest, the sense of being part of a great adventure, made the "Anabasis" very good reading; but the "Commentaries" meant serious work and very little fun. There was no escape from the logical severity of the construction, the closely knit sequence of the diction.

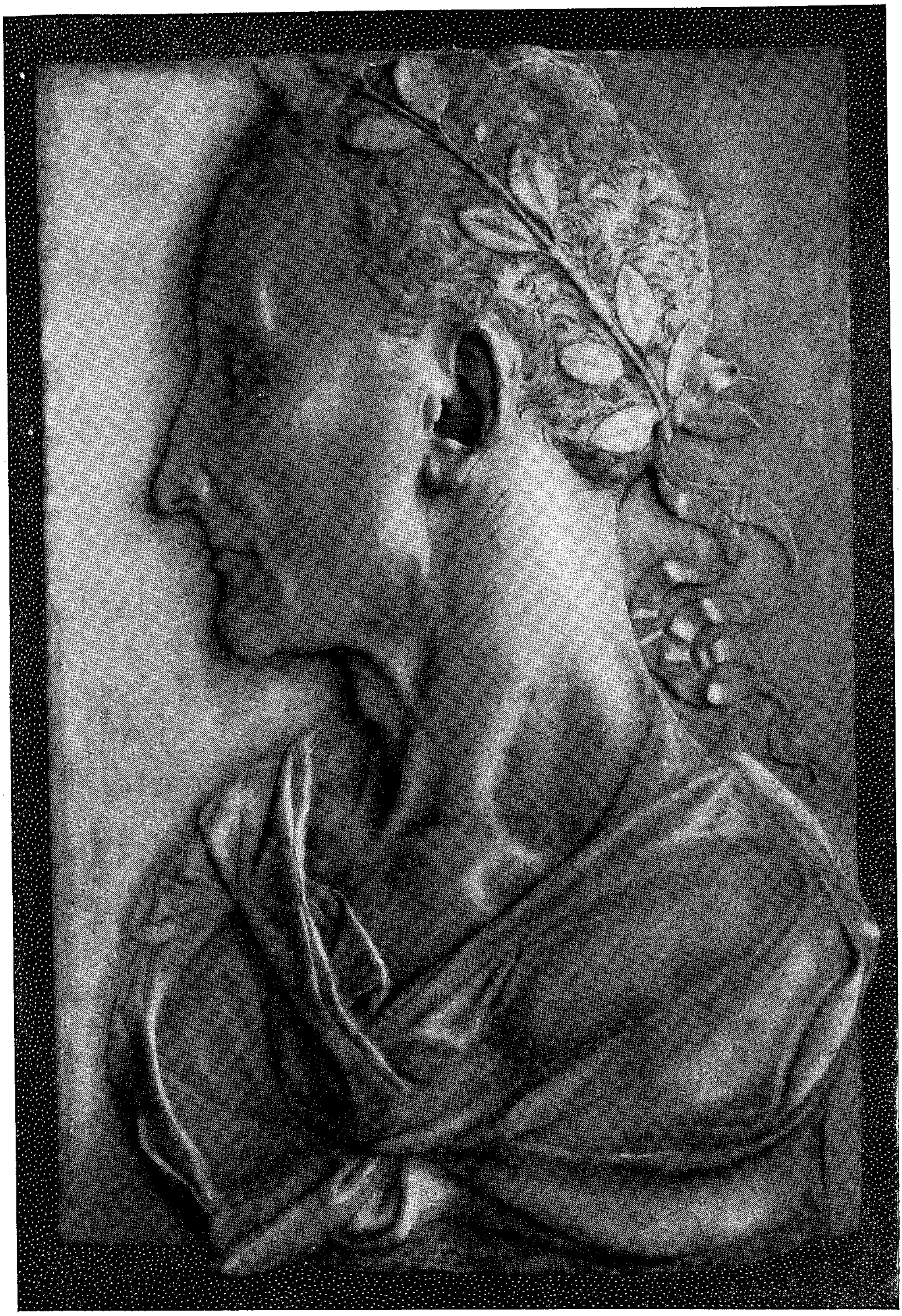
The striking distinction of Donatello's portrait of the author of the "Commentaries" would doubtless escape the attention of most boys; but with what distinctness the quality of the man puts its delicate and expressive marks on his face! No better introduction to the seven books of the Commentaries and the three books on the Civil War could be written by the most intelligent hand. If the old Cæsar looked like this, it is easy to understand the irresistible charm of the young orator whom Cicero placed at the head of speakers in Rome, and to account for the incredible stories which dissolute Rome told of its greatest man. The strength and refinement of the lines of face, the molding of the head, the play of the muscles of the neck, reveal a mastery based solidly on original force and thorough training. Cæsar must have been a thoroughbred of the purest quality; not a lax or flabby muscle in his body or mind; every part and force developed, ordered, brought to the highest point of efficiency. Tall and slight; fastidiously well groomed; an athlete from boyhood; an accomplished horseman; of a notable sobriety in a dissolute age; courteous in bearing and manner; capable of enduring hardships and working with heroic energy: it is not difficult to understand why this man

> . . . doth bestride the narrow world
> Like a Colossus. . . .

Cassius envied and Brutus loved him, and the conspirators took the utmost care to explain that they struck, not at Cæsar, but at Cæsar's ambition.

In this face are found the most exact summary of Cæsar's style, for no man ever wrote more unaffectedly in his own manner. He was not, like Cicero, a lover of language for its own sake; he used it, as he used everything else, with instinctive and trained precision and finish; never pressing it beyond its primary use as a form of expression. If his style was bare of all ornament, as Cicero said, it was stripped naked that its sinewy and highly articulated structure might stand secure and commanding.

Cæsar's words match the deeds which they record with admirable modesty and simplicity, and his style shows the reaction of a great and positive career on a talent for expression of a high order. He was absolutely free from the flabbiness of many of the orators of his time, and his work shows no trace of insincerity, indolence, or facile compromise with facts. He wrote as he talked, and in writing and speaking he was at all points the man of action. It is safe to say that no narrative of military events has surpassed the "Commentaries" in clearness, directness, energy of style; nor has any surpassed them in generous recognition of the service and courage of co-workers. The story is rich in reflection and comment on character and in observation of significant facts in a foreign country among a strange people, and there are touches of tenderness which explain the love men bore him. He remains one of the foremost figures among men of action; he was the first military historian; and he is still to be counted a master of style.



JULIUS CÆSAR
From the bas-relief in the Louvre, attributed to Donatello

The New Rector of Trinity Church, Boston

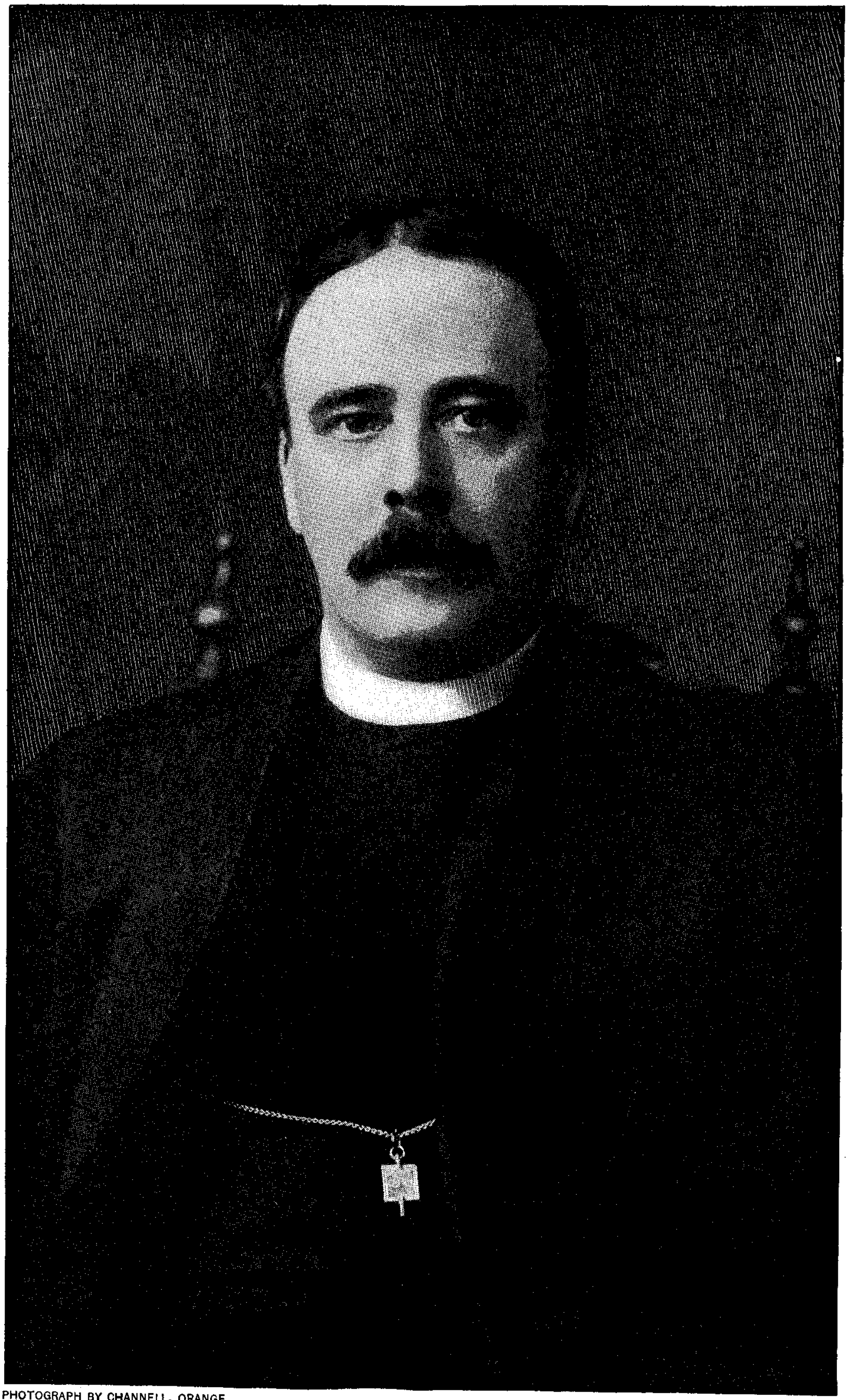
By Florence E. Winslow

A MAN of abounding vitality and great intellectual vigor occupies the pulpit of Trinity, succeeding the Rev. Dr. Donald, whose death in 1904 left the old parish to which Phillips Brooks ministered again without a rector. Dr. Alexander Mann, in the prime of his manhood, may well begin undismayed his ministry in this historic church, to which he last spring accepted an impelling call, for he is singularly well fitted for the charge of the great cure to which he has been sent. An optimist by conviction as by temperament, his very presence inspires cheer, and his physical energy, hearty manner, and warm hand-grasp are but indications of those stored inward forces of spirituality and enthusiasm which have made his long ministry in Orange so conspicuous a success. His self-sacrificing devotion to the least as to the greatest of his former parishioners of Grace Church has won for him such affection and esteem that his people mourn as for friend and brother, and consented to give up their beloved rector only because they believed him to be entering upon a larger and more influential field of service. The parish still rings with stories of self-denial and devotion which indicate the rare and continuous personal pastoral service rendered by Dr. Mann during his occupancy of his New Jersey pulpit.

Of the strongest American stock on both sides, Dr. Mann passed his early life amid a fortunate combination of social, intellectual, and religious influences. He was born in 1860, at Geneva, New York. His father, the Rev. Duncan C. Mann, was also in the ministry of the American Episcopal Church, and was rector of St. James's Church, Watkins, New York; while his grandfather was the Rev. Donald Mann, of Caledonia. Thus well fathered in the ministry, with inherited theological tendencies of great breadth and strength, he owed no less to the training and traditions of the family of his mother, Caroline Schuyler. He was educated at Hobart College, from which he was graduated in 1881, with the degrees of A.B. and O.B.R. After leaving college he entered the General Theological Seminary in New York. Graduating in 1885 with the degree of S.T.B., he was at once ordained deacon in his father's church in Watkins, New York, by the Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, and was later, by the same celebrated bishop, raised to the priesthood.

On Trinity Sunday, 1886, the ordination took place in St. James's Church, Buffalo. After a brief service in Buffalo he came, in January, 1887, to Grace Church, Orange, beginning his eighteen years of service in that parish as assistant to his uncle, the Rev. Anthony Schuyler, D.D. He became rector upon the death of his uncle in 1900, but the reality of this service had been his for long. Under his guidance Grace Parish has grown strong in institutional charities of the wisest and most enduring kind, has increased largely its lists of communicants, has developed a strong body of exceptionally well trained and energetic workers, whose influence is increasingly felt in the many philanthropic activities—social, educational, and religious—with which Orange, a large manufacturing city, abounds. Grace Parish has carried on a growing and influential work among the laboring classes, at the same time winning and holding, by its strong pulpit utterances, a large part of the intellectual forces of its neighborhood. The church has been enlarged and improved, the debt cleared off, a large, well-equipped memorial parish house has been erected, and other material interests of the parish conserved and developed.

As President of the Children's Aid and Protective Societies, and Chaplain of the House of the Good Shepherd, the Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses, and the Daughters of the Revolution, Dr.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANNELL, ORANGE

THE REV. ALEXANDER MANN, D.D.
The Rector of Trinity Church, Boston

Mann has taken his place as a leader in public charities, and won by his more general ministries the esteem and friendship of the community where he labored, and in which his warm personality was always strongly influential.

From his own diocese of Newark he was perhaps the strongest candidate at its recent preliminary election for Bishop, but, to avoid possibility of contention, he withdrew his name and refused to be a candidate at the final election. He recently refused a call to Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights.

As a preacher Dr. Mann has been steadily developing, and his teaching has been increasingly acceptable to growing congregations. The strength of his pulpit work lies in its constructive elements. Fully in touch with all that his day, a period of serious reconstruction, has brought of development and restatement in religious dogmas, he has had the insight to grasp truth in its deeper manifestations, so essentially one for all time, and the courage to retain his hold of the old dogmas, which he has vitalized with characteristic adaptiveness and enthusiasm, until the old formulas claim the obedience and acceptance of the men and women of a new age. He has, by basing his preaching on the deep universal essentials of the Christian faith and their appeal to the compelling human need, happily retained a certain vitality of impression incident to the evangelical preaching of an earlier day, while bringing his hearers to a broad intellectual ground maintained through a thorough knowledge of and participation in the critical and inspirational forces of his time. He stands firmly and constructively upon the theological standards of his Church both as to order and doctrine. As to the former, he is perhaps what is technically known as a stronger "Churchman" than his great predecessor at Trinity, and is possibly likely to maintain theologically the older traditions of Trinity, while developing and emphasizing its ritual and bringing its services into tone with later claims and needs.

As a preacher Dr. Mann does not intend to fill the place of Phillips Brooks; he will be always his own man in his own place. Yet the preaching of the new rector is wonderfully in accord with that of Dr. Brooks, constructive in its tendencies and uniting something of the tenderness and spirituality of the old evangelical message with that breadth of thought which enlarges to meet changing mental habitudes and conditions, and that directness of application which makes truth effective in character and action.

Dr. Brooks once defined dogma as a "truth packed for transportation." Change of form cannot destroy its essential vitality. Yet for change of form he felt no need. The creeds of the old Church were to the end sufficient for the expression of his overflowing spiritual vitality, as they had been for the development of his growing youth. The new rector of Trinity stands firmly by the same creeds, and his congregation will hear the old Gospel preached without reserve and in constructive relation to the needs of modern life.

In the many activities incident to the success of a modern city parish, Dr. Mann is a trained leader, and Trinity is to be congratulated upon the advance it is destined to make under its new pastor. Dr. Mann plans to devote himself exclusively to the development of these activities and to the missionary work of his parish, giving special attention to the Sunday-schools. He has always been an inspiring force among young men, and no doubt his influence will later be felt throughout Boston, and he will be a strong personal factor in the general spiritual and ethical agencies for which that city is famous.

The warmth of the welcome he has received from the vestry and people of Trinity is assurance that his congregation appreciates to the full the coming of a rector competent to maintain the best traditions of the old church. To him they may render the unswerving loyalty given to their clergy in the past, and with him they may assume new responsibilities, embrace new opportunities, and look forward to new and enlarged service and achievement.

OUR SEARCH FOR THE BLACK FOREST

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IT really began when we were children and read fairy stories, and the Forest was one of those countries untrodden save by the feet of children eager to find a world in which all manner of marvelous things happen to marvelous people in the most natural way. Then there was the visible and audible evidence of the cuckoo clock, whose wooden bird had learned how to sing in the depths of the same woods. There were toys, too, which were said to be the product of those inclement months when snow sometimes lies deep in the narrow roads through the pines. These impressions of a region remote and mysterious were confirmed by stray pictures of wood-cutters felling lofty trees and stripping them of bough and bark until they looked like masts waiting for the sails that were to bear them afar; and of charcoal-burners in solitary and very lonely places, clouds of smoke rising from the ground and enveloping them in a certain fearful obscurity. In time came other and more romantic if less convincing tales of adventure in the Forest, and veritable bits of history mingled with the flotsam and jetsam which float down from the still waters of childhood and make us aware that we once lived in a more wonderful world than that in which our present lot is cast.

But we had grown older and found many swans' nests among the reeds deserted and many pots of gold at the foot of the rainbow filled with yellow sand; we had made various pilgrimages and come to old shrines forlornly given over to weeds. When the train pulled out of Paris, and we turned our faces toward the Forest, we were a little cynical; would there be any Forest after all our imaginings and journeyings, and if there was a Forest would it be really Black, or only the usual wood? This skeptical mood held us until we reached Strassburg. It was still on us when we went out to drive the next morning. We spoke lightly of storks; were there not a hundred chimneys in sight and not a stork on one of them? But the skeptic is always taking the short cut to his own crude conclusions instead of waiting until the road unfolds before him and he has a chance to see the whole landscape. A turn in the street, and there, high above our heads, standing on the rough nest on the tall chimney, were the storks, precisely as we had seen them in a thousand pictures and always imagined them to be!

Then we turned to find a shabby refuge in another possible illusion; we spoke slightingly of the Clock! How often had we read descriptions of it, how many times had we heard the cock crow as the Apostles moved across the front and St. Peter stood in front of his master! We said to ourselves that the Clock was probably a small affair and the mechanism of little account. But when we stood in the transept of the cathedral, there was the Clock, bigger than we had ever imagined it to be, and more wonderful in its ingenuity, as we discovered when we studied it; and precisely at twenty-nine minutes past twelve by the local time the wonderful old recorder of the movements of suns and planets and the flight of years and hours and minutes did all the things we had ever heard ascribed to it; the hour-glass was emptied, the skeleton struck the hour, the appropriate deity came out of his niche, the Apostles moved in procession, and when St. Peter stood at the psychological point the crowing of the cock could have been heard in all parts

"A SWEET VALLEY WHICH INCLOSES A LAKE OF SURPASSING LOVELINESS"

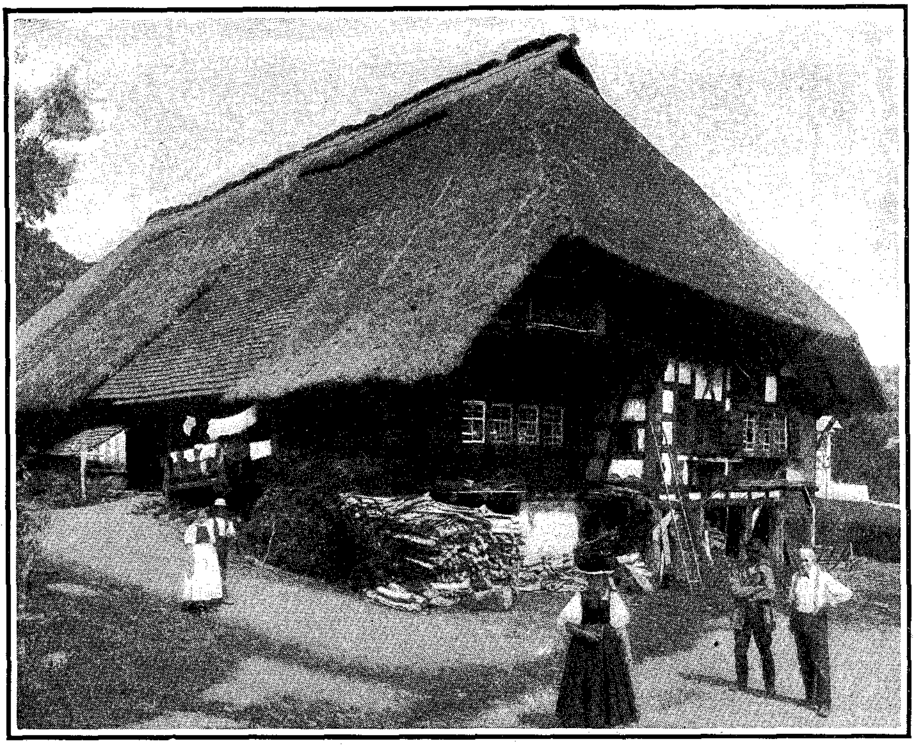
of the noble nave. We went away glad in our hearts that some of the faiths of childhood withstood the tests of critical examination.

The next morning we started for Freiburg with light hearts; we began to believe there would be a Forest, and that it would be Black. The old University town was gay with banners and vocal with the shouts of "young barbarians all at play;" for the Swabian corps was celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. The hills gathered about in delightful old-world intimacy as if they had kept company with the town for centuries; there were shaded roads to all manner of pleasant places; there were enchanting paths through dark pine groves. A beautiful place is Freiburg, and quite worth the admiration which it has evoked; but it has not the beauty of deep, black woods!

So we gathered information, and set out to go to the very heart of the Forest, if there was a Forest and not a mere succession of lovely woods. We climbed the hills to Titisee, and caught glimpses of deep ravines and boisterous brooks and hillsides somber with pines, and came out in a sweet valley which incloses a lake of surpassing loveliness. We breathed the fresh mountain air with joy, and were glad that the world was so fair; but it was not the Forest! It is true there were bits of the Forest about us, and we found shelter for our faith in them; but the Portier said, "You must go to Triberg if you want to find the dense woods."

So we started for Triberg over that wonderful Schwartzwald Railroad (which, if it were in our own vociferous country, would be trumpeted from the Atlantic to the Pacific), and came to Triberg, and found ourselves in another enchanting place, surrounded by mountains heavily wooded and climbing skyward in long, noble slopes, and had been content to spend a summer there—but where was the Forest? They said, as "they" are always saying, "you will find it further on." Then our hearts began to sink, and our doubts spread their wings over us, and we grew morose and cynical once more.

But we took to the road again, and

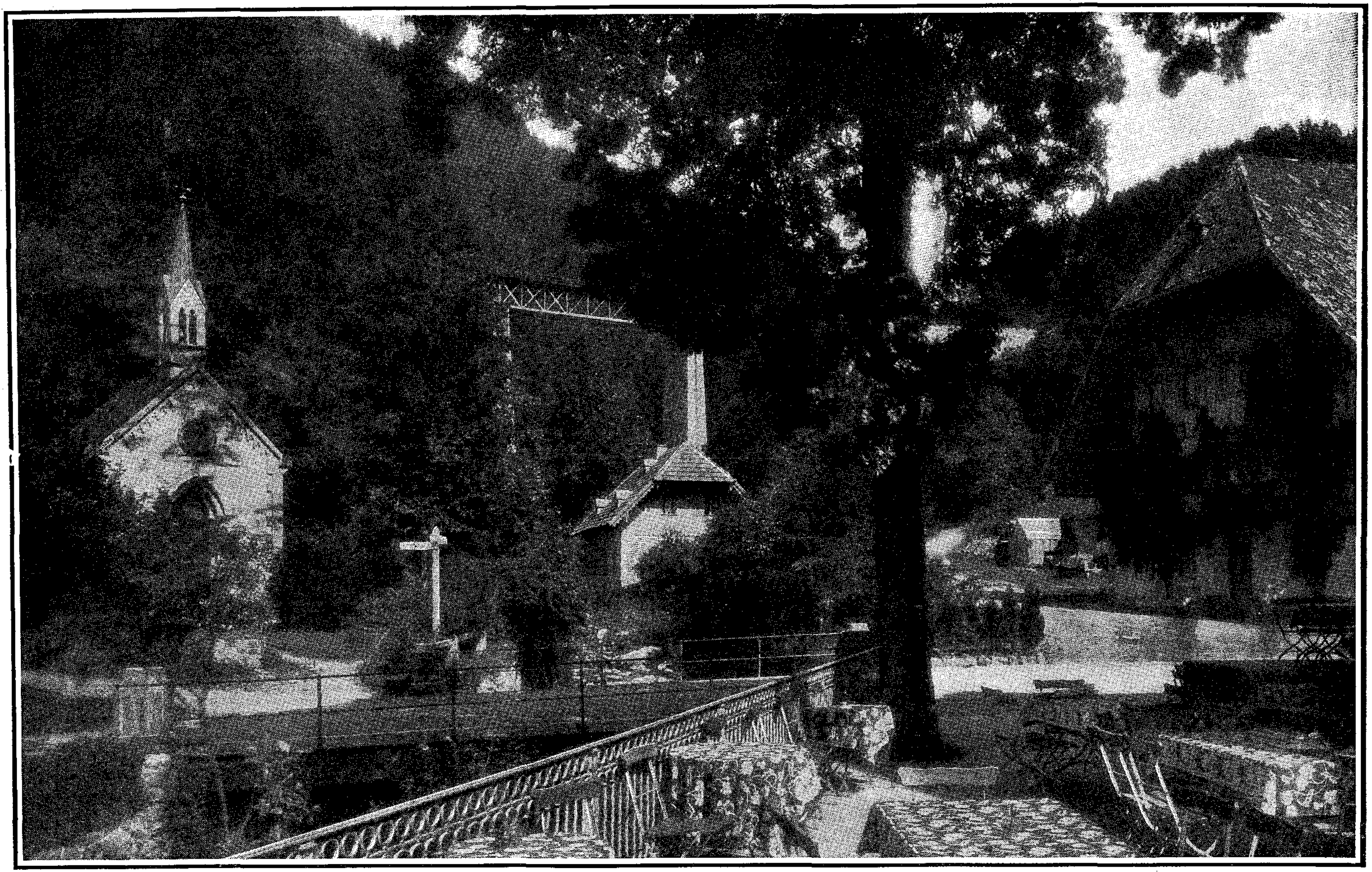


"A CERTAIN AIR OF UNSPOILED RUSTICITY"

went back to Appenweier—one always goes back to Appenweier to get a fresh start, and the trains are always coming in from Strassburg and Frankfort and Freiburg, and beer is always being carried to the little tables, and there is a stir of vacation and pleasure-seeking over the great junction station. We lunched, and took a little, old-fashioned train on a short branch road; and we had barely left the station before a certain air of unspoiled rusticity began to raise our hopes, and presently we were at the end of the road. It was a quaint little German village in which we found ourselves, and we walked nearly through it before we reached the old inn and took seats under the trees, with a pleasant sense of being a thousand miles from noise and haste and the modern nervousness which calls itself productive energy and does not know that it is mainly sheer waste. A good German hour passed before we saw a sign of the promised horses; but waiting patiently and not caring whether it is one o'clock or six is the best part of a vacation in Europe.

At that moment the name of the place to which we were going would have slipped glibly off our tongues; now, nothing short of the most devoted friendship would draw it from us. The invaluable Baedeker mentions it, and stars it, too; but he has very little to say about it, and says it in small type; and in five years only five Americans have been there! Two of the five are our friends. If these words come under the eye of the other three, let them feign ignorance. There are hosts of pleasant places to which all the world has access; let this remain what the labels of certain mineral waters describe as a "secret source" a little longer. It has another name in Baedeker, but we will call it the Heart of the Forest.

The road strolled leisurely out of the village and then abruptly left it behind and curved about a hillside, at the foot of which a mountain stream was finding its way towards productive industry; for an old moss-grown stone mill stood in the obscurity of dense foliage, and a great wheel, become a part of Nature herself by ancient adoption, sent the water in a tiny cascade through dripping



"A QUAINT LITTLE GERMAN VILLAGE"

moss to the bottom. The valley was narrow and embosomed among hills that gather gently about it as if to keep the sweet peace of the earlier time from the ravages of the steam whistle and the roar of the automobile, the latest and most formidable of the mechanical toys with which a restless age whips its sensations into more intense excitement and imagines that it is overtaking happiness. The peasants who were trudging home took off their hats with the good old-time courtesy which labor unions have abolished as part of the servility of the dark ages.

The air of remoteness deepened and the hills grew bolder and the woods blacker as we passed on from one long stretch of shaded way to another; the hills rose into mountains; the landscape changed from pastoral ripeness to the sweep and breadth of a world of peaks one beyond the other in a noble order of disorder. Real woods climbed from the side of the road up the steep mountain side; every tree like a mast straight as an arrow, of great height, the trunk bare almost to the top, and the surge and stir of pines far above us. There were depths of green moss and masses of rich and delicate fern which tempted us to plunge deep into the summer coolness which enfolded them; there were long vistas through bare trunks of deep terra-cotta tone, with a continuous ripple of pines far overhead. The road was perfect, after the manner of Continental roads, and was a visible and comfortable evidence that a high civilization was not far off; and we knew, without the evidence of sight, that what appeared to be a wilderness was penetrated in every direction by paths, for the Germans live intimately with nature; but, so far as the vision reached, we were in a world of unbroken woods.

Then, suddenly, we knew that we had come to the place of our desire—that there was a Forest, and that it was Black. From that moment the wood-cutters and charcoal-burners were matters of detail. We did come, a few days later, on the wood-cutters; we did not take the trouble to search for the charcoal-burners!

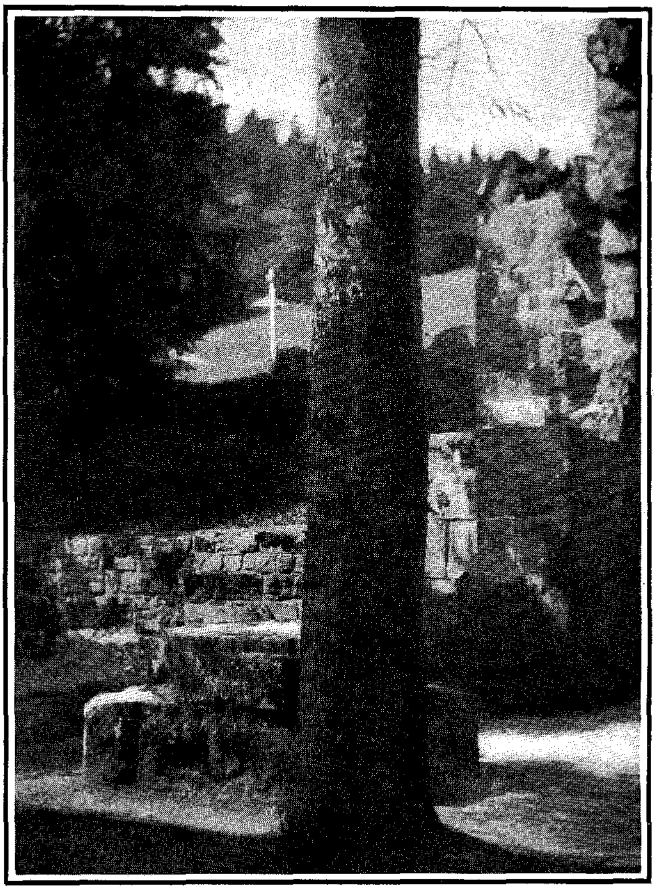
The road diverged sharply from what seemed to be a kind of arterial thoroughfare through the narrow valley; we heard the mingled tumult and chatter of a waterfall through the trees, and began to climb the mountain. We were no longer skeptical; we gave ourselves up to the exhilaration of having come at last to the foot of the rainbow and found the pot of gold actually there. Childhood had kept its promise, as it so often does if one gives it a decent chance by remaining a child! From a point of outlook where we gave the horses time to breathe we found ourselves looking down into a precipitous ravine of great depth, a stream falling in a long succession of cascades through the length of it, and out from its westward entrance a world of mountains, dark with pine—remote, unravaged, and clothed with the majesty of height and mass and color. Ten minutes more and the road curved downward; and there, where the brook ran quietly and the hills diffused peace and

THE HEART OF THE FOREST
"The ruins of a beautiful abbey church"

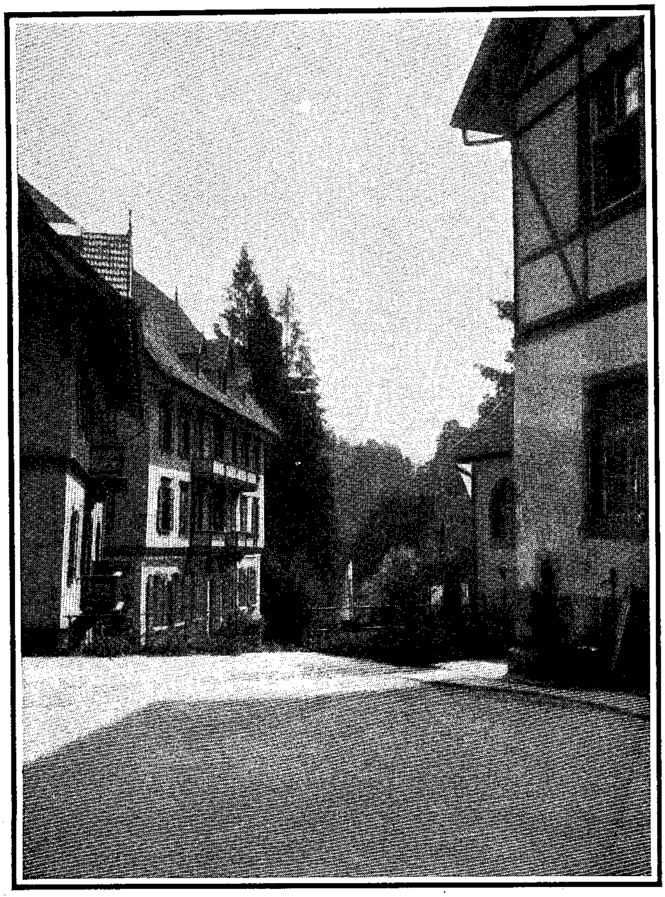
silence in the twilight, we saw the ruins of a beautiful abbey church, and knew that we had reached the Heart of the Forest.

Six hundred and more years ago, when a pious woman founded the abbey, tradition declares that she followed the leading of a mule, and laid the foundations where the weary animal lay down with the sack of gold on his back which was to build the house of prayer. But those who remember the situation of other abbeys—of Dryburgh, Fountains, Tintern, Furness, Bolton, Battle, for instance—will suspect that the good woman had ghostly counsel as well; for the abbots and friars of the middle ages had a wonderful instinct for beauty of situation.

In this secluded place, in the very center of wooded hills, with a stream singing at the base of the choir, a Gothic church of pure and delicate lines was built. Three broad bays; well-defined transepts and a small but stately chancel; broad windows; simple but impressive tracery and moldings of stone—these are the bare outlines of what must have been a church of wonderful beauty and symmetry, happily conveying, without great size, the breadth and significance of the cathedral. All about, in those days, the pines stood in stately disorder, and must have hidden the abbey from all save the most diligent searchers. To-day the woods have crept within the church, a large tree has grown to full stature where one of the columns stood, and vines have swung themselves from niches in the inner face of the walls.


"A LARGE TREE HAS GROWN TO FULL STATURE WHERE ONE OF THE COLUMNS STOOD"

Long years after, so the story runs, a great nobleman, becoming possessor of the abbey, laid out gardens on terraces above it, with stately balustrades now yellow and moss-grown; and, looking out through the long vista of the ravine, built three small terraces in the near foreground and set broad, square basins, Italianwise, thereon, with slender jets of water playing in the air. Then, at a later day, when mediæval monasticism and sixteenth or seventeenth century landscape gardening had gone the way of many ancient things, an old-fashioned *Gasthaus* was built beside the ruined church, below the balustraded terrace and the Italian garden. And there, last of all, has come what is yet a sectional rather than an international popularity; the old-time hostel has been reinforced by two modern *dépendances*, and good, clean rooms and simple fare are furnished by two brothers of the kindly, substantial German rural type. To-day one stands in a door of the abbey, looks across the court of the inn, and sees the little fountains sending their tiny columns in the air, and beyond them the great ravine. It is a strange but not inharmonious meeting of old, picturesque, rude, religious Germany, of polished and artistic Italy, and of modern, busy, hardy, practical Germany; and one has the sense of ancient devotion, old-time elegance, and modern stir and action about him.



"ONE SEES THE LITTLE FOUNTAINS SENDING THEIR TINY COLUMNS IN THE AIR"

It is a very simple place, like all places that are equally restful; and one must be content with very simple things. The menu shows a tendency to revert to the well-worn grooves of veal, ham, pork, sausage, and cheese, which are as far as possible removed from "the ringing grooves of change;" and one must remake his bed by removing two large and billowy pillows, that strange, hard, red wedge which orthodox Germany still puts under its head, the quilted blanket buttoned into its sheets, and the inevitable and impossible feather bed which always recalls Heine's insistence on the grandmotherly element in Germany. When all this has been done, there is very little room left, but that room is scrupulously clean, and the bed is as comfortable as ever a conscience void of offense has found in this world of many inventions. "I have one of those solemn ceremonials, a German bed," wrote Lowell half a century ago; and although great and radical changes have shaken the even tenor of German life, the bed remains the stronghold of the good old times.

Facing the Inn and under the terrace with its moss-grown balustrades there is a broad space shaded by small lindens with round, dense foliage; and here, out-of-doors, we took our simple breakfast, our more elaborate dinner, and our quiet supper, when the glow was fading far down the ravine. What feasts are remembered with such pleasure as those eaten out-of-doors? No man has yet subtended the base line of delight between a trout cooked and eaten under the open sky and the same fish delicately served in a restaurant where cooking is a fine art. The simple fare spread under the trees in the Heart of the Forest did not cease to be elemental; but a sense of space and freshness, as of something large and sweet in one's life in the world, gave it a relish beyond the skill of the most delicate cuisine.

There were little groups of pilgrims coming and going, staff in hand and knapsack on back; for the spirit of the *Wanderjahr* still descends on the Germans. School-boys, led by young masters, map in hand but with no hint of pedagogic authority; students from the universities, bearing evidences of the ancient rites of the ridiculous student combat; gray-bearded and spectacled professors; young men with their wives getting back into Arden for a few days: they came and went, with pauses for beer and a pipe, and made us aware that Germany still keeps touch with nature and holds fast to the ancient art of living out-of-doors. There were paths in every direction, perfectly made and perfectly kept; there were piles of wood so symmetrically cut and cleaned and so minutely numbered that one felt sure there was a record of every stick kept by some official in Berlin who was an "ober" something or other; the underbrush was thoroughly cleared in every direction; signs were placed at every junction of paths, so that it seemed like walking through Baedeker. And yet, with all this wonderful thoroughness of care, there was no feeling of being in a preserve, of summer-resort arrangements for "remunerative guests." The authorities have worked with nature to make the Forest a great wild park, not to convert it into a show place. There were occasional outbreaks of song from groups of walkers resting from their toils, with foaming mugs in air; it was a glimpse of Germany at play. In the evening after supper the children played kindergarten singing games far into the twilight, and their voices recalled the ancient friendliness between nature and childhood which has given sweetness and pathos to so much German poetry and story.

But all these friendly sounds were lost in the brooding silence of those great hills and somber woods. A place in which to rest one's spirit is the Heart of the Forest, now that vacation is over and the noises of the street make their insistent clamor. They, too, have their meaning, and the memory of the silence among the hills helps one to bear and interpret them.

The Real Elizabeth in Her German Garden

By Robert H. Schauffler

NOT long ago, in the " Sunday Magazine," a distinguished authoress located " The Real Garden of Elizabeth " in a dreary plain of marsh and sand forty miles south of Frankfort and adjoining the popular mineral springs, Hermann's Bad.

This account reads strangely like the work of a humorist, for it plunges staid old Frankfort far out into the Baltic, and transforms a charming and solitary countryside into a wilderness infested with " bath-guests."

I imagine Elizabeth's distress when she finds herself—even in print—in " Muscau Park," and hasten to record my impressions of the eleven beds about the ancient sun-dial, and especially of the " Gracious One," their mistress.

Elizabeth's real name and address are not for me to repeat, for I have eaten of her salt and must respect her somewhat morbid desire for anonymity. I first met her three years ago in Berlin. The Man of Wrath welcomed me in the hotel corridor and conducted me to a tiny lady—an elfin-like personality, very feminine, fragile, and childish-looking, with an alert carriage and features of a pretty and not uncommon English type.

" How usual!" I reflected with disappointment as we talked the things that rhyme with empty stomachs.

But in a trice Elizabeth changed. I had touched on something that interested her, and turned the electric switch of her personality.

" Alfred Austin," she cried, " my favorite poet!"

" Good heavens!" I groaned to myself.

" I get every one of his books," she went on, " and devour them with great joy. Do you know my favorite lines? They are from the ode on the Duke of Clarence's influenza, of which he ultimately died:

' Along the wires the electric message came,
He is not better—he is much the same.' "

She laughed as if she had stumbled on the couplet for the first time, while I suppressed a sigh of relief. Here was a discovery. Elizabeth with her mouth closed was pretty and ordinary; with it open she was lovely and an individual. I had been completely taken in by her mock enthusiasm, and later I knew that the incident was symbolic. Elizabeth's pen has consistently duped the world into believing her a selfish snob drowned in egotism and void of the milk of human kindness. But I had not known her long before realizing this attitude to be a sheer pose, prompted by the same abnormal modesty that has kept her unknown.

" I really do owe something to the laureate, though," Elizabeth went on, " for ' Veronica's Garden ' suggested my first book to me."

I tried to draw her out along that line, but she balked with a slighting reference to her " garden rubbish," and insisted on jumping the conversation over that fence—usually five-barred—between the first and second person. So we compromised on the neutral ground of Hazlitt, and it was a chance remark that lured her back to the subject of her work.

" I imagine," said I, " that Hazlitt couldn't take criticism."

" That's the reason he's so great," she returned. " He stood on his own legs. Independence! That's the thing. I cannot conceive how any writer can bear to prostitute his work by showing it before it's finished. Every one must live his own life and write his own books, and others cannot help at all."

This I found to be the keynote of Elizabeth's philosophy. And, indeed, what woman's creative work—whether spiritual or physical—is not instinct with a like secretiveness?

Fired with her creed, my hostess forgot herself so far as to give me some insight into her methods.

"Like the Apostle Paul, I never think beforehand what I am to say. I simply take a pad on my lap and put down what comes. Of course I never show a line to any one, not even to the Man of Wrath. When I've finished a book and sent it off to the publisher, I may perhaps tell him the title. Then, if I'm interested, I get a copy and read it."

I made sure that she did not often take this latter step, for she failed to recognize several allusions from her works, which I had crammed for the occasion. And this literary ignorance extended to many more of my favorites. I found, to the emaciation of my library, that Elizabeth had never even heard of Stephen Phillips and Theocritus, of Henry van Dyke and the Vagabondia school, nor even of "Rhyme? and Reason?" What was worse, the April Baby, though she had romped for years about the sun-dial, had never set foot in "A Child's Garden of Verses." But a philopena remedied that, and not long after I received a quaint letter beginning:

"Thousand thanks I say you for the lovely Phillipine present!"

Elizabeth counseled me to shake off the slush of Berlin from my feet and set out with a knapsack for the Hartz, to live the simple peasant life and watch the spring come in.

"Literary success," declared my elfin-like counselor, "is a perfectly easy matter. Just live somewhere off the beaten track; then write about it simply. Afterwards," she urged, "come play in my garden and recuperate."

Once more she returned to her hobby of independence, and ended: "Beware of marriage. It is a millstone around the neck."

Then she looked up at the Man of Wrath. But it was not a stony glance. It was, rather, a refutation of that passage in the German Garden which ends by quoting:

"Two paradises 'twere in one
To live in paradise alone."

Last autumn I alighted at Elizabeth's village; but not to recuperate from a literary success. Her formula had proved faulty.

I entered the gate and stood amazed. This immense thing, then, was the German Garden! In the distance loomed the house, a stately pile at least four times larger than I had imagined it. Elizabeth stood in the doorway looking more insignificant than ever.

"Why didn't you tell me," I cried, "that you lived in a castle on a domain?"

I found myself in that spacious old front hall—pacing the brick pavement worn by the knees of fourteenth-century nuns, and sacred to the feet of Gustavus Adolphus. The old impression of Elizabeth's childishness came back, intensified by that imposing setting and by the rippling little laugh with which she received my surprise.

But as she led me through the long reception-room we struck a mental spark, and instantly the prettiness and childishness vanished, and the woman of genius was there.

The library was like an old familiar haunt. Instead of having shrunk like the magic places of one's childhood, it had assumed an unexpected magnificence. And the right feeling was there. I rushed to the bookcase around the central pillar. They were all in their places—the very volumes I had browsed among in fancy during that short and "solitary" summer: "Bozzy," "The Faerie Queene" (selections of course), a dog-eared Prelude, Hazlitt, Montaigne, and an outrageously thumbed Walden which Elizabeth lent me with the caution that it was her *Lieblingsbuch.* Jane Austen was still leaning against Heine, with Miss Mitford as rival on the other side. At a hearty bass greeting I turned to shake hands with the most delightful anomaly in literature; and just behind the man of paper wrath I discovered, shyly bobbing *Knickses* at me, the three loveliest little g—but there!—Elizabeth made me promise not to talk about her family.

"I'm glad Gaspar came too," said she, caressing my 'cello and opening the piano. Here was another surprise. The modest raker of "garden rubbish" proved no mean musician, and after some clever reading she led me a spirited memory chase through the fields of orchestral and chamber music. We conjured up the ghost of a Mendelssohn trio, "cueing in" the violin part, and finished by improvising together one hundred and one variations on the ancient melody, "Over the Fence is Out." We adjourned to tennis on a court, more picturesque than practical, at the edge of the woods, and the tiny lady flashed about, hitting the red balls with surprising skill, while a man-servant beat the bushes for the lost.

Then the inevitable British tea-table was spread under a mighty beech, and we addressed ourselves to conversation. Ten minutes later Elizabeth sprang up in wrath.

"Would you not think that a dishonorable breach of friendship?" she demanded.

"Certainly, Gracious One," I replied, "if I were to write about you without permission; but that's what you are going to grant me in the next half-hour."

For five minutes I preached on Personality the Basis of all Art; for five more on the illuminating power of biography, topping off with the citation of her favorite Bozzy. Then for five minutes I drew personal conclusions about potential selfishness and the immense importance of the present paper.

Suddenly Elizabeth clapped her hands to her ears with a gesture of mock dismay.

"Hold, enough!" she interrupted, in that gracious way of hers that sometimes savors of royalty. "You have made a convert. But spare my name and address, and do not enlarge on the family. And try not to be too clever," she added, pathetically. "The trouble with you Americans is that you are so clever one can't understand a thing you mean!"

I begged for the illumination of photographs, but on that point she was obdurate. For she had just consented to an illustrated edition of her works and was suffering from reaction.

The garden—but why should I attempt a description that Elizabeth has done so exquisitely, so truthfully, and so eloquently? Suffice it to say that the Man owns sixty thousand acres and that the Gracious One's descriptions tend toward the miniature.

After supper we all walked over to see the harvest dance in one of the farm buildings. The peasants were clumping heavily around in their hob-nailed shoes to the witching strains of two trumpets and a valve trombone; while, on a long table outside, pigs' feet and sauerkraut and other delicacies were being prepared for the harvest supper.

As soon as our party was seen the music ceased and there was a rush for the door, while the Man of Wrath beat a hasty retreat from threatening opportunities for oratory. Then the field overseer proposed to the tenants three times three for their vanished lord, and, to the strains of "Hoch soll er leben," the demonstration was led off by the band.

Identical wishes were expressed for Elizabeth, and the whole show was gone over once more for the babies. Fortunately, it was dark, for the three instruments were playing in different keys, and this, combined with the gravity of the peasants, was too much for any of us. A dead silence fell on the assembly, and Elizabeth, in the absence of the Man, felt called upon to respond.

"*Ich danke vielmals*," said she, in a very small and uncertain voice. In spite of the comedy, the isolation of this brilliant Englishwoman, far from her kind in a forgotten corner of the world, struck me just then as peculiarly pathetic—all the more because she was so blithely making the most of the situation.

We fled to the garden and sought emotional relief in "*Loup*," a game resembling "tag," especially designed for the paths about the sun-dial. Elizabeth picked up her skirts and developed an agility so far outstripping Herr Schenck, the tutor, that one could not tell her in the moonlight from the babies.

Then came the dramatic game of "Oranges and Lemons," and, in the house, "Old Mother McGinness" and "Up Jenkins."

"Shall I take up all both hands?" inquired the June baby, and all the evening we were enlivened by the quaint Anglo-Saxon of the trio.

I awakened next morning in such a vast room that I thought I was still dreaming. But then, remembering that it was Elizabeth's castle, I hastened to the window. A bird was perched on the sun-dial, singing its heart out, while all the flowers were sitting up intent in their queer formal beds. Through the gap Elizabeth had made in the grove I could see far reaches of the lovely, rolling, simple country of the *lieber Gott* mistily awakening, and, as Herr Schenck would say, "rubbing itself the sand from the eyes."

Elizabeth is an ideal hostess. She knows how to lead her guest

> "With unblown ample garments from pleasure to pleasure,"

while creating the illusion of leaving him quite to his own devices. (Ample the garments certainly were, for the Man of Wrath furnished my tennis outfit.) But even with me, who saw through her devices, she tried to keep up her pose of selfishness.

After breakfast I was admitted to her den, and made several discoveries: that she knew a deal about art; that she had read with zest much difficult philosophy; that her judgment was somewhat erratic. She looked up from the abysses of "First Principles" to deny that any good thing could come out of Tennyson, to say that good music gave her a painful premonition that she was about to swell up and burst, and to assert that Browning always seemed to write in an urbane, after-dinner mood. But, for all her originality, I found her the most tolerant of controversialists. One might argue with her all day, but quarrel—never.

On Sunday afternoon we walked to service in the wood-cathedral at Hüttensee. There, as we sat on the hill-slope carpeted with pine needles, by the most perfect of all little lakes, the moment seemed made for missionary work. I pulled a volume from my pocket and read aloud "The Passing of Arthur." Tears stood in the little lady's eyes before the king's barge passed entirely from view—

> "And the new sun rose bringing the new year."

I stopped, secure in a convert.

"Well," said Elizabeth, after a long silence, "it's beautiful. But I suppose that no man who wrote so much as he could help doing *one* good thing."

I rallied her for being so consistent.

"Oh, I hope I'm not that!" she cried; "none but the very stupid is consistent. Why, I'm just a loose bundle of vain strivings."

But she was a remarkably exuberant bundle that day. The beauty and the abounding life of the forest seemed to enter into her veins, and she ran and capered on and off the homeward path like the gayest of the babies. She made absurd little couplets out of everything that occurred to her; in fact, she acted much as Stevenson must have done in one of his "skeltery" moods.

I asked her about her writing. "Oh, don't!" she exclaimed, pulling a long face. "I haven't touched it for nine months. It's too beautiful here; my garden doesn't leave me time for making books except in winter. Besides, it's such hard work; I simply have to scourge myself to my pencil."

"But it all seems so spontaneous," I objected, "like a fortunate first draft."

"Simply the result of cruel labor," answered Elizabeth. She shuddered a little. "How I did have to plod over that Benefactress—months and months; it was awful!"

This surprising attitude, I made sure, was thoroughly sincere. Elizabeth is a well-poised, normal woman, with little of the trough-and-crest nature of the artistic temperament, and little of its zest in self-expression. She writes under protest, and seems actually ashamed of the children of her brain. Indeed, I often wonder what induced her to begin her first book. I am sure it was neither the desire for fame, nor for money, nor the delights of composition. It must have been a longing to share the garden with others, without having her solitude spoiled by the unsympathetic and the gabbling. And the unexpected success of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" confirmed the insidious writing habit.

"I long more and more for a kindred spirit," she writes, "but kindred spirits are so very, very rare; I might almost as well cry for the moon. It is true that my garden is full of friends, only they are—dumb."

Here the skeleton peeps from the closet of this charming, wise, merry, and self-reliant little woman. Though she loves her solitude, she loathes her *solitariness*.

"When I run over the list of my

friends," she complains in the "Solitary Summer," "and try to find one who would enjoy them" (the lupins), "I am frightened at the solitariness in which we each of us live. I have, it is true, a great many friends—people with whom it is pleasant to spend an afternoon, if such afternoons are not repeated often, and if you are careful not to stir more than the surface of things; but among them there is only one who has, roughly, the same tastes as I have; and even her sympathies have limitations."

This, I am convinced, is no pose at all. I doubt whether Elizabeth knows her intellectual or artistic equal, and even if she did, her passionate reserve would in all probability bar her out from the intimacy of kindred spirits. In her conversation, as in her writing, she is morbidly on the alert to head off the serious with the flippant. For seriousness leads to self-revelation, which leads to misunderstanding.

"Sometimes, even now," she says in another place, "after years of study in the art of holding my tongue, some stray fragment of what I feel does occasionally come out, and then I am at once pulled up and brought to my senses by the well-known stare of utter incomprehension, or the look of indulgent superiority that awaits any exposure of feeling not in the least understood."

So with feminine agility Elizabeth skips from the particular to the general. Given herself, deprived by nature and environment of kindred spirits, and she evolves as her philosophy "that other thought, to face which needs all our courage—the realization of the awful solitariness in which each of us lives and dies."

But, with true feminine facility, she reconciles her pessimism with more fun than most people contrive to get out of life. What though she cannot enjoy the intimacy of her equals—why, what a blessed thing it is to have escaped from the soul-destroying Berlin to the society of her beloved family, of her own fascinating self, of her superiors around the library pillar, and of the most enchanting garden in the world! After all, Elizabeth is not much to be pitied, and this passage voices her average mood better than her more impassioned utterances:

"I laughed on the way home, and I laughed again for sheer satisfaction when we reached the garden and drove between the quiet trees to the pretty old house; and when I went into the library, with its four windows open to the moonlight and the scent, and looked round at the familiar bookshelves, and could hear no sounds but sounds of peace, and knew that here I might read or dream or idle, exactly as I chose, with never a creature to disturb me, how grateful I felt to the kindly Fate that has brought me here, and given me a heart to understand my own blessings!"

Malicious persons have declared that Elizabeth has no love for anything but herself and her garden; but before I left that enchanted land I had decided that the soul of my hostess was full of loves which, if I were a mathematician, I would formulate somewhat as follows:

The Lieber Gott, the M. of W., the babies.	40	per cent.
The German Garden (inc. solitude)......	20	"
Humanity in general (inc. Ingulf, her dog).	15	"
Books....................................	10	"
The Arts in general......................	10	"
Creative Literature......................	5	"
Total................................	100	"

The Golden Wedding

By Zona Gale

ONE day heaven opened to us—a heaven, as does not always happen, of some one's else making. Whereupon Peleas and I, who at seventy no longer expect miracles, looked in each other's faces much as if we had just inherited North America and must move in to-morrow.

Genevieve had written to us that her husband and she and the baby were slipping away next day for a month's cruise, and, since her husband was upon some difficult diplomatic mission, they were leaving quite without their friends' knowledge. Would we not, she begged, bring Nichola, our old servant, and spend the month of their absence at Meadowmere? The roses, she concluded, were in full bloom now, and she longed to think of us among them. Really, to have inherited North America would have been nothing beside this; for Meadowmere is my idea of a palace, and is, I think, by far the most beautiful of the Long Island country places.

"Bless the child!" said Peleas, tremulously—quite as if Genevieve were not a very great lady. "You know," he added, "I have so been wanting you to have a glimpse of the country, Ettare."

"Ah, well, now," I cried in the most delighted indignation, "you know that I've been begging you to make a change."

"Whatever will Nichola say?" we wondered simultaneously; and since our old servant is a violent and inevitable force to be reckoned with, like the weather and earthquakes, we presently hurried down to the kitchen to tell her.

"Nichola!" I cried, "we are invited to a most beautiful place on Long Island to stay a month while our friends are away. We are to take you, and we must start to-morrow. The house has one hundred and forty rooms, Nichola, and you shall be my lady's maid as you used."

Our old serving-woman was pinching the crust about a plump new pie. On the board lay a straggling remnant of the dough for the Guinea goat. Nichola always fashioned from the remnant of pie-crust a Guinea goat which she baked, and, with a blanket of jelly, ate, beginning at the horns. Once in her native Capri there had appeared, she had told me, a man from West Africa leading a Guinea goat which, she averred, could count; and the incident had so impressed her that all these years—for Nichola is nearly seventy—she had never made a pie without shaping this ruminant quadruped. Whether there really ever was such a goat I do not know, but Nichola believes in it, and, in memoriam, molds pie-crust goats by the thousands. She has even fried them as doughnuts, too; but these are not so successful, for the horns puff out absurdly.

"A hundred and forty rooms, Nichola," I said, "and you shall be my lady's maid."

"Yah?" rejoined Nichola, pricking the pie-crust with a fork; "don't look for no lady-maiding from me. Me, I'll be kep' busy countin' up the windows. When do we start off?" she wanted to know.

Nichola, who tyrannizes over Peleas and me, and objects to everything and renounces everything as naturally as she frowns—Nichola evidently believed us to be jesting. Later, when she found that our extravagant proposition was the truth, she pretended to have known from the first. Indeed, there is a way to manage every one if only we can chance upon it.

We were in the midst of our simple preparations—the telegram of acceptance having at once been sent off to Genevieve—when a wonderful thing occurred to Peleas. I was folding my gown of gray silk in its tissues, the gown with the collar of Mechlin which is now my only finery, when Peleas came in our room and laid both hands over mine. I looked, and his dear face was shining.

"Ettare," he said, "you know what day comes next week? And now we shall spend it at Meadowmere!"

I knew what he meant. Had we not previously talked of this, and mourned that it was not possible to us to celebrate the day among those nearest and dearest, as we had always dreamed that one's golden wedding-day should be spent?

"Our wedding-day—our golden wedding-day," I cried.

Peleas nodded and touched my hair.

"As if they have not all been golden," he said.

Truly it was all like heaven and a fairy tale besides, though never tell me that there are no fairies in heaven. Fairies there were, too, beneath every fern, smiling at our good fortune, as on that next afternoon Peleas and Nichola and I drove up the avenue of Meadowmere from the little station. And at the very park entrance, though of course we did not know that, a part of our adventure began when the gate was opened by a brown, smiling young fellow with honest man's eyes and a boy's dimples, who bowed us into the place like a good genie. As we returned his greeting we felt that he was in a manner ringing up the curtain upon the spectacle, but we could not forecast that he was also to play a most important part.

In the great hall all the servants were gathered to welcome us, a mass of liveries and courtesies in which I distinguished only Mrs. Woods, the housekeeper, very grave, a little hoarse, and clothed on with black satin; and, too, a girl with a small, clear face whom I afterward learned to be Jean, daughter to the woman who had care of the cedar linen-room. We escaped from them as soon as possible, Peleas and I not having been formed by heaven to play the important squire and his lady arriving home to bonfires and village bells and a chorus of our rent-roll. But once safely in the lordly sitting-room of our suite—with canopies and a dais and epergnes filled with orchids—I had but to look at Peleas to feel wonderfully at home. It is a very blessed thing to love some one so much that you feel at home together in any place of deserts or perils or even lordly rooms filled with orchids.

On that very first evening we were destined to chance upon another blessed thing of the same quality. After our dinner in the great stately dining-room, Peleas and I went wandering in the grounds, very still in the hush of June, with June's silver parenthesis of moon laid on the yellow sky. Meadowmere is a place of well-swept lawns, and orchards then newly freed from the spell of their bloom; it is a place of great spaces and long naves, with groves whose trees seem to have been drawn together to some secret lyre. The house is a miracle of line, and from its deep verandas one sees afar off a band of the sea, as if some god had struck it from the gray east. And everywhere at that glad season were the roses, thousands and thousands of roses—ah! what can mere numbers tell? Fancy using figures to compute roses quite as one does in defraying debts! Though, indeed, as Peleas frivolously said, "'Time brings roses,' but so does money!" For many of those assembled were from Persia and Kashmir, and I daresay from Lud and Phut, and their colors were born in rainbows. I protest that I have never had an experience of great delight at which a band of familiar singing things was not present; and when I remember the month at Meadowmere, it is as if the roses were the musical interluding, like a Greek chorus. They hang, starry, upon almost every incident, unless, perhaps, upon that of the night of our arrival, when we are told that Nichola, in the servants' dining-hall, produced a basket which she had brought with her, and calmly took therefrom her Guinea goat of the day before and ate it, before all assembled, beginning at the horns!

From the driveway, on that first walk, Peleas suddenly looked up to a little balcony of vines over which the roses were at carnival. It was the sort of balcony which belongs to a moon, and I half suspect all such balconies to be moon-made, and invisible by sun or star light; it is the sort of balcony that one finds in old prints in very old books, and one is certain that if any other than a lover stepped thereon it would crumble away forthwith. Peleas stood still looking up at the little balcony, and presently he most irrelevantly said, his eyes among the roses:

"I know the rector down there in the town. Didbin is his name—Arthur Didbin. And I've been thinking—"

"Yes, Peleas," said I, listening. What could the Reverend Arthur Didbin have to do with a balcony of roses?

"I've been thinking," said Peleas, "that next week, on our golden wedding-day, you know, we might have him come up in the evening—there will be a full moon then, you know—" hesitated Peleas.

"Yes, yes?" I pressed him, bewildered.

"Well, and we might have him read the service for us—just we three up there on the balcony. The marriage service, Ettare—unless you think it would be stupid or sentimental—you know?"

"Stupid!" I said, my cheek against his sleeve. "O Peleas!"

"Ah, well, Nichola would think we were mad," he defended his scruples.

"But she thinks so anyway," I urged. "And besides, she will never know. But Mr. Didbin—what of him?" I asked, doubtfully. "Will he laugh, or will he understand?"

Peleas reflected.

"Ah, well," he said, with apparent irrelevance. "Once, when his train ran into an open switch, he walked through twelve miles of mud to marry a little country couple whom he had never seen."

And some way that confirmed us. The Reverend Arthur Didbin would understand.

We walked on in the pleasant light talking happily of this, quite as if we had a claim upon moon-bred balconies and, at more than seventy, were the only lovers in the world. That we were not the only lovers we were soon to discover. At the edge of the grove, where a midsummer-night-dream of a fountain tinkled and flashed, we emerged upon a smooth green slope spangled with little flowers; and at its marge, like a pavilion near a green pool, stood a shallow arbor formed like a shell or a petal, and brave with bloom. We hastened toward it, certain that it had risen from the green to receive us, and were close upon it before we saw that it was already occupied. And there sat Jean, the delicate little daughter of her who kept the cedar linen-room, and with her a boy whom I instantly recognized to be the brown, smiling young fellow with honest man's eyes and dimples who had that afternoon bowed us into the park like a good genie.

Peleas glanced at me merrily as we immediately turned aside pretending to be vastly absorbed in some botanical researches on the spangled evening slope.

"Bless us, Ettare!" he said, smiling, "what a world it is! You cannot possibly hollow out an arbor anywhere that there are not two lovers waiting to occupy it!"

"Ah, yes," said I; "the only difficulty is that there are more lovers than arbors. Here we are, for instance, arborless!"

But that we did not mind. On the contrary, being unmistakable busybodies where arbors and so on are concerned, we set about finding out something of the two whom we had surprised. This was not difficult, because we had brought with us Nichola, and through her we were destined to develop deep interest in the huge household. Nichola, indeed, talked of them all perpetually while she was about my small mending and my dressing, and she scolded shrilly at matters as she found them, quite as she habitually criticises all orders and systems. Nichola is in conversation a sad misanthrope, which is a pity, for she does not know it; and to know it is, one must suppose, the only compensation for being a misanthrope. She inveighed, for example, against the cook and the head laundress, who had a most frightful feud of long standing, jealously nourished, though neither now had the faintest idea in what it had arisen—was this not cosmopolitan and almost human of these two? And Nichola railed at the clannishness of the haughty Scotch butler until he one day opened an entry door for her, after which she reduced her carping, as is the way of the world also, and objected only to what she called his "animal brogue"—all the alien speech of the earth being to Nichola a sign of just so much black inferiority. And she went on at a furious rate about the scandalous ways of "Reddie," the second stableman, who, she declared, "kep' the actual rats in the stable floor with their heads off their pillows, playin' on a borrow' fiddle that he'd went to work an' learnt himself." Through Nichola we had our attention directed to Mrs.

Woods's groveling fear of burglars—her one claim to distinction, unless one includes that she pronounced them "burgulars;" and, too, we heard of the sinful pride of Sarah McLean of the cedar linen-room, who declared in the hearing of the household that one of her ancestors was a *Hittite*. Where she had acquired this historic bit we never learned, nor with what she had confused the truth; but she stoutly clung to her original assertion, and upon one occasion openly told the housekeeper that, as for her family tree, it was in the Old Testament Bible; and the housekeeper, crossing herself, told this to Nichola, who listened, making the sign of the horn to ward away the evil. It was like learning the secrets of a whole village; but the greatest of these realities proved to be Jean McLean, daughter of her of Hittite descent, and Tim, the genie of the gate. Picture the agitation of Peleas and me when Nichola told us this:

"Yes, mem," she said; "them two, they're in love *pitiful*. But the young leddy's mother, she's a widdy-leddy, an' dependent on. An' as for the young fellow, he's savin' up for to get his mother acrost from the old country; an' when he does it they're a-goin' to get marrit. But he needs eighty dollars, an' so far they say he's got nine. Ain't it the shame, mem, an' the very potatoes in this house with cluster diamon's in their eyes."

Surely Genevieve did not know about these young lovers—Genevieve, one of whose frocks would have set the two at housekeeping, with the mother from "the old country" at the head of the table. Peleas and I banished the doubt, though we have found that there are charming people of colossal interests to whom one marriage more or less seems to count for as little as a homeless kitten, or a "fledgling dead," or the needless felling of an ancient oak. But it is among these things that Peleas and I live, and we believe that, in spite of all the lovers in the world, there is yet not enough love to spare one lover's happiness. So, while the moon swelled to the full and swung through the black gulf of each night as if it had been purposely shaped by heaven for that night's appointment, we lived among the roses of Meadowmere, biding our golden wedding-day, gradually becoming more and more intent upon the romance and the homely realities of that liveried household. And perhaps it was the story of Jean and Tim that suggested to Peleas the next step in our adventure; or it may have been our interest in "Reddie," whom we unearthed in the stable one afternoon, and who, radiant, played for us for an hour and fervently thanked us when he had concluded. At all events, as our day of days came on apace, Peleas grew convinced that it was infamously selfish for us to spend it in our own way. Because heaven had opened to us, was that a reason for occupying heaven to the exclusion of the joys of others?

"Ettare," said Peleas, boldly, "there is not the least virtue in making those about one happy. That is mere civilization. But there is nobody about us but Genevieve's servants. And she told us to make ourselves at home. Let's give all the servants a holiday on that day and get on by ourselves."

"We might let them picnic in the grounds," I suggested, doubtfully.

"With lemonade and cake," submitted Peleas.

"Lemonade and cake!" I retorted, with superiority. "The servants of to-day expect lobster and champagne."

"Ah, well," Peleas defiantly maintained, "I believe that they will like your cream tarts, anyway." He meditated for a moment, and then burst out, daringly, "Ettare! Would Genevieve care? She could never do it herself, of course; but do you think she would care if we let them all come up that night and dance in the great hall?"

I stared at Peleas aghast.

"But they wouldn't like it, Peleas!" I cried. "Servants in this day are different. That butler, now—oh, he'd never do it, Peleas!"

"Indeed he would," confidently returned Peleas. "He's a fine Scot, with a very decent bagpipes in his clothes closet. I've seen it. I'll get him to bring it!" declared Peleas, with assurance.

"But why—" I quavered momentarily. "And why not?" I instantly went on. "The very thing!" I ended as triumphantly as if I had thought the matter out quite for myself. "And, if you like, Peleas, I'll oversee the making of the cream tarts for the whole company!" I added, not to be outdone.

It is amazing what pleasant incredulities become perfectly possible when once you attack them as Nichola attacked her Guinea goats, beginning at the horns!

So that was how—having as delicately broached the subject to those concerned as if we had been providing entertainment for a minister of state; having been met with the enthusiasm which such a minister might exhibit as diplomacy; and having contributed to the event by the preparation of a mountain of my *chef-d'œuvre*, the frozen cream tarts which Peleas appears to think would be fitting for both thrones and ministers assembled, he and I stood at half after eight on the evening of our golden wedding-day, and, in the middle of our lordly sitting-room, looked at each other with tardy trembling. Now that the occasion was full upon us, it seemed a Titanic undertaking. I was certain that, far from being delighted, the servants were alarmed and derisive, and wary of our advances; that "Reddie" would at the last moment refuse to play upon his borrowed fiddle for the dancing; and that the haughty Scotch butler would be bored to extinction. Nichola had shaken her head at the project, but then Nichola shakes her head at all projects; it is her nature, like a fox-terrier's snapping or an oriole's note, and has nothing to do with her convictions. "Disapproval" does not in the least describe Nichola's emotion; it is simply the name of it. Still, I now felt like shaking my head, too.

"Oh, Peleas!" I said, miserably, as we went down the grand staircase, "it's a terrible business, this attempt at philanthropy among the servants in high places."

"At all events," said Peleas, brightly, "we are not plotting to improve them. We are not accomplices in the movement to hector the untutored. Though, of course, if it's done in the right way—" added Peleas, not to be thought light-minded. Peleas has an adorable habit of saying the most rebellious things, but it is simply because he is of opinion that a great deal of nonsense is talked by those who have not the brains to rebel.

On a sudden impulse he drew me aside to the latticed window of the landing, and pushed it ajar. The moon rode high and gold above the oaks; it was as if the night some way stood aside in delighted silence in this exalted moment of the moon's full. And around the casement gathered the roses, so that the air was heavenly sweet.

"Ah, well," said Peleas, softly, "I dare say they'll like it. They must—'on such a night.' We'll leave them to themselves in a little while. The Reverend Arthur Didbin will be here at ten, remember."

The great honey-tongued clock beside us touched the silence with the half-hour.

"Peleas!" I whispered him, "oh, Peleas! It was fifty years ago this very minute. We were saying 'I will' and 'I will!'"

"Well," said Peleas, "we have, dear. Though we may yet fall out on a question of Persian cats and the proper way to lay an open fire!"

We smiled, but we understood. And we lingered for a moment in silence. Ah, that silence! Let me say to all skeptics that it is worth being married a hundred years to attain such a moment as that.

Then as we went down the stairs the dining-room door suddenly burst open with an amazing, eerie clamor; and into the great oak-paneled hall marched the haughty Scotch butler, in full Highland costume—plaid and bare knees and feather—playing on his bagpipes like mad. No peril then of him being bored to extinction, nor of the others either, as we were soon to find. For the bagpipes gave the signal, and immediately there came pouring from below stairs the great procession of our guests. My old head grows quite giddy as I try to recount them. There came Mrs. Woods—very grave, a little hoarse, and clothed on with black satin; and the mother of Jean, in brown silk and a cameo pin, as became a daughter of the Hittites; and Jean herself, of exquisite prettiness in white muslin and rosebuds; and Tim in his well-brushed black; and "Reddie," his face shining above a flaming cravat; and the cook and the head laundress, who had entered competitive toilettes like any gentlewomen; and the other men-servants in decent apparel, and a bevy of chic little maids in crisp finery and very high heels. Led by Mrs. Woods, they came streaming toward us and shook our hands—was ever such a picture anywhere, I wondered, as I saw them moving between the priceless tapestries and clustering about the vast marble fireplace that came from quarries of Africa? And, to our unbounded gratification, they all seemed immensely to like it all and not to have lost their respect for us because we were civil to them. Then, when, presently, we had sent "Reddie" and his fiddle up to the pillared musicians' gallery, they all rose to his first strains, and in an instant the Scotch butler had led out the crispest and chicest of the maids, and they all danced away with a will. Danced very well, too. It is amazing how tricks of deportment are communicable from class to class. If I were to offer to solve the servant problem, I conclude that I would suggest to all employers: Be gentlemen and gentlewomen yourselves, and live with all dignity and daintiness. Though I daresay that I am a very impractical old woman—but all the virtue in the world does not lie in practicality, either.

Mrs. Woods and the daughter of the Hittites and I chaperoned matters, and in a little time Peleas slipped away to brew a steaming punch—a harmless steaming punch, made from a recipe which my mother, who was a high churchwoman, always compounded for dining archdeacons and the like. Jean and Tim did not dance, but sat happily by upon an old stone window-seat brought from Thebes, and watched, with shining eyes. And when the punch came in, we wheeled it before them and they served every one.

In that lull in the dancing I looked about with sudden misgiving: Nichola was not with us. Where was Nichola, that faithful old woman, and why was she not at our party? She had left me in full season to make ready.

"Where is Nichola?" I anxiously demanded of Peleas, reproaching myself for my neglect.

Peleas did not immediately answer, and when I looked up I fancied that I detected his eyes twinkling. But before I could wonder or inquire there came that which it makes my old heart beat now to remember: Without the slightest warning, there sounded and echoed a violent summons upon the great entrance doors. Nothing could have created more consternation than did the innocent fall of that silver knocker at Meadowmere.

I chanced to be sitting near the door, and I think that I must have sprung to my feet in my amazement. I saw Peleas whirl in concern, and I was conscious of the instant lull in the animated talk. Then the Scotch butler recovered himself, and, in full Highland costume, with bare knees, he sprang to his post—quite as if this had been at the head of a mountain pass—and threw wide the door.

"Now, upon my word!" I heard a fine magnetic voice exclaiming—a voice that held some accent of pleasant familiarity—"upon my word, a party! Let us blush and withdraw."

But they came crowding to the door, and there, in motor coats and caps, stood a gay company of Genevieve's own intimates, and with them my own Madame Sally Chartres and her husband Wilfred, whose was the voice I had heard. They had motored out from town, and were come to pay a visit to Genevieve, not knowing of the errand that had taken her and her husband abroad.

"Sally!" said I, feebly. Sally is great-aunt to one who was of the party—Mr. Hobart Eddy, a young social lion who adores her and, his critics say, affects her picturesque company to add to his so popular eccentricities. He was beside her now, and with him a cloud of the mighty—a most impressive cloud of witnessing railway presidents and great bankers and ex-statesmen and the like; and all spectators at our party!

"Ah, Ettare!" cried Sally, blithely, "this is charming. But—where is Genevieve?"

"She's away," said I, faintly. "They are all away. Peleas and I are here. Ah," I cried, as the humor of it over-came me. "Come in. Do come in. The punch is just served."

They needed no second bidding. In they all marched, in the merriest of humors, not in the least understanding the meaning of that strange assembly, but with sufficient of moon-magic and the swift motion in their dancing blood to be ready for everything. And while they tossed their wraps in the den at a wave of the hand of Peleas, I found Hobart Eddy beside me—his manner to old ladies such as I is that of all the courts of all the kings—and somehow, before I knew, I was telling him all about the occasion, and, at his beseeching, was actually leading him from one to another and soberly presenting him to Mrs. Woods and the daughter of the Hittites and the cook. Only to see that elegant young leader of cotillions bowing before the head laundress in her competitive toilette was something to remember.

"And who are these?" he asked, in genuine interest, as we halted near the window-seat from Thebes. There sat Jean and Tim intent upon each other even in this vortex, she with a flush on her face that matched the rosebuds of her frock. And how it happened I hardly know, save that I was at that moment a most distracted old woman, and that in matters of romance I invariably lose my head; but I instantly went a little mad and told Hobart Eddy all about those young lovers—how they were hopelessly in love, how Tim's old mother must be spirited from the "old country" before they might be married, and even how eighty dollars was necessary and how they had only nine. I had just paused breathless when the others came trooping from the den, and Sally Chartres, in white curls and white cloth, leaned on the arm of Mr. Montague Spence—he is a king of some vast part of the mineral or vegetable kingdom at the moment, though they modestly call it only a "corner"—and insisted on meeting every one, on hearing the bagpipes, on listening to "Reddie" play, and on being a good angel, with a cloud of the mighty at her side.

In the midst of this bewildering business the dining-room doors opened and in came the tall and smiling footmen, whose part was to bring up the supper of cold dainties already prepared. And even in that moment my heart thrilled with thanksgiving and pride in the contemplation of the one tall footman who bore the tray of those cream tarts of mine. I say it boldly—and Peleas said it first—there never was such a decoction of thick, frozen cream and foamy chocolate in this world of delectables. I could not veil my satisfaction as I saw them set upon the table where the plates were piled, for of a truth they looked so delicious that for an instant it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world that Mr. Hobart Eddy should leap from his place at my side as if he had gone suddenly mad at the sight.

"Wait, please!" he cried, ringingly. "No one must touch anything yet!"

Whereupon he sprang upon the step that leads to the great yellow salon—lighted to enhance the look of festivity—and thus stood directly back of the supper-table. He looked very handsome, his face alight and glowing, his erect, compact figure drawn to its full height. And before I could even guess what he was about, what had he done, this idol of society, this dilettante, this deviser of the eccentric, but made his friends know, in a burst of amazing eloquence, all that I had just told him of the love story of Jean and Tim, save their very names.

His friends listened, curious, ready to be amused, and at last genuinely diverted; and the household of Meadowmere listened, bewildered, not knowing what to expect; and as for Jean and Tim and Peleas and me, we four listened and doubted the evidence of our own senses, until—

"Therefore," cried Hobart Eddy, "I offer at auction a portion of the contents of this table, especially one-fourth of this tray of amazing tarts, as an all-star benefit for these two young people. Also, I offer a limited number of glasses of yonder punch—hey, Monte!" he called, warningly, to Mr. Montague Spence, who stood with a punch-glass in his hand, "drop it down, man!"

"I'm hanged if I do," drawled Mr. Spence, feeling for his eye-glass. "I say, I'll bid a five for it first, you know."

"Done!" cried Hobart Eddy, rapping on the table. "And what am I bid for this first appetizing and innocent confection, this tart, all compact of cream and spices—" So he went on, and I clung to my chair and expected the whole place to crumble away and Nichola to call me to breakfast in New York. It was too wonderful.

But it was all true. They were all caught in the spirit of the happy hour, as if this had been some new game contrived to tempt their flagging interests. They gathered about the table, they bid one another down, they prompted the auctioneer, they rallied each other and escaped to corners with cream tarts—my cream tarts!—for which they had paid a price that made me tremble. And as for our own original guests, they were lined up at a respectful distance, but quite frantic with the excitement, for they were all devoted—as who would not have been?—to the two to whom this would mean all happiness. And as for those two, Jean and Timmie, scarce able to breathe, sat on the stone bench from Thebes and clung to each other's hands. Ah, there never was such an hour! It makes me young to think of it.

So it went on until the last tart of the portion which he had reserved was auctioned to the highest bidder. And hardly had Mr. Hobart Eddy invited the others to the table and paused for breath when the question that had been forced from my mind by the unexpected arrivals was answered: Nichola appeared in the dining-room door.

She had made herself splendid in her best frock—a flaming scarlet merino, for Nichola has never lost her Italian love of color. On her head she had a marvelous cap of a kind which she can fashion at a moment's notice from a linen pillow-slip and a bit of string. And in her hands she too bore a tray—a tray of that which had detained her below stairs fashioning it for a surprise—a tray, in short, heaped with tiers and tiers of pie-crust Guinea goats.

Hobart Eddy pounced upon these with an ardor that was beautiful to see. Nichola, frowning terribly, stood back, half minded to break into shrill upbraidings. And while I was trying, between my tears and smiles, to make her know what it was all about, her whole herd of goats was sold off at a price which she afterward told me, privately, was as high as the Pope in the Vatican could expect for his pie-crusts.

They swept the pile of crisp notes and shining coin into a hat and thrust it in the hands of Nichola, who stood nearest; and that old woman at their bidding crossed the slippery oaken floor and poured the treasure into the lap of little Jean, while the daughter of the Hittites sobbed on the first shoulder, which chanced to belong to her enemy, the housekeeper.

Nichola's presentation speech was brief and to the point.

"Here," said she, "get marrit."

Jean, dear little maid in muslin and rosebuds, stood up with Tim, both pink and white to see, and bowed and laughed through their tears. Ah, and there were tears in the eyes of others of us, too, as we looked; and Madame Sally Chartres, and a very gay and magnificent Mrs. Dane-Orvil, and Genevieve's cook formed one group, and impartially smiled at one another. Someway, a mask had fallen.

With Nichola's words still in our ears, the clock chimed quarter after ten, and in the moonlight of the open door appeared, on a sudden, the polite, concerned face of the Reverend Arthur Didbin, come to keep his appointment with Peleas and me.

At sight of him Peleas fairly beamed.

"Why not!" he cried out. "What do these two young people say? Why shall they not be married *now?*"

Why not, indeed? The proposition was met with acclamations. They hardly waited for the frightened, ecstatic nod of star-eyed little Jean before they had the supper-table pushed aside—indeed, I do not remember now whether it was the railway president and Mr. Montague Spence who did the most work, or the Scotch butler and the footmen, for they all helped together. And Jean and Tim stood up in the door of the salon, and so did the daughter of the Hittites, and Hobart Eddy insisted upon being joint best man with the Scotch butler; and the Reverend Arthur Didbin married the young lovers then and there. I have always held that the license demanded in some parts is unromantic nonsense.

After that there was a blur of adieux and hand-pressure, and I recall that Hobart Eddy kissed my hand; and even after his machine was started, he came running back in the moonlight to get from Tim the address of his mother "in the old country," so that he might cable to her and have her rejoicing by next morning. No—never tell me that any man is mere idler and dilettante; for I have seen the heart of one such, and hereafter I dare not disbelieve in any one.

They all swept down the moonlit drive, hands waving, motor horns blowing; and the haughty Scotch butler, in full Highland costume, stood between two pillars and played his bagpipes to speed them on their way. The door of the tonneau of the last motor had just been hospitably opened with the offer to set down the Reverend Arthur Didbin in the village, when that gentleman, his gray locks blowing, came running back to where Peleas and I were standing.

"But," asked he, anxiously, "did you not wish me for something else—did you not wish—"

And at that, in sudden consternation, Peleas and I looked away from each other, and then with one accord smiled and shook our heads. At our assurance he turned away, and we waved him down the driveway. And even after the last motor had disappeared behind the shrubbery, Peleas and I lingered alone in the moonlit portal, breathing in the roses—and still we did not meet each other's eyes. But since our other guests had gone below, and the Scotch butler was extinguishing the lights in the salon, there was at last no excuse for our waiting there longer. And, shamefacedly enough, I looked up at Peleas.

"Peleas"—I faced the truth, but solemnly, lest he should imagine that I was not filled with regret at our neglect—"Peleas, we *forgot* our golden wedding."

Peleas found my hand.

"But there has been a golden wedding all the same," he said.

Reading New Books

By H. W. Boynton

I SUPPOSE there are no better known or more generally disregarded rules for reading than these of Emerson's: (1) Never read any book that is not a year old; (2) never read any but famed books; (3) never read any but what you like. Probably nothing better can be done with these bits of advice than to disregard them, if it becomes a question of taking them literally and as rules. Only the third will bear close examination; the two others are merely hints. Certainly Emerson did not expect his own books to be put in cold storage for a year before they actually got upon the market. He must have counted on a few persons here and there to undertake the drudgery of making his work known to fame. I do not mean reviewers, but persons in real life, reading what they like. Literary criticism does not make fame, it simply accounts for it. Moreover, formally critical minds are exceptional in the nature of things, and Emerson was thinking of the ordinary reader. He believed that this reader spends a good deal too much time over the "just out" books. He therefore exhorts him, in his uncompromising way, to abstain totally from his favorite indulgence. He next proposes a pretty stern alternative, and appends the third rule as a saving clause to mitigate the austerity of the second.

It was always Emerson's habit to affirm rather than to qualify. How much less effective these suggestions would have been if he had given them some such form as this: (1) The chances are that any given new book will not be worth reading for persons who are anxious to use their time for reading to the best advantage; (2) the chances are that the best-known books are the best books, for a few books do not survive from among many without good cause; (3)

they survive because they have given pleasure to more persons, and a more permanent pleasure, than other books have. Some of them will not hold pleasure for you. Read those which do.

Something like this, I am sure, Emerson meant to suggest. He is speaking to readers who are capable of enjoying what is good, but allow themselves to be, for the most part, trivially excited by what is bad or indifferent. On the other hand, reading has a discipline of its own, though it is not the discipline of study. And, truly, the man who has never experimented, never wasted time over a foolish book, is not likely to get the best profit out of wise ones. A person of high attainment in scholarship, who now holds an honorable academic office, once remarked to the writer that he had never in his life read a book for pleasure. He had diligently perused whatever was recommended by authority. He never read new books; he always read famous ones. He stood, in fact, at the other extreme from that more common type of person who has an instinctive distrust of whatever is famed or "standard;" both are equally far from the ideal reader whom Emerson has in mind. No wonder that this man, with all his degrees and preferments, remains a mere repository of classified information. He "lacks the human touch;" it is not his taste, but his memory, that has been cultivated; he will doubtless make love by code, and die according to the best precedents.

The man who is able to enjoy the best books of all kinds comes near being the perfect reader; but most good things fall short of perfection. We must put up, many of us, with enjoying some books which are the best of their kind. If we fail to do even this, we cannot sensibly regard our reading as profitable, unless for practical ends. Any class of books which yields a rational and abiding pleasure may serve our turn—poetry, or essays, or fiction, or perhaps biography or history. Naturally, the established masterpieces are not a product of yesterday. We may name a hundred achievements in any one of these fields which must probably go without parallel among the books of the hour. Yet, though the chances have always been so, one by one the great books have "arrived." We take an altogether proper interest in watching for the next; moreover, a certain amount of free experiment is essential to the ripening of an independent as well as reliable taste. Further, while to read only books that are a year or ten years old diminishes the chances of error, it does not remove them outright. Inferior books do not die so promptly as they are fabled to. After the passage of a few years the cultivated reader may be in no doubt as to their standing, but the general public will be almost as much exposed to them as ever, as long as stitches hold them together, and attics and public libraries give them shelter among other unlabeled jetsam.

Besides this, it is clear that a reader cannot expect himself to be always keyed to the best effort or the highest enjoyment. That is too strong doctrine for most of us. There are secondary pleasures which we feel to be altogether worth having, so long as they are not allowed to supplant the greater and primary ones. We are not to be always busy with the roast; there is wholesome nourishment to be had in the lighter courses. But light literature also has its standards, which we must continually hold before us if we wish to keep our heads. The great peril is not in reading new books, but in ceasing to read old ones. It is a delight to meet Mr. Stephen Phillips or Mr. Yeats or M. Maeterlinck, but "Whaur's your Wully Shakespeare noo?" is still an impertinent query. There is obviously no reason why our admiration for creditable contemporary work should be allowed to displace, or even qualify, our enjoyment of the masterpieces which have been bequeathed us by the centuries. "Monsieur Beaucaire" was a pretty tale, but it has almost run its course; while "Ivanhoe" is still a fresh, strong influence in the reading world. What keeps a book alive is not the judgment of critics, not the label of "classic" attached to it in school-rooms, but the unaffected delight it continues to give to the hearts of men. There are actually persons living to-day who read Homer and Æschylus in the Greek for fun, as

Tom reads the two-column syndicate story in the Sunday newspaper, or Dick the latest historical romance.

But new books are not written in Greek, more's the luck. Let us take it for granted that our attention to them is not going to distract us altogether from older and more stable acquaintances. The important question still remains, What are we to do with all this mass of printed perplexity the booksellers keep piling up before us? Let us suppose ourselves well-meaning persons, fairly intelligent, not altogether ignorant of the good old books, and desirous of some acquaintance with the good new ones. Shall we be satisfied with an aimless grubbing upon the surface of contemporary literature, or is there some surer way of getting at the gold? Editors and revisers may do something in the way of prospecting for us; perhaps we might take more hints from them than we do. But they can only give us hints, estimate the probabilities of the situation. They cannot speak as those having absolute authority. They do not even wish to speak so, and this is not always understood. Their knowledge of literary good and evil is no more inspired than our own. It is better considered, perhaps, it has a sounder basis in experience; but its successes are due to a continued contact with the best in literature, which is possible for any of us.

A man who habitually experiences high forms of pleasure knows approximately how much value to attach to lower forms. The "classic" achievements in any art afford us, not a set of rules, but a touchstone to which our own attempts may be applied. That is true of all literature, of all art, which Matthew Arnold said of poetry: "Constantly, in reading, a sense for the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read." From cherished association, not from hearsay or theory, that "sense of the best" is derived.

* * *

Friend Soul

By Robert Haven Schauffler

From the zest of the land of the living,
  From work and reflection and play,
From the getting of love and the giving,
    I hasten away.

For I have a friend from the highlands
  Who's larked with me long on my plain;
And now toward his glamourous sky-lands
    We're posting amain.

Up yonder his mansions are legion,
  But he's snubbed on the street with a stare,
Here where I'm lord of the region;
    So turn about's fair.

We leave the snug inn on the highroad.
  I wave to my valley with pride.
Then we turn up the beckoning by-road
    And swing into stride.

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